

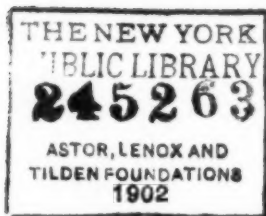
THE
ATLANTIC SOUVENIR;

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

OFFERING.

1827.

PHILADELPHIA:
H. C. CAREY & I. LEA.



EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the nineteenth day of September, in the fifty-first year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1826, H. C. Carey & L. Lea, of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

The Atlantic Souvenir; a Christmas and New Year's Offering 1827.

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Skerrett—Ninth street,
Philadelphia.

PREFACE.

FLATTERED and encouraged by the success which last year attended their efforts to introduce a little work to the American public, of a character previously unknown on this side of the Atlantic, the publishers again present their annual volume. In preparing it no effort has been neglected, no expense has been spared, to make it worthy of the patronage, of which they have already received such flattering promise. They have not been inattentive to any hints for its improvement, which may have been made. They have not deviated from the plan, which they at first adopted, of relying solely on our countrymen, both in the literature and embellishment of the volume. The articles, it will be perceived, are much more numerous and various in character, than those in the Souvenir of last year; of their merit, it is for the public to judge; yet the publishers feel much gratification in being able to present, among the contributors, the names of so many writers already distinguished in the literature of this country; and they have every reason to believe, that the list will be increased in the volume for the succeeding year.

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In the embellishments, the number of which has been increased, the best efforts of our best artists have been used, and it is believed not without success. In compliance with a wish expressed in some of the literary journals, several views of American scenery, drawn and engraved by artists of well known celebrity, have been introduced. The three designs from the pencils of our distinguished countrymen, now abroad, Leslie and Newton, will not diminish their justly acquired fame; and they have suffered nothing in the hands of the skilful engravers Longacre, Ellis and Humphrys. The publishers take this opportunity of mentioning, that they have already made arrangements, by which engravings will be made, as embellishments of the Atlantic Souvenir for 1828, of several pictures by distinguished artists. Through the liberality of Philip Hone, Esquire, the public-spirited Mayor of New York, they are able especially to promise those of "A Scene from the Merry Wives of Windsor," by Leslie, and "The Dull Lecture," by Newton, two celebrated pictures in his possession.

In conclusion, the publishers beg to make their sincere acknowledgments, to the authors of the many interesting contributions they have received, and to the public for the patronage which they have so liberally extended.

Philadelphia, 1st October, 1826.

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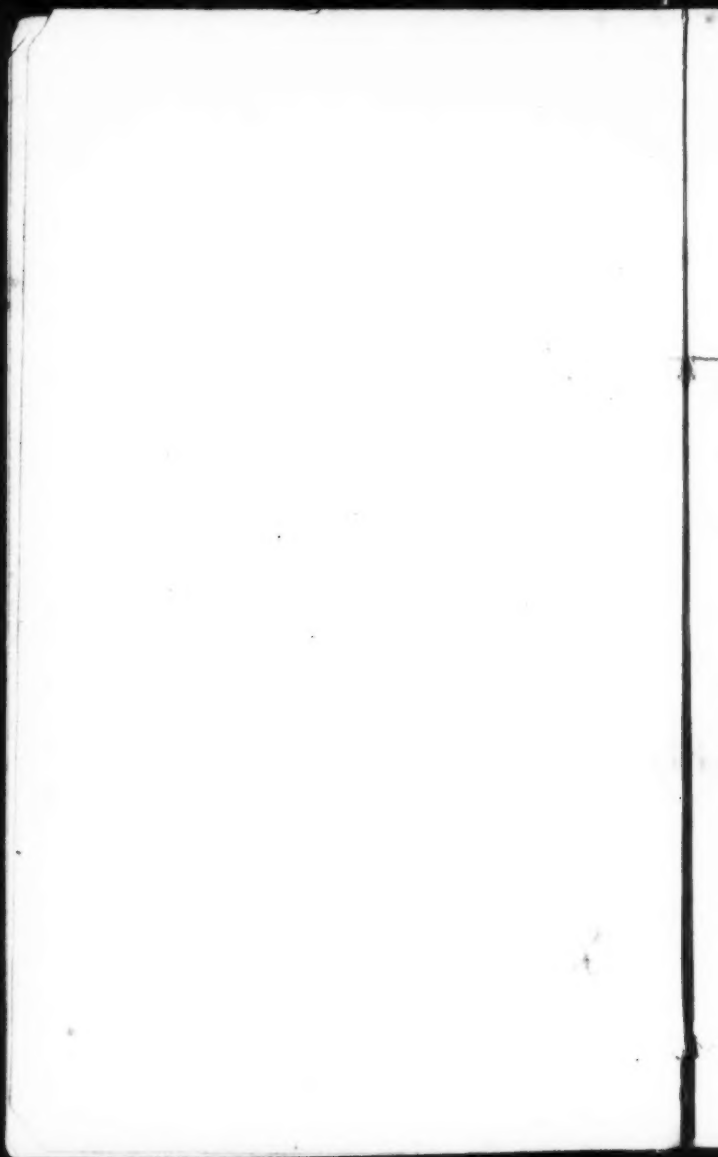
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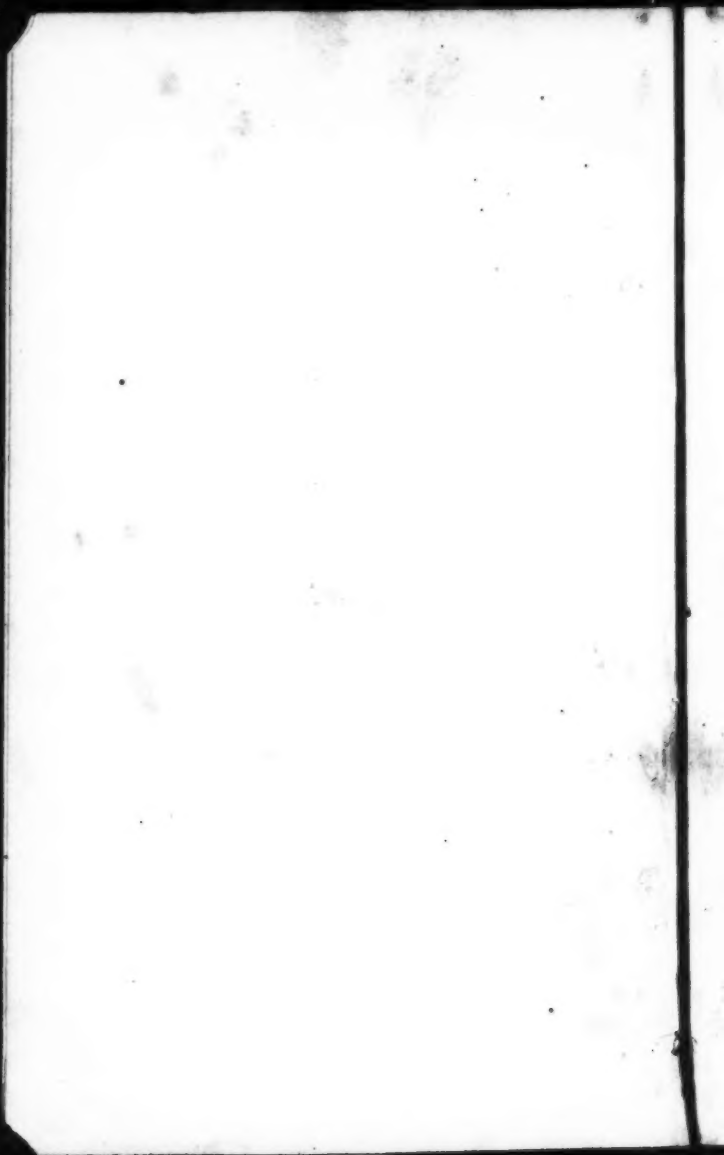


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Frontispiece



ATLANTIS.

Venient annis
Sæcula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet; et ingens
Patent tellus, Tiphysque novos
Detegat orbes; nec sit terris
Ultima Thule. Seneca.

IS this the dwelling of imperial pride?
Are these the glories of immortal Rome?
Did pomp and power within these walls reside?
Where are the courts, the towers, the gilded dome?
See! lizards start, where kings had once their home;
And statue, arch, and column rudely whirled,
Scoff at the wild enthusiast who can roam,
And find in loathsome vaults, and ruins hurled
Age after age—'the golden mansion of the world!'

Ah! little did they dream, who reared yon pile,
That creeping ivy on its top should grow;
That she whose empire, from the Northern Isle
To where old Atlas lifts his burning brow,
O'er myriad nations swept—should be as now,
When young barbarians from an unknown shore—
Pilgrims of freedom—wander here to bow
At her still sacred altar—to explore
What ruthless time has left—to wonder and deplore.

Yet, even in those days of boundless power,
Prophetic visions hovered o'er the sight
Of one illustrious sage—he saw the hour,
The sure, though distant hour, when all the light
Of beauty, génius, science—all the might
And glory of ambition unrepressed,
Should, from their eastern cradle, wing their flight
To climes, by dreaming poets called the blest,
The unseen—the yet unknown—ATLANTIS of the west.

That there, 'mid circling hills and cloudless skies,
The muse again should dwell—new arts should vie,
The breathing marble, and the varied dyes,
To nature strongly true: than these, more high,
Triumphant virtue, fame that may defy
Time's withering touch, and freedom boldly gained
As in Rome's day of glory, ah! gone by,
And—not as then, by vice, ambition, stained—
Long should they dwell with thee, ATLANTIS! unpro-
faned.

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Painted by J.M.W. Turner.

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THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ASTOR, LENOX AND
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THE LADY AND THE MERLIN.

O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tercel-gentle back again!

“ Rest thee, rest thee, merlin mine,
Thou may'st not try a flight to-day,
Though well I read that look of thine,
And know what thou would'st say:

Thou'dst say, the skies are clothed in light,
Forest and field are flush and green,
And brooks are glancing silver-bright
Their flowery banks between:

The merry birds, in their leafy homes,
Make musical the shady vale,
And the balmy breath of harvest comes
Along the gentle gale.

But though the earth in joy be clad,
Though streams be bright and heaven serene,
And every living thing be glad,
I may not seek the scene;

For naught to me a beauty hath
While he, my lord, is absent still,
Who led me erst, by greensward path,
Or climb'd with me, the hill:

Who follow'd with me the dancing flood,
Or skirted around the placid lake;
Or guided through the opening wood,
Or pierced the tangled brake.

Then, odour breathed through all the air,
Music was then in every sound,
Beauty and joy were every where,
Above, beneath, around.

He's gone—and would'st thou too, be freed?
Ay, flatterer, such the look demure
He wore, when vowing he would speed
Back to his lady's lure.

But silken jess no longer binds,
His lady's hand he reckless leaves;
In the tourney-fray his quarry finds,
Or the storm of battle cleaves.

Perhaps thou'lt tell me thou could'st bring
My tercel-gentle back to me"—
The conscious falcon flapp'd his wing,
And turn'd his head in glee:

A warrior comes on a courser fleet—
Her bosom heaves with love's alarms—
The knight is at his lady's feet,
The lady in his arms.

J. N. BARKER.

MODERN CHIVALRY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF REDWOOD.

"But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or the body---and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low---Oh, my leddy, then it is'na what we hac dune for oursells, but what we hac dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly."---*Heart of Midlothian*.

THE assertion that a tale is founded on fact, is a pious fraud of story tellers, too stale to impose on any but the very young, or very credulous. We hope therefore, not to be suspected of resorting to an expedient that would expose our poverty without relieving it, when we declare that the leading incidents of the following tale are true—that they form, in that district of country where some of the circumstances transpired, a favourite and well authenticated tradition—and that our hero boasts with well-earned self-complacency, that there is no name better known than his from 'Cape May to the Head of Elk.' That name, however honourable as it is, must be suppressed, and we here honestly beg the possessor's pardon for compelling him, for the first time in his life, to figure under false colours.

In the year 1768, an American vessel lying in the Thames and bound to Oxford, a small sea-port on the eastern shore of Maryland, was hailed by a boat containing a youth, who, on presenting himself to the captain, stated that he had a fancy for a sailor's life, and offered his services for two years, on the simple condition of kind treatment. The captain, though himself a coarse illiterate man, perceived in the air and language of the lad indications of good breeding, and deeming him some disobedient child, or possibly a runaway apprentice, declined receiving him. But William Herion, as he called himself, was so earnest in his solicitations, and engaging in his manners, and the captain, withal, in pressing need of a cabin-boy, that he waved his scruples, quieted his conscience with the old opiate that it was best not to be more nice than wise, and without inquiring too curiously into the boy's right of self-disposal, drew up some indentures, by which he entitled himself to two years' service.

The boy was observed for the first day to wear a troubled countenance. His eye glanced around with incessant restlessness, as if in eager search of some expected object. While the ship glided down the Thames, he gazed on the shore as if he looked for some signal on which his life depended, and when she passed Gravesend, the last point of embarkation, he wept convulsively. The captain believed him to be dis-

turbed with remorse of conscience; the sailors, that these heart-breakings were lingerings for his native land, and all hinted their rude consolations. Soothed by their friendly efforts, or by his own reflections, or perhaps following the current of youth that naturally flows to happiness, William soon became tranquil, and sometimes even gay. He kept, as the sailors said, on the fair weather side of the captain, a testy, self-willed old man, who loved but three things in the world—his song, his glass, and his own way.

All that has been fabled of the power of music over stones and brutes, was surpassed by the effect of the lad's melting voice on the icy heart of the captain, whom forty years of absolute power had rendered as despotic as a Turkish Pacha. When their old commander blew his stiffest gale, as the sailors were wont to term his blustering passions, Will could, they said, sing him into a calm. Will of course became a doting piece to the whole ship's company. They said he was a trim built lad, too neat and delicate a piece of workmanship for the stormy sea. They laughed at his slender fingers, fitter to manage threads than ropes, passed many jokes upon his soft blue eyes and fair round cheeks, and in their rough language expressed Sir Toby's prayer, that "Jupiter in his next commodity of hair, would send the boy a beard." In the main Will bore their jokes without flinching, and returned them with even measure; but sometimes when they verged to rudeness, his rising blush or a tear

stealing from his downcast eye, expressed an instinctive and unsullied modesty, whose appeal touched the best feelings of these coarse men.

The ship made a prosperous voyage, and in due time arrived off the American coast. It is a common custom with sailors to greet the first sight of land with a sacrifice to Bacchus. The natural and legalized revel was as extravagant on this, as it usually is on similar occasions. The captain with unwonted good humour, dealt out the liquor most liberally to the crew, and bade William sing them his best songs. Will obeyed, and song after song, and glass after glass carried them, as they said, far above high water mark. Their language and manners became intolerable to William, and he endeavoured to steal away with the intention of hiding himself in the cabin, till the revel was over. One of the sailors suspecting his design, caught him rudely and swore he would detain him in his arms. William struggled, freed himself, and darted down the companion way, the men following and shouting.

The captain stood at the entrance of the cabin door. William sunk down at his feet terrified and exhausted, and screaming "protect me—oh! for the love of heaven, protect me."

The captain demanded the occasion of the uproar, and ordered the men to stand back. They, however, stimulated to reckless courage, and in sight of land and independence, no longer feared his authority, and

they swore that they would not be balked of their frolic. Poor Will, already feeling their hands upon him, clung in terror to the captain, and one fear overcoming another, confessed that his masculine dress was a disguise, and wringing his hands with shame and anguish, supplicated protection as a helpless girl.

The sailors touched with remorse and pity, retreated; but the brutal captain spurned the trembling suppliant with his foot, swearing a round oath that it was the first time he had been imposed on, and it should be the last. Unfortunately the old man, priding himself on his sagacity, was as confident of his own infallibility as the most devoted Catholic is of the Pope's. This was his last voyage, and after playing Sir Oracle, for forty years—to have been palpably deceived—incontrovertibly outwitted by a girl of fifteen, was a mortification that his vanity could not brook. He swore he would have his revenge, and most strictly did he perform his vow. He possessed a plantation in the vicinity of Oxford; thither he conveyed the unhappy girl, and degraded her to the rank of a common servant, among the negro slaves in his kitchen.

The captain's wrath was magnified, by the stranger's persisting in refusing to disclose the motive of her deception, to reveal her family, or even to tell her name. Her new acquaintance were at a loss what to call her, till the captain's daughter, who had been

on a visit to Philadelphia, and seen the Winter's Tale performed there, bestowed on her the pretty appellation of Hermione's lost child, Perdita.

The captain, a common case, was the severest sufferer by his own passions. His wife complained that his "venture," as she provokingly styled poor Perdita, was a useless burden on her household—"a fine lady born and bred, like feathers, and flowers, and French goods, pretty to look at, but fit for no use in the world." The captain's daughters partly instigated by compassion, and partly by the striking contrast between the delicate graces of the stranger and their own buxom beauty, incessantly teased their father to send her back to her own country; and neighbours and acquaintances were forever letting fall some observation on the beauty of the girl, or some allusion to her story, that was as a spark of fire to the captain's gunpowder temper.

Weeks and months rolled heavily on without a dawn of hope to poor Perdita. She was too young and inexperienced herself, to contrive any mode of relief, and no one was likely to undertake voluntarily the difficult enterprise of rescuing her from her thralldom. Her condition was thus forlorn, when her story came to the ears of Frank Stuart, a gallant young sailor on board the Hazard, a vessel lying in the stream off Oxford, and on the eve of sailing for Cowes in the Isle of Wight. Frank stood deservedly high in the confidence of his commander, and on

Sunday, the day preceding that appointed for the departure of the ship, he obtained leave to go on shore. His youthful imagination was excited by the story of the oppressed stranger, and he strolled along the beach in the direction of her master's plantation, in the hope of gratifying his curiosity by a glimpse of her. As he approached the house, he perceived that the front blinds were closed, and inferring thence that the family were absent, he ventured within the bounds of the plantation, and saw at no great distance from him a young female sitting on a bench beneath a tree. She leaned her head against its trunk, with an air of dejectedness and abstraction, that encouraged the young man to hope he had already attained his object. As he approached nearer, the girl started from her musings and would have retreated to the house, but suddenly inspired by her beauty and youth with a resolution to devote himself to her service, he besought her to stop for one instant and listen to him. She turned and gazed at him as if she would have perused his heart. Frankness and truth were written on his face by the finger of heaven. She could not fear any impertinence from him, and farther assured by his respectful manner, when he added, "I have something particular to say to you—but we must luff and bear away, for we are in too plain sight of the look out there," and he pointed to the house—she smiled and followed him to a more secluded part of the grounds. As soon as he was sure

of being beyond observation, "Do you wish," he asked with professional directness, "to return to old England?"

She could not speak, but she clasped her hands, and the tears gushed like an opened fountain from her eyes—"you need not say any more—you need not say any more," he exclaimed, for he felt every tear to be a word spoken to his heart—"If you will trust me," he continued, "I swear, and so God help me as I speak the truth, I will treat you as if you were my sister. Our ship sails to-morrow morning at day light, make a tight bundle of your rigging, and meet me at twelve o'clock to-night at the gate of the plantation. Will you trust me?"

"Heaven has sent you to me," replied the poor girl, her face brightening with hope, "and I will not fear to trust you."

They then separated—Perdita to make her few preparations, and Frank to contrive the means of executing his romantic enterprise.

Precisely at the appointed hour the parties met at the place of rendezvous. Perdita was better furnished for her voyage than could have been anticipated, from the durance she had suffered. A short notice and a scant wardrobe, were never known to oppose an obstacle to a heroine's compassing sea and land; but as we have dispensed with the facilities of fiction, we are bound to account for Perdita's being in possession of the necessaries of life, and it is due to the

captain's daughter to state, that her feminine sympathy had moved her from time to time to grant generous supplies to Perdita, which our heroine did not fail to acknowledge on going away, by a letter enclosing a valuable ring.

A few whispered sentences of caution, assurance and gratitude, were reciprocated by Frank and Perdita, as they bent their hasty steps to the landing-place where he had left his boat; and when he had handed her into it, and pushed from the shore on to his own element, he felt the value of the trust which this beautiful young creature had reposed in him. Never in the days of knightly deeds was there a sentiment of purer chivalry, than that which inspired the determined resolution and romantic devotion of the young sailor. He was scarcely twenty, the age of fearless project, and self-confidence. How soon is the one checked by disappointments—the other humbled by experience of the infirmity of human virtue!

Stuart had not confided his designs to any of his shipmates. He was therefore obliged warily to approach the ship, and to get on board with the least possible noise. He had just time to secrete Perdita amidst bales of tobacco, in the darkest place in the hold of the vessel, when a call of "all hands on deck," summoned him to duty. He was foremost at his post, and all was stir and bustle to get the vessel under way. The sails were hoisted—the anchor

weighed, and all in readiness, when a signal was heard from the shore, and presently a boat filled with men seen approaching. The men proved to be Perdita's master, a sheriff, and his attendants. They produced a warrant empowering them to search the vessel. The old captain affirmed that the girl had been seen on the preceding day, talking with a young spark, who was known to have come on shore from the Hazard. In his fury he foamed at the mouth, swore he would have the runaway dead or alive, and that her aider and abettor should be given over to condign punishment. The master of the Hazard declared, that if any of his men were found guilty, he would resign them to the dealings of land law, and to prove that if there were a plot, he was quite innocent, he not only freely abandoned his vessel to the search, but himself was most diligent in the inquest. The men were called up, confronted and examined; not one appeared more cool and unconcerned than Frank Stuart, and after every inquiry, after ransacking as they believed, every possible place of concealment, the pursuers were compelled to withdraw, baffled and disappointed.

The vessel proceeded on her voyage.—Frank requested the captain's permission to swing a hammock alongside his birth, on the pretence that the birth was rendered damp and unwholesome by a leak in the deck above it. This reasonable petition was of course granted, and when night had closed watch-

ful eyes, and dropped her friendly veil, so essential to the clandestine enterprises of the most ingenious, Frank rescued Perdita from a position, in which she had suffered not only the inconveniences, but the terrors of an African slave; and wrapping her in his own dreadnought, and drawing his watchcap over her bright luxuriant hair, he conducted her past the open door of the captain's state-room, and past his sleeping companions, to his own birth; then whispering to her, "that she was as safe as a ship in harbour," he gave her some bread and a glass of wine, for which he had bartered his allowance of spirits, and laid himself down in his own hammock, to the companionship of such thoughts as are ministering angels about the pillow of the virtuous.

The following day a storm arose—a storm still remembered, as the most terrible and disastrous that ever occurred in Chesapeake Bay. There were several passengers of consequence on board the Hazard, among others two deacons who were going to the mother country to receive orders—for then, we of the colonies, who have since taken all rights into our own hands, dared not exercise the rights God had given us, without the assent of the Lords Bishops. Night came on, the storm increased, and then, when the ship was in extremity, when death howled in every blast, when "the timid shrieked and the brave stood still"—then was the unwearied activity, the exhaustless invention, and the unconquerable re-

solution of Frank Stuart, the last human support and help of the unhappy crew. The master of the Hazard was advanced in life, and unnerved by the usual feebleness and timidity of age. He had but just enough presence of mind left, to estimate the masterly conduct of young Stuart, and he abandoned the command of the vessel to him, and retired to what is too often only a last resource—to prayers with the churchmen. •

Once or twice Stuart disappeared from the deck, ran to whisper a word of encouragement to his trembling charge, and then returned with renewed vigour to his duty. Owing, under Providence, to his exertions, the Hazard rode out a storm which filled the seaman's annals with many a tale of terror. Gratitude is too apt to rest in second causes, in the visible means of deliverance, and perhaps an undue portion was now felt towards the intrepid youth. The passengers lavished their favours on him—they supplied his meals with the most delicate wines and fruits, and the choicest viands from their own stores; he, with the superstition characteristic of his profession, firmly believed that heaven had sent the storm to unlock their hearts to him, and thus afford him the means of furnishing Perdita with dainties suited to her delicate appetite, so that she fared, as he afterwards boasted, like the daughter of a king in her father's palace.

Stuart was kept in a state of perpetual alarm by the mate of the vessel. He knew that this fellow, one

of those imbeciles that bend like a reed before a strong blast, had been hostile to him ever since the storm, when the accidental superiority of his station had been compelled to bow to Frank's superior genius. He was aware that the mate had, by malicious insinuations, estranged the captain from him, and he was but too certain that he should have nothing to hope, if his secret were discovered by this base man. Perhaps this apprehension gave him an air of unwonted constraint in the presence of his enemy; certain it is, the mate's eye often rested on him with an expression of eager watchfulness and suspicion, and Stuart, perceiving it, would contract his brow and compress his lips, in a way that betrayed how hard he strove with his rising passion. The difficulty of concealment was daily increasing, as one after another of his messmates, either from some inevitable accident, or from a communication becoming necessary on his part, obtained possession of his secret. But his ascendancy over them was complete, and by threats or persuasions, he induced them all to promise inviolable secrecy. There is an authority in a determined spirit, to which men naturally do homage. It is heaven's own charter of a power, to which none can refuse submission.

Frank never permitted his comrades to approach Perdita, or to speak a word to her; but in the depths of the night, when the mate's and the old captain's senses were locked in sleep, he would bring her forth

to breathe the fresh air. Seated on the gunwale, she would bestow on him the only reward in her gift—the treasures of her sweet voice; and Frank said the winds sat still in the sails to listen. There were times when not a human sound was heard in the ship, when these two beings, borne gently on by the tides in mid ocean, felt as if they were alone in the universe.

It was at such times that Frank felt an irrepressible curiosity to know something more of the mysterious history of Perdita, whose destiny heaven, he believed, had committed to his honour; and once he ventured to introduce the topic nearest his heart, by saying, “you bade me call you Perdita, but I do not like the name; it puts me too much in mind of those rodomontade novels, that turn the girls’ heads and set them a sailing, as it were, without chart or compass, in quest of unknown worlds”—He hesitated; it was evident he had betaken himself to a figure, to avoid an explicit declaration of his wishes—after a moment’s pause he added—“it suits me best to be plain-spoken—it is not the name that I object to so much, but—but, hang it—I think you know Frank Stuart now, well enough to trust him with your real name.”

The unhappy girl cast down her eyes, and said “that Perdita suited her better than any other name.”

“Then you will not trust me?”

“Say not so, my noble, generous friend,” she ex-

claimed—"trust you!—have I not trusted you!—you know that I would trust you with any thing that was my own—but my name—my father's name, I have forfeited by my folly."

"Oh no—that you shall not say—a brave ship is not run down with a light breeze, and a single folly of a young girl cannot sink a good name—a folly!" he continued, thus indirectly pushing his inquiries, "if it is a folly, it's a common one—there's many a stouter heart than your's, that's tried to face a gale of love, and been obliged to bear about and scud before the wind."

"Who told you?—how did you discover?" demanded Perdita in a hurried, alarmed manner.

Frank's generous temper disdained to surprise the unwary girl into confidence, and he immediately surrendered the advantage he had gained. "Nobody has told me," he said—"I have discovered nothing—I only guessed, as the yankees say—now wipe away your tears—the sea wants no more salt water, and believe me Frank Stuart has not such a woman's spirit in him, that he cannot rest content without knowing a secret."

In spite of Frank's manly resolution, he did afterwards repeatedly intimate the longings of his curiosity, but they were always met with such unaffected distress on the part of Perdita, that he said he had not the heart to press them.

As the termination of the voyage approached,

Stuart became more intensely anxious lest his secret should be discovered. The mildest consequence would be, that he should forfeit his wages. That he cared not for—like Goldsmith's poor soldier, he could lie on a bare board, and thank God he was so well off. "While he had youth and health," he said, "and there was a ship afloat on the wide sea, he was provided for." But his companions who had been true to him might forfeit their pay; for, by their fidelity to him, they had in some measure become his accessaries. But he found consolation even under this apprehension; "the honest lads," he said, "would soon make a full purse empty, but the memory of a good action was a treasure gold could not buy—a treasure that would stick by them forever—a treasure for the port of heaven." There was, however, one apprehended evil, for which his philosophy offered no antidote.

He was sure the captain would deem it his duty, or make it his will, (even Frank's slight knowledge of human nature told him that will and duty were too often convertible terms,) to return the fugitive to her *soi-disant* master in Maryland. Nothing could exceed the vigilance with which he watched every movement and turn that threatened a detection, or the ingenuity with which he evaded every circumstance that tended to it—but alas! the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

One night when it was blowing a gale, a particular

rope was wanted, which the mate remembered to have stowed away in the steerage. Frank eagerly offered to search for it, but the mate was certain that no one but himself could find it, and taking a lantern he went in quest of it. Frank followed him with fear and trembling. He has since been in many a desperate sea-fight, but he declares he never felt so much like a coward as at that moment. The mate's irritable humour had been somewhat stirred by Frank's persisting in his offer, to go for the rope, and when he turned and saw him at his heels, he asked him angrily, "what he was dogging him for?" "The ship rolls so heavily," replied Frank in a subdued tone, "that I thought you might want me to hold the lantern for you." Frank's unwonted meekness quite conciliated the mate, and though he rejoined, "I think I have been used to the rolling of a ship a little longer than you, young man," he spoke good-naturedly, and Frank ventured to proceed.

Most fortunately, as Frank thought, the mate directed his steps to the side of the ship opposite Perdita, but making a little circuit in his return, he passed between Frank's hammock and Perdita's birth. At this moment the poor lad's heart, as he afterwards averred, stopped beating. The ship rolled on that side, and the mate catching hold of the birth to save himself from falling, exclaimed, "In heaven's name what lazy devil is here, when every hand is wanted on deck;" and raising his lantern to identify

the supposed delinquent sailor, he discovered the beautiful girl. For a moment he was dumb with amazement, but soon recalling the search at Oxford, the whole truth flashed upon him: he turned to Frank, and shaking his fist in his face, "Ah, this is you, Stuart!" he said, and enforced his gesture with a horrible oath.

"Yes," retorted Frank, now standing boldly forth, "it is me, thank God"—and then drawing a curtain that he had arranged before Perdita's birth, he bade her fear nothing.

"Oh Frank," she exclaimed, "I cannot fear where you are." This involuntary expression of confidence went to her protector's heart. There is no man so dead to sentiment, as not to be touched by the trust of woman, especially if she be young and beautiful. Frank was at the age when sentiment is absolute, and he was resolved to secure his treasure at every hazard. Perdita's declaration, while it stimulated his zeal, awakened the mean jealousies of the mate.

"And so my pretty miss," he said, "you fear nothing where this fellow is—I can tell you, for all that he may boast, and you may believe, he is neither master nor mate yet, and please the Lord I'll prove as much to him this very night."

"And how will you prove it?" asked Stuart, in a voice which, though as calm as he could make it, resembled the low growl of a bull dog before he springs on his victim.

"I'll prove it, my lad, by telling the whole story of your smuggled goods to the captain. A pretty piece of work this, to be carried on under the nose of your officers. It's no better than a mutiny, for I'll warrant it the whole ship's crew are leagued with you."

Stuart reined in his passions, and condescended to expostulate. He represented to the mate that he could gain nothing by giving information to the captain. He described with his simple eloquence, the oppression the poor girl had already suffered; the cruelty of disappointing her present hopes, just as they were on the point of being realized, for the ship was not more than twenty-four hours sail from Cowes; he appealed to his compassion, his generosity, his manliness, but in vain, he found no accessible point. The mean pride of having discovered the secret, and the pleasure of humbling Stuart, mastered every good feeling of the mate, if indeed he possessed any, and he turned away, saying with a sort of chuckling exultation, "that he should go and do his duty."

"Stop," cried Frank, grasping his arm with a gripe that threatened to crush it. "Stop and hear me—I swear by him that made me, if you dare so much as to hint by word, look or movement, the secret you have discovered here, you shall not cumber the earth another day—day—said I—no, not an hour—I'll send you to the devil as swift as a canon ball ever went to the mark—Look," he continued, tearing away the

curtain he had just drawn before Perdita—"could any thing short of the malice of Satan himself contrive to harm such helpless innocence as that—do you hear me"—he added in a voice that outroared the storm—"in God's name look at me, and see I am in earnest."

The mate had no doubt to satisfy, he trembled like an aspen leaf—in vain he essayed to raise his eyes, the passion that glanced in Frank's face, and dilated his whole figure, affected the trembling wretch like a stroke of the sun. He reeled in Frank's iron grasp, his abject fear changed Stuart's wrath to contempt, and giving him an impulse that sent him quite out of the door, he returned to sooth Perdita with the assurance that they had nothing to fear from the "cowardly dog." She was confounded with terror, but much more frightened by the vehemence of Stuart's passion than by the threats of the mate. She had always seen her protector move like an unobstructed stream along its course, in calm and silent power. Now he was the torrent, that no human force could control or direct.

She saw before her calamities far worse than any she had endured. She believed that the mate, as soon as he was recovered from his paroxysm of terror, would communicate his discovery. She apprehended the most fatal issue from Frank's threats and determined resolution, and the possibility that his generous zeal for her might involve him in crime, was intolerable to her. Such thoughts do not become less

terrible by solitary meditation—in the solemnity of night and amidst the howlings of a storm. Every blast spoke reproach and warning to Perdita, and tortured by those harpies remorse and fear, she took a sudden resolution to reveal herself to the captain, feeling at the moment that if she warded off evil from her protector, she could patiently abide the worst consequences to herself. She sprang from her berth as if afraid of being checked by a second thought, and rushed from the steerage to the cabin. All was perfect stillness there—the passengers had retired to their beds. The captain was sitting by the table, he had been reading, but his book had fallen to the floor, his head had sunk on his breast, and he was in a profound sleep. The light shone full on his weather-beaten face—on large uncouth features—on lines deepened to furrows—and muscles stiffened by time. Never was there an aspect more discouraging to one who needed mercy, and poor Perdita stood trembling before him and close to him, and dared not, could not speak. She heard a footstep approaching, still her tongue was glued to the roof of her mouth. Then she heard her name pronounced in a low whisper at the cabin door, and turning, she saw Stuart there beckoning most earnestly to her. She shook her head, signed to him to withdraw, and laid her hand on the captain's shoulder. There was but one way to thwart her intentions, and Frank's was not a hesi-

tating spirit, he sprang forward, caught her in his arms, and before the old man had rubbed his eyes fairly open, Perdita was again safe in the steerage.

Stuart's threats produced the intended effect on the mate; he was completely intimidated. He scarcely ventured out of Frank's sight lest he should incur his dangerous suspicions, and the next day the vessel, accelerated by the gale of the preceding evening, arrived at Cowes. The captain and mate immediately landed, and Stuart no longer embarrassed by their presence, was able to take the necessary measures for Perdita. She assured him that if once conveyed to the main land, to Portsmouth or Southampton, she could herself take the coach for London, and there, she said, happiness or misery awaited her, which her noble protector could neither promote or avert.

A wherry was procured. Before Perdita was transferred to it, she took leave of all the sailors, shook hands with each of them, and expressed to them individually, her gratitude and good wishes. Her words conveyed nothing but a sense of obligation, but there was something of condescension in her manner, and much of the grace of high station that contrasted strikingly with the abased, fearful, and shrinking air of the girl who had, till then, only been seen gliding like a spectre along the deck, attended by Stuart, and veiled by the shadows of night. As the wherry parted from the ship, she bowed her head

and waved her handkerchief to Frank's shipmates, and they returned her salutation with three loud cheers.

Stuart attended her to an inn at Portsmouth, engaged for her a seat in the London coach, and then followed her to a private apartment which he had secured, to bid her farewell.

Perdita, from the moment she had felt her emancipation from a degrading condition, and the joy of setting her foot again on her native land, had manifested perhaps, an undue elation of spirits, an elation so opposite to Frank's feelings, that to him it was a grating discord; but when she saw him for the last time, every other emotion gave place to unfeigned sorrow and inexpressible gratitude.

Stuart laid a purse on the table beside her. "My shipmates" he said, "receive their wages to-morrow, so they have been right glad to make their pockets clear of the little trash that was in them, which may be of service to you, though it is of no use to them."

"Oh Frank!" she exclaimed, "if I should ever have any thing in my gift—if I could but reward you for all you have done for me!"

All the blood in Frank's heart rushed to his face, and he said in a voice almost inarticulate with offended pride, "there are services that money cannot buy, and thank God, there are feelings in a poor man's breast worth more than all the gold in the king's coffers."

"Oh what have I said," exclaimed Perdita, "I

would rather die—rather return to the depth of misery from which you rescued me—yes, ten times told, than to speak one word that should offend you—you to whom I owe every thing—my life—and more than life. I did not say—I did not think, that money could reward you.”

“Do not speak that word again,” said Frank, half ashamed of his pride, and half glorying in it. “Reward! I want none but your safety and the blessed memory of having done my duty. Money—ho! I care no more for it, than for the dust I tread upon.”

“I know it—I am sure of it,” cried Perdita, humbled for the moment by a sense of an elevation of soul in Frank, that exalted him far above any accidents of birth or education. “Frank, you are rich in every thing that is good and noble—and what am I, to talk of reward—poor—poor in every thing but gratitude to you, Frank—I am not poor in that—you must not then despise me, and you will not forget me—and you will keep this ring for my sake.”

Frank took the ring, and the lily hand she extended to him—his tears fell fast upon it—he struggled for a moment with his feelings, then dashed away his tears, and half-articulating “God bless you!” he hurried out of the apartment. Thus separating himself from the beautiful young creature, for whom he had performed a most difficult service with religious fidelity; and of whose name even, he was forever to remain in ignorance.

The enterprising talent of Stuart ensured its appropriate reward. In one year from the memorable voyage above related, he commanded a vessel; and on the breaking out of the revolutionary war, he devoted himself to his country's cause, with the fervent zeal which characterised and consecrated that cause—which made the common interest a matter of feeling—a family affair to each individual.

Stuart commanded an armed merchantman, and disputes with the noted Paul Jones the honour of having first struck down the British flag. However this may be, he was distinguished for his skill and intrepidity—and, above all, (and this distinction endures when the most brilliant achievements have become insignificant,) for his humanity to those whom the fortune of war cast in his power.

While on a cruise off the West Indies, Stuart intercepted an enemy's ship bound to Antigua. His adversary was far superior to him in men and guns, but as it did not comport with Stuart's bold spirit to make any very nice calculations of an enemy's superiority, he prepared without hesitation for action. The contest was a very severe one, and the victory long doubtful; but at last the British captain struck his colours. Though we certainly are disposed to render all honour to the skill of our hero, yet we dare not claim for him the whole merit of his success, but rather solve the mystery of victory at such odds, by quoting the expression of a patriotic English boy,

who said on a similar occasion—"Ah, but the Americans would not have beaten, if the Lord had not been on their side."

After the fight the English commander requested an interview with captain Stuart; he informed him that the wife and mother of the governor of Antigua were on board his vessel, and that they were almost distracted with terror; he entreated therefore that they might be received with the humanity which their sex demanded, and the deference always due to high station. Stuart replied, "that as to high station, he held that all God's creatures, who feared their Creator and did their duty, were on a dead level—and as to the duties of humanity, he trusted no American captain need go further than his own heart, for instructions how to perform them." The British captain was ignorant of the spirit of the times, and auguring nothing favourable from Stuart's republican reply, returned with a heavy heart to the ladies to conduct them on board the captor's ship. The elder lady the mother, was a woman of rank, with all the pride and prejudice of high birth. The Americans she deemed all of that *then* much despised order—the common people; rebels and robbers were the best names she bestowed on them, and in the honesty of her ignorance she sincerely believed that she had fallen into the hands of pirates. The younger lady, though deeply affected by their disastrous situation, endeavoured to calm her mother's apprehensions, and assured her that

she had heard there were men of distinguished humanity among the American sailors. The old lady shook her head incredulously. "Oh heaven help us," she groaned, "what can we expect from such horrid fellows, when they know they have lady Strangford and the right honourable Mrs. Liston in their power—and your beauty, Selina! your beauty child! it is a fatal treasure to fall among thieves with—depend on't—arrange your veil so that it will hang in thick folds over your face—I will draw my hood close." The precaution on her part seemed quite superfluous, but the young lady obscured some of heaven's cunningest workmanship with her impervious veil.

The servants were ordered to deliver the ladies baggage to the American captain, with a request that some necessaries might be reserved. Stuart answered that he interfered with no private property, and that all the baggage of the ladies remained at their disposal.

Lady Strangford was somewhat reassured by this generosity, and attended by her captain and followed by her daughter and servants, she proceeded to Stuart's ship. Stuart advanced to meet them and offered her his hand—she proudly declined it and passed silently on. A gust of wind blew back her hood—"Faith!" exclaimed one of the sailors who observed the scrupulosity with which she replaced it, "the old lady had best show her face, for I'm sure we'll all give a good birth to such an iron-bound coast as that." But as the same breeze blew aside the young lady's

veil, there was a general murmur of admiration. She had at the moment graciously accepted the tender of Stuart's hand, in the hope of counteracting the impression of her mother's rudeness, and when her veil was removed he had a full view of her face; conscious that many were gazing on her, she blushed deeply, and hastily readjusted it without raising her eyes. Stuart dropped her hand—smothered an exclamation, and retreated a few paces, leaving her to follow her mother alone.

One of his officers observing his emotion, said, "How is this captain? you don't wink at a broadside, and yet you start at one flash from a lady's bright face."

"I got a scratch on my right arm in the engagement," returned Stuart, evading the raillery, "and the lady's touch gave me a pang."

He then retired to his state-room, and wrote the following note, which he directed to be delivered to the young lady. "Captain Stuart's compliments to the ladies under his protection—he incloses a ring once bestowed on him in acknowledgment of honourable conduct, as a pledge to them that the hand that has worn such a badge shall never be sullied by a bad deed. Captain Stuart will proceed immediately to Antigua, conveying the ladies with the least possible delay to their destined port." Such a communication to prisoners of war, might naturally excite emotion in a generous bosom, but it did not account for the ex-

cess of it manifested by the young lady. She became pale and faint, and when her mother, alarmed at such a demonstration of feeling, took up the note, she caught it from her, and then, after a second thought, relinquished it to her.

"I see nothing in this Selina," said the old lady, after perusing and reperusing it, "to throw you into such a flurry, but you are young, and are thinking no doubt of getting home to your husband and children, young people's feelings, are, like soft wax, easily melted."

"There is a warmth in some kindness," rejoined the daughter earnestly, "that ought to melt the hardest substance."

"Really, I do not see any thing so very striking in this man's civility. It would be, of course you know in the British navy; politeness, and all that sort of thing being inborn in an Englishman, but it may be, indeed I fancy it is, quite unheard of in an American."

"Shall I write our acknowledgments, madam, to captain Stuart?" asked the young lady with evident solicitude to drop the conversation.

"Certainly—certainly, my dear Selina, always be ceremoniously polite with your inferiors."

"Madam, I think this noble captain," she would have added, "has no superiors," but afraid of further discussion, she concluded her sentence with the tame addition, "richly deserves our thanks."

She then wrote the following note. "Mrs. Liston,

in behalf of her mother in law lady Strangford, and on her own part, offers her warmest thanks to captain Stuart—the ladies esteem it heaven's peculiar mercy that captain Stuart is their captor. They have already had such experience of his magnanimity, as to render them perfectly tranquil in reposing their safety and happiness on his honour." The ring, without any allusion to it, was reinclosed.

When captain Stuart had perused the note, he inquired if the lady had not requested to speak with him. He was answered that so far from intimating such a wish, she had said to her mother that she should remain in her state-room, till she was summoned to leave captain Stuart's vessel. The captain looked extremely chagrined, he knit his brows, and bit his lips, and gave his orders hastily, with the usual sea expletives appended to them—"a sure sign," his men said, "that something went wrong with their captain," but these signs of repressed emotion were all the expression he allowed to his offended pride, or perhaps his better feelings. The ladies were scrupulously served, and every deferential attention paid to them that lady Strangford would have anticipated in the best disciplined ship in his majesty's service.

A few days' sail brought the schooner to the port of Antigua. She entered the harbour under a flag of truce, and remained there just time enough for the disembarcation of the ladies and their suite. During this ceremony the captain remained in his birth, under

pretext of a violent head-ache; but it was observed that they were no sooner fairly off than he was on deck again, moving about with an activity and even impetuosity that seemed quite incompatible with a debilitating malady.

Captain Stuart continued for some months a fortunate cruise about the West India islands. His was not the prudent maxim that "discretion is the better part of valour," but when valour would have been bootless he knew how to employ the alternative, and his little schooner was celebrated as the most desperate fighter and the swiftest sailor in those seas, and her captain became so formidable, that the English admiral off that station gave orders that the schooner should be followed and destroyed at all hazards.

Soon after this he was pursued by a ship of the line and compelled to take refuge in the harbour of St. Kitts, a French, and of course a friendly port to the American flag. Here he anchored his vessel, and deeming himself perfectly secure, and wearied with hard duty, he retired to his birth after setting a watch, and dismissing his crew to repose. In the middle of the night he was alarmed by an attack from the pursuing frigate, which had contrived to elude the vigilance of the fort that guarded the entrance of the harbour, and was already in such a position in relation to him as to cut off every possibility of escape. His spirit, far from quailing, was exasperated by the surprise. He fought as the most courageous animals

fight at bay. To increase the horror of his situation, the commander of the fort, from some fatal mistake, opened a fire upon him. He was boarded on all sides by boats manned with eighty-four men. We are too ignorant of such matters, and too peaceably inclined to give any interest to the particulars of a sea-fight. Suffice it to say, that our hero did not surrender till he was himself disabled by wounds, his little band cut down, and his schooner a wreck. When the British commander ascertained the actual force with which he had contended, his pride was stung with the consciousness that a victory so dearly bought, had all of defeat but the disgraceful name; and, incapable of that sympathy which a magnanimous spirit always feels with a noble captive, he arraigned captain Stuart before him as a criminal, and demanded of him how he dared against the law of nations, to defend an indefensible vessel.

“Did you think,” retorted Stuart with cold contempt, “that I had gunpowder and would not burn it? do you talk to me of the law of nations! I fight after the law of nature, that teaches me to spend the last kernel of powder and the last drop of blood, in my country’s service.” His conqueror’s temper heated before, was inflamed by Stuart’s reply. He ordered him to be manacled and put into close confinement. This conduct may appear extraordinary in the commander of a British frigate, but the English, in their contest with the colonies were not always

governed by those generous principles, by which they have themselves so much alleviated the miseries of war. A defeated American was treated as a lawful enemy, or a rebel, as suited the individual temper of the conqueror.

The frigate was so much injured in the fight as to render a refit necessary, and her commander sailed with his prize for Antigua.

Stuart well knew that his fidelity to his country, rendered him obnoxious to the severest judgment from the admiralty court, and though he might plead the services he had rendered the ladies of the governor's family in mitigation of his sentence, he proudly resolved never to advert to favours, which he had reason to believe had been lightly estimated.

Spirits most magnanimous in prosperity are often most lofty in adversity. Frank Stuart, mutilated by wounds, dejected by the fatal calamities of his faithful crew, irritated by the indignities heaped on him by his unworthy captor, and stung by secret thoughts of some real or fancied injury—chafed and overburdened with many griefs, received, and sullenly obeyed a summons to the presence of the governor. It cannot be denied, that reluctantly as he appeared before the governor, he surveyed him at his introduction with a look of keen curiosity. He was surprised to see a man rather past his prime, though not yet declined into the vale of years. With generous allow-

ance for the effect of a tropical climate, he might not have been more than forty-five. His physiognomy was agreeable, and his deportment gentlemanly. He received captain Stuart with far more courtesy than was often vouchsafed from an officer of the crown, to one who fought under the rebel banner, and remarking that he looked pale and sick, he begged him to be seated.

Stuart declined the civility, and continued resting on a crutch, which a severe wound in his leg rendered necessary.

"You are the commander of the schooner *Betsy*?" said the governor.

"What's left of him," returned Stuart.

"You appear to be severely wounded," continued the governor.

"Hacked to pieces," rejoined Stuart, in a manner suited to the brevity of his reply.

"Your name, I believe, is Frank Stuart?"

"I have no reason to deny the name, thank God."

"And, thank God, I have reason to bless and honour it," exclaimed the governor, advancing and grasping Frank's hand heartily. "What metal did you deem me of, my noble friend, that I should forget such favours as you conferred on me, in the persons of my wife and mother."

"I have known greater favours than those forgotten," said Frank, and the sudden illumination of his

pale face, showed how deeply he felt what he uttered.

"Say you so!" exclaimed the governor with good humoured warmth; "well, but that I am too poor to pay my own debts to you, I should count it a pleasure to assume those of all my species—but heaven grant, my friend, that you do not allude to my wife and mother. I blamed them much for not bringing you on shore with them—but my mother is somewhat over punctilious, and my wife, poor soul! her nerves were so shattered by that sea-fight, that she is but now herself again. On my word, so far from wanting gratitude to you, she never hears an allusion to you without tears, the language women deal in when words are too cold for them. But come," concluded the governor, for he found that all his efforts did but add to Stuart's evident distress, "come, follow me to the drawing-room, the ladies will themselves convince you, how impatient they have been to welcome you."

"Are they apprised," asked Stuart, still hesitating and holding back, "whom they are to see?"

"That are they—my mother is as much delighted as if his majesty were in waiting, and my wife is weeping with joy."

"Perhaps," said Stuart, still hesitating, "she would rather not see me now."

"Nonsense, my good friend, come along. It is not for a brave fellow like you to shrink from a few friendly tears from a woman's eye."

Nothing more could be urged, and Stuart followed governor Liston to the presence of the ladies. Lady Strangford rose and offered him her hand with the most condescending kindness. Mrs. Liston rose too, but did not advance till her husband said, "come Selina, speak your welcome to our benefactor—he may misinterpret this expression of your feelings."

"Oh no," she said, now advancing eagerly, and fixing her eye on Stuart, while her cheeks, neck, and brow were suffused with crimson, "Oh no, Captain Stuart knows how deeply I must feel benefits, which none but he that bestowed them could forget or undervalue."

"It was a rule my mother taught me," replied Frank with bluntness, softened however by a sudden gleam of pleasure, "that givers should not have better memories than receivers." There was a meaning in his honest phrase hidden from two of his auditors, but quite intelligible to her for whom it was designed, and to our readers, who have doubtless already anticipated that the honourable Mrs. Liston was none other than the fugitive Perdita. A sudden change of colour showed that she felt acutely Stuart's keen though veiled reproach.

"A benefit," she replied, still speaking in a double sense, "such as I have received from you, Captain Stuart, may be too deeply felt to be acknowledged by words—now heaven has given us the opportunity of deeds, and you shall find that my grati-

tude is only inferior to your merit." Stuart was more accustomed to embody his feelings in action than speech, and he remained silent. He felt as if he were the sport of a dream, when he looked on the transformed Perdita. He knew not why, but invested as she now was, with all the power of wealth and the elegance of fashion, he felt not half the awe of her, as when in her helplessness and dependence, "he had fenced her rounde with many a spelle," wrought by youthful and chivalric feeling.

He perceived, in spite of Mrs. Liston's efforts, that his presence was embarrassing to her, and he would have taken leave, but the governor insisted peremptorily on his remaining to dine with him. Then saying that he had indispensable business to transact, and must be absent for a half hour, he would, he said, "leave the ladies to the free expression of their feelings."

When he was gone, Mrs. Liston said to her mother, "I do not think your little favourite, Francis, is quite well to-day—will you have the goodness to look in upon him and give nurse some advice." The old lady went without reluctance, as most people do to give advice, and Mrs. Liston turned to Stuart, and said, "I gave my boy your name, with a prayer that God would give him your spirit. Do not, oh do not think me," she continued, her lip quivering with emotion, "the ungrateful wretch I have appeared. I am condemned to silence by the pride of another.

My heart rebels, but I am bound to keep that a secret, which my feelings prompt me to publish to the world." Stuart would have spoken, but she anticipated him: "Listen to me without interruption," she said, "my story is my only apology, and I have but brief space to tell it in. It was love, as you once guessed, that led me to that mad voyage to America. I had a silly passion for a young Virginian, who had been sent to England for his education—he was nineteen, I fifteen, when we promised to meet on board the ship which conveyed me to America. His purpose, but not his concert with me was discovered, and he was detained in England. You know all the events of my enterprise. I left a letter for my father, informing him that I had determined to abandon England, but I gave him not the slightest clue to my real designs. I was an only, and as you will readily believe, a spoiled child. My mother was not living, and my father hoping that I should soon return, and wishing to veil my folly, gave out that he had sent me to a boarding-school on the continent, and himself retired to Switzerland. When I arrived in London, I obtained his address and followed him. He immediately received me to apparent favour, but never restored me to his confidence. His heart was hardened by my childish folly, and though I recounted to him all my sufferings, I never drew a tear from him; but when I spoke of you, and dwelt on the particulars of your goodness to me, his eye would moisten, and he would exclaim,

‘God bless the lad.’ I must be brief,” she continued, casting her eye apprehensively at the door; “Mr. Liston came with his mother to Geneva, where we resided; he addressed me—my father favoured his suit, and though he is, as you perceive, much older than myself, I consented to marry him, but not, as I told my father, till I had unfolded my history to him. My father was incensed at what he called my folly—he treated me harshly—I was subdued, and our contest ended in my solemnly swearing never to divulge the secret, on the preservation of which he fancied the honour of his proud name to depend.”

“Thank God,” then exclaimed Frank with a burst of honest feeling, “it was not your pride, cursed pride, and I may still think on Perdita as a true, tender-hearted girl, it was a pleasant spot in my memory,” he continued, dashing away a tear, “and I hated to have it crossed with a black line.”

Mrs. Liston improved all that remained of her mother’s absence in detailing some particulars, not necessary to relate, by which it appeared that notwithstanding she had dispensed with the article of love in her marriage, (we crave mercy of our fair young readers,) her husband’s virtue and indulgence had matured a sentiment of affection, if not as romantic, yet quite as safe and enduring as youthful passion. She assured Stuart that she regarded him as the means of all her happiness. “Not a day passes,” she said, raising her beautiful eyes to heaven, “that I do not

remember my generous deliverer, where alone I am permitted to speak of him." The old lady now rejoined them, bringing her grandchild in her arms. Frank threw down his crutch, forgot his wounds, and permitted his full heart to flow out, in the caresses he lavished on his little namesake.

The governor redeemed Stuart's schooner, and made such representations before the admiralty court of Stuart's merits, and of the ill treatment he had received from the commander of the frigate, that the court ordered the schooner to be refitted and equipped, and permitted to proceed to sea at the pleasure of captain Stuart. He remained for several days domesticated in the governor's family, and treated by every member of it with a frank cordiality suited to his temper and merits. Every look, word and action of Mrs. Liston expressed to him, that his singular service was engraven on her heart. He forbore even to allude to it, and with his characteristic magnanimity never inquired, directly or indirectly, her family name. He observed a timidity and apprehensiveness in her manner that resulted from a consciousness that she had, however reluctantly, practised a fraud on her husband, and he said "that having felt how burdensome it was to keep a secret from his commander for a short voyage, he thought it was quite too heavy a lading for the voyage of life."

The demonstrations of gratitude which Stuart received from governor Liston and his family, he deem-

ed out of all proportion to his services, and being more accustomed to bestow than to receive, he became restless, and as soon as his schooner was ready for sea, he announced his departure, and bade his friends farewell. He said the tears that Perdita, (he always called her Perdita,) shed at parting, were far more precious to him than all the rich gifts she had bestowed on him.

At the moment Stuart set his foot on the deck of his vessel, the American colours, at the governor's command, were hoisted. The generous sympathies of the multitude were moved, and huzzas from a thousand voices rent the air. Governor Liston and his suite and most of the merchant vessels, then in port, escorted the schooner out of the harbour. Even the stern usages of war cannot extinguish that sentiment in the bosom of man, implanted by God, which leads him to do homage to a brave and generous foe.

Captain Stuart continued to the end of the war, to serve his country with unabated zeal, and, when peace was restored, the same hardy spirit that had distinguished him in perilous times, made him foremost in bold adventure.

He commanded the second American trading vessel that arrived at Canton after the peace; and this vessel with which he sailed over half the globe, was a sloop of eighty tons, little more than half the size of the largest now used for the river trade. This adventure will be highly estimated by those who have

been so fortunate as to read the merry tale of Dolph Heilegher, and who remember the prudence manifested, at that period, by the wary Dutchmen in navigating these small vessels: how they were fain to shelter themselves at night in the friendly harbours with which the river abounds, and, we believe, to avoid adventuring through Haverstraw bay or the Tappan sea, in a high wind.

When Stuart's little sloop rode into the port of Canton, it was mistaken for a tender from a large ship, and the bold mariner was afterwards familiarly called by the great Hong merchants, "the one-mast captain."

Fifty-seven years have gone by since the Hazard sailed from Oxford, and our hero is now enjoying in the winter of his life, the fruits of a summer of activity and integrity. Time, which he has well used, has used him gently—his hair is a little thinned and mottled, but is still a sufficient shelter to his honoured head. His eye when he talks of the past, (all good old men love to talk of the past,) rekindles with the fire of youth, his healthful complexion speaks his temperance, and a double row of unimpaired ivory, justifies the pleasant vanity of his boast, that he can still show his teeth to an enemy.

Professional carelessness or generosity has left him little of the world's 'gear,' but he is rich—for he is independent of riches. He says he would recom-

mend honest dealings and an open hand, to all who would lay up stores of pleasant thoughts for their old age; and he avers—and who will gainsay him, that in the silent watches of the night, the memory of money well bestowed is better than a pocket full of guineas. He loves to recount his boyish pranks, and recal his childish feelings—how he rattled down the chincapins on the devoted heads of a troop of little girls; and how he was whipped for crying to go with Braddock and be a soldier! but above all, he loves to dwell on some of the particulars we have related, and in the sincerity of religious feeling to ascribe praise to that being, who kept his youth within the narrow bound of strict virtue.

I saw him last week surrounded by his grandchildren, recounting his imminent dangers and hair breadth 'scapes to a favourite boy, while the nimble fingers of rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little girls were employed in making sails for a miniature ship, which the old man has just completed. Long may he enjoy the talisman that recals to his imagination, labour without its hardship, and enterprise without its failure—and God grant gentle breezes and a clear sky to the close of his voyage of life!

THE HISTORY OF A RAY OF LIGHT.

The hint for the following composition, was derived from a recent discovery in botanical science, viz. that there are certain flowers, which emit, in the darkness of evening, the rays of light imbibed from the sun during the day. A thought hence occurred to the writer, that each individual ray of light might possibly in this manner perform a variety of successive functions, and even be efficiently darting about from object to object, and from one quarter of creation to another, for an indefinite number of years. Should the idea be questioned, as not strictly philosophical, it must be content to aspire no higher, than to the character of poetical.

“Let there be light!” creation’s author spoke,
And quick from chaos floods of splendour broke—
On that magnificent, primeval morn,
Myself, an humble ray of light, was born.

Vain were the task to guess my native place;
Rushing, careering, furiously through space,
Plunged amid kindred rays and mingling beams,
These are my first of recollection’s gleams.
Oh! with what joy we rioted along!
Darting afar, in young existence strong,
Onward we poured the unaccustomed day
Through tracts, the length of many a milky way.
(For know, we rays of light are living things,
Each with ten thousand pair of brilliant wings:

No wonder then, when all those wings are stirr'd,
 We flit it so much faster than a bird.)
 At last, when youthful years and sports were done,
 Choice, chance, or duty brought me to your sun;
 And, while my brother pencils fled afar,
 To swell the glories of some viewless star,
 'Twas mine to fly about this work of heav'n,
 Where one huge orb gave light and heat to seven;
 Although short visits now and then I make,
 To distant spheres, for récreation's sake.

Ah! ne'er shall I forget th' eventful day
 When to this planet first I sped my way:
 To many a twinkling throb my heart gave birth,
 As near and nearer I approach'd the earth.
 What was to be my fate? forever lost
 In some dark bog? or was I to be tost
 In wild reflection, round some narrow spot,
 Then sink absorb'd, inglorious and forgot?
 No, reader, no—far different the career
 Which fate designed me to accomplish here:
 Millions of splendid scenes 'twas mine to grace,
 Though my first act brought ruin to your race.
 Trembling, I reach'd the serpent's glistening eye,
 Then glanced, and struck the apple, hanging by,
 Then, to your mother Eve reflected, flew,
 And thus, at one exploit, a world o'erthrew!
 Oh scene of wo! the mischief I had wrought,
 Those quick successive shocks, that stunn'd my
 thought,

The poisonous magic from that sire of lies,
The worse contagion in that woman's eyes,
All were too much for one poor ray of light,
New to his task, and meaning only right.
Distrest in heart, at once myself I hurl'd
Far to the outside of this injured world,
Wishing to wear my wretched life away,
Mid scenes, where solitude and chaos lay.
At length, while wandering o'er those realms of wo,
I heard a small, sweet voice that whisper'd low
In tones of soothing—'twas a brother ray
Sent from the hand that first created day—
"No longer mourn," the darting angel said,
"The hopes of man are not forever fled:
"From his own race a Saviour shall arise,
"To lead him back to his forbidden skies;
"And hark! when Bethl'em's beauteous star shall
shine,

"Its fift and freshest radiance shall be thine!"

Cheer'd by these words, I long'd to gain once more
This lovely world, and try my fortune o'er.
Just then a globe, new struck from chaos out,
Met me, and turn'd my headlong path about;
Back to the sun with breathless speed I flew,
And thence rush'd down, where bright to Noah's view
The glorious rainbow shone—a lingering stop
I made within a small pellucid drop,
Touch'd its internal surface, and outright
Darted through air to glad the patriarch's sight.

Glancing from thence away, I sported on
Where'er by pleasure or by duty drawn;—
Now tipping some bright drop of pearly dew,
Now plunging into heav'n through tracks of blue,
Now aiding to light up the glorious morn,
Or twilight's softer mantle to adorn,
Now darting through the depths of ocean clear,
To paint a pearl—then to the atmosphere
Again reflected, shooting to the skies
Away, away, where thought can never rise;
Then trav'ling down to tinge some valley flower,
Or point some beauty's eye with mightier power,
Or to some monarch's gem new lustre bring,
Or light with fire some prouder insect's wing,
Or lend to health's red cheek a brighter dye,
Or flash delusive from consumption's eye,
Or sparkle round a vessel's form by night,
Or give the glow-worm its phosphoric light,
Or clothe with terror threatening anger's glance,
Or from beneath the lids of love to dance,
Or place those little silver points on tears,
Or light devotion's eye, while mercy hears;
In short, to aid with my poor transient flings,
All scenes, all passions, all created things.

Few rays of light have been where I have been,
Honour'd like me, or seen what I have seen:
I glow'd amid the bush, which Moses saw,
I lit the mount, when he proclaim'd his law:

I to that blazing pillar brought my mite,
Which glared along old Israel's path by night.
I lent a glory to Elijah's car,
And took my promis'd flight from Bethl'em's star.
But not to holy ground was I confin'd,
In classic haunts my duties were assign'd.
I primed the bolts Olympian Jove would throw
And Pluto sought me for his fires below:
Over and over gallant Phœbus swore,
I was the finest dart his quiver bore:
Oft was I sent a peeping, anxious ray
From Dian, hastening where Endymion lay:
When Iris shot from heav'n, all swift and bright,
Thither I rush'd, companion of her flight:
From Vulcan's anvil I was made to glare,
I lent a horror to the Gorgon's stare,
I too have beamed upon Achilles' shield,
And dropp'd from Helen's eye when Paris kneel'd;
Faithful Achates, every school-boy knows,
Struck from a flint my whole long year's repose:
Ten wretched days I pass'd in sobs and sighs,
Because I could not dance on Homer's eyes:
I once was decomposed from that pure oil,
Which cheer'd the Athenian sage's midnight toil:
I from the brazen focus led the van,
When Archimedes tried his frightful plan;
'Twas I, from Cleopatra's orb that hurl'd
The fatal glance, which lost her slave the world:

I struck the sweetest notes on Memnon's lyre,
And quivered on the phœnix' funeral pyre.

Nor ancient scenes alone engross'd my pranks,
The moderns likewise owe me many thanks.
Straight in at Raphael's skylight once I broke,
And led his pencil to its happiest stroke;
I sparkled on the cross Belinda wore,
And tipp'd the Peri's wing of Thomas Moore;
To Fontenelle I glided from above,
When whispering soft astronomy and love;
And know, where'er the finest bards have sung
The moon's sweet praises with bewitching tongue,
Or that blue evening star of mellow light,
'Twas always after I had touched their sight.

Nor yet have poetry and painting shared
My sole regards—for science I have cared.
When Galileo raised his glass on high,
Me first it brought to his astonished eye;
When Newton's prism loosed the solar beams,
I help'd to realize his heav'n taught dreams;
When Herschel his dim namesake first descry'd,
I was just shooting from that planet's side.
At all eclipses and conjunctions nigh,
Of sun, or satellite, or primary,
Oft have I serv'd the longitude to fix—
And heavens! in June of eighteen hundred six,
How all New England smil'd to see me burst,
Out from behind her darkened sun the first!

I form'd a spangle on the modest robes
Of Doctor Olbers' new-discovered globes;
I from the comet's path was downward sent,
When Bowditch seized me for an element:
Once, trav'ling from a fourth-rate star to earth,
I gave the hint of aberration birth.
I led th' electric flash to Priestley's sight,
And play'd my sports round Franklin's daring kite;
Absorb'd in copper once I long had lain,
When lo! Galvani gave me life again.
I taught the Swede that after sunny days,
Lilies and marigolds will dart forth rays;
And when polarity made Scavans stare
For the first time, be sure that I was there.
When iron first in oxygen was burnt,
When Davy his metallic basis learnt,
When Brewster shaped his toy for peeping eyes,
And Humboldt counted stars in southern skies,
'Twas I that moved, while bursting on their sight,
The flush of wonder, triumph, and delight.

Nor scarce does history boast one splendid scene,
Or deep-mark'd era, where I have not been.
The sky-hung cross of Constantine, which turn'd
All Rome to truth, by my assistance burn'd;
When the great charter England's rights restored,
I scared her monarch from a baron's sword;
When pious Europe led the far crusade,
Did I not flash from Godfrey's wielded blade?

Did chivalry one tournament display
Of dazzling pomp, from which I kept away?
Was I not present at that gorgeous scene,
Where Leicester entertained old England's queen?
Did I not sparkle on the iron crown
Which the triumphant Corsican took down?
Did I not revel where those splendours shone,
When the fourth George assumed Britannia's throne?
And last, not least, could I refuse to hear,
The summons of th' Atlantic Souvenir?
No, gentlest reader, trust your humble ray,
'Tis here at length I would forever stay,
If to and fro I could descend and rise
'Twixt these bright pages and your brighter eyes;
Absorb'd, reflected, radiated, bent,
With force emitted, or for ages pent,
Through the wide world so long and often toss'd,
Th' excursive passion of my youth I've lost.
I wish no more in my six thousandth year,
Than just to take my peaceful mansion here,
To deck these limnings with my happiest art,
And mid these leaves to play my brightest part.

G.

THE WHITE INDIAN.

MORE than five and forty years ago, as my friends assure me, though when I look back, it seems but yesterday, I was a hardy, harum-scarum youth, residing with a relation on the banks of the Mohawk. There never, since the days of Homer's heroes, was a more simple race than these people, who lived a sort of patriarchal life, just on the frontier of civilized society. At that period, such is the tendency of events to get the start of time in our country, the whole region to the west and north-west, was all one uninterrupted forest, over which roamed the Indians and their game. Where now are associated together in all the confusion of promiscuous good fellowship, Palmyra, and Utica, and Paris, and Rome, and Manheim, and Ithaca, and Homer, and Virgil, and Milton, and Palatine, and Liverpool, and Lysander, and Waterloo, and Ovid, and Penn-Yan, and Milo, and heaven knows what oddities besides, borrowed from the uttermost parts of the earth, to supersede the fine old sonorous Indian names—where towns and villages succeed each other like the creations of Aladdin's lamp—and mighty works are achieved with a rapidity that baf-

fles anticipation—there, less than half a century ago, a man might starve to death, if he depended on the products of the earth or the assistance of his fellow creatures.

The old squire with whom I resided, was the principal person of the settlement at that time. His name was Veeder, and he united in his person the dignity of judge, general, member of assembly, deacon of the church, and overseer of the poor. This last was a sinecure, for such were the simple habits of these people, that they always saved enough by their youthful economy to supply the sober wants of age. I never saw a pauper or a beggar, till after I inhabited a city, where all extremes are squeezed into a small compass, and where squalid poverty is contrasted with ostentatious splendour. The beggar and the king equally delight in populous cities, for there the one can exhibit his rags, and the other his lace, to equal advantage. Without people to pity, beggary would be but a poor occupation; and without the gaze of vulgar admiration, the trade of a king would be hardly worth following.

It would scandalize those who hold that no man can be a respectable judge, without a great salary, or a valiant soldier, without gold lace and epaulets, were I to describe the state in which the judge held his courts, the general reviewed his troops, and the assemblyman set forth to make laws for the people. The comparison would greatly redound to the dis-

grace of our fathers, and therefore I pass it by, having no disposition to flatter posterity at the expense of their betters. It is enough to say, that half a century has made desperate inroads upon their doric simplicity, and that emigrations from the prolific east have made still more desperate inroads upon their ancient possessions. "They are curious fellows," said one of the patriarchs of the Flats to me not long ago—"They are curious fellows—if they can't get round the old folks to sell their land, they get round the young girls to marry them, and so one way or the other, they oust us at last. Then there is the turnpike road and the canal running right under one's nose, and such a noise and confusion with the boats passing, and blowing their plaguy horns and tin trumpets, that a body can't be quiet for them day or night."

"Yes," said I, "but then your property is worth ten times as much as it was before."

"And much good that does me," replied he; "I am a great deal richer than I was forty years ago, but for all that I can't keep out of debt, do what I will."

"How so?"

"Why my wants have increased much faster than my wealth. And then I have so many more friends than I used to have. Before these improvements it was much if I had a visiter once a year. Now every man, woman, and child that I have ever seen before.

goes up the canal to the Falls, or somewhere else, every summer, and my home is so convenient that they always stop a day or two. The presence of so many fashionable people, makes it necessary that my wife and daughters should dress a little "like Christians," as they call it, and one can do no less than lend them the wagon and horses, with Cæsar to drive them to Trenton Falls. Thus I lose the service of my man and my horses two days out of the week at least."

"But others are the better for all this—'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"Yes," quoth the old man, "and 'tis a blessed wind that blows nobody evil—all is not gold that glitters, and all is not good that seems so."

The people of our village, were, in truth, a quiet, industrious race, hating all innovations; and if it had depended upon them, there would have been no such pestilent things as patent ploughs, metallic scissors, and labour-saving machinery, in the universe. I remember the whole place was thrown into great consternation one day, by a desperate innovation of a New Englandman lately settled among them, who erected a grindstone that actually went by water. They set him down as an idle interloper, who worked more with his head than his hands, and would never come to any good. The stranger was indeed a desperate schemer, who passed his life in a state of actual privation, at the same time that he was revelling in the anticipa-

tion of boundless wealth, to be derived from the invention of labour-saving machinery. All the money he could scrape together, was spent in taking out patent rights for his own inventions, and he at last fully verified the prophecy of his neighbours, being completely ruined, by getting deeply in debt in the erection of a windmill, over which he built a house for its preservation. There were plenty of mill-seats on a fine stream that ran right under his nose, but he was so taken up with his wind that he forgot the water. Finally he went into the Indian country with an adventure of Jews-harps, and I know not what became of him afterwards.

As for myself, I confess, notwithstanding the example of all around me, I was as active and as idle, at the same time, as a grasshopper. I hated work, yet loved exercise. This last propensity I indulged, in taking my dog and gun and rambling all day, either along the Mohawk or into the woods, in search of game, which abounded at that time in the vicinity. The young fellows round about, who worked from sunrise to sunset, every day of their lives, laughed at me for taking so much trouble for nothing; and I held them in sovereign contempt because they laboured so hard for money. They would not have taken the pains I did, in fording streams, and plunging through swamps, for all the partridges in fifty miles round, for there was then nobody to buy them—and I would not have laboured as they did,

for all the money in the same compass. Thus were both parties satisfied. We compared ourselves with each other, and each found occasion to pride himself upon some imagined superiority. This is one great secret of human happiness.

By degrees, as custom reconciled me more and more to fasting and long rambles, I extended my excursions farther from home, and sometimes remained out all day without tasting food or resting myself, except for a few minutes upon the trunk of some decayed old tree, or moss-covered rock. The country, though in a great degree in its native state of wildness, was full of romantic beauties. The Mohawk is one of the most charming of rivers, sometimes brawling its way among ragged rocks, or darting swiftly through long narrow reaches, and here and there, as at the Little Falls, and again at the Cohoes, darting down high perpendicular rocks in sheets of milk-white foam; but its general character is that of gentleness, repose and quiet. It is no where so broad but that rural objects, and rural sounds may be seen and heard distinctly from one side to the other; and in many places, the banks on either hand are composed of rich meadows or flats, as they were denominated by the early Dutch settlers, so nearly on a level with the surface of the water, as to be almost identified with it from a distance, were it not for the rich fringe of water willows that skirts along on either side, and marks the lines of separation. In these

rich pastures may now be seen the lowing herds half hidden in the luxuriant grass, and a little farther on out of the reach of the spring freshes, the comfortable farm houses of many a sanguine country squire, who dreams of boundless wealth from the grand canal, and in his admiration of the works of man, forgets the far greater beauty, grandeur and utility of those of his Maker. But I am to describe the scenery as it was in the days of my boyhood, when like Nimrod, I was a mighty hunter before the Lord.

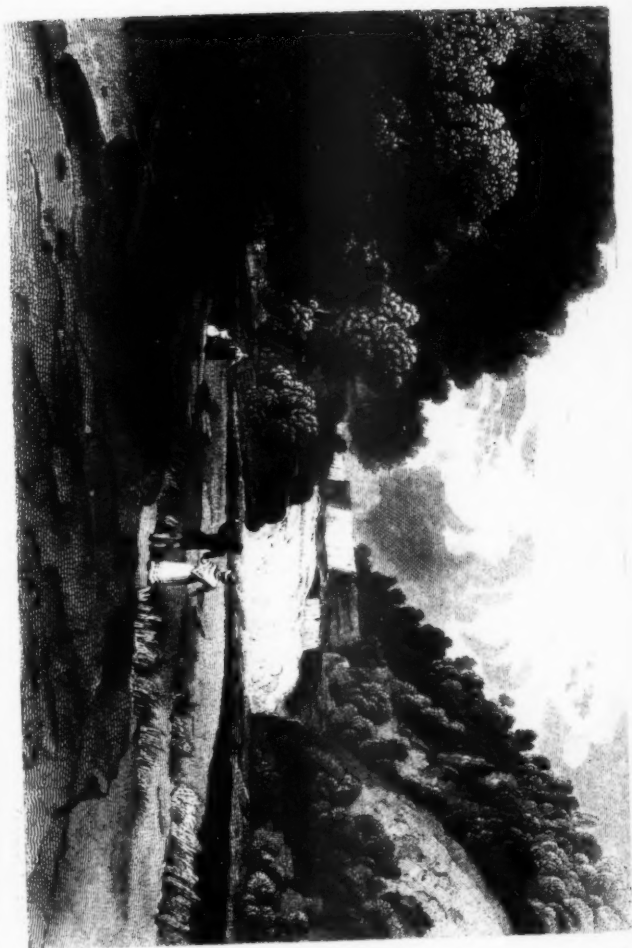
At the time I speak of, all that was to be seen was of the handy work of nature, except the little settlement over which presided the patriarch Veeder. We were the advance guard of civilization, and a few steps beyond us was the region of primeval forests composed of elms, and maples, and oaks, and pines, that seemed as if their seeds had been sown at the time of the deluge, and that they had been growing lustily ever since. I have still a distinct recollection, I might almost say perception of the gloom and damps which pervaded these chilling shades, where the summer sun never penetrated, and in whose recesses the very light was of a greenish hue. Here, especially along the little streams, many of which are now dried up by the opening of the earth to the sunbeams, every rock, and piece of mouldering wood was wrapped in a carpet of green moss fostered into more than velvet luxuriance by the everlasting damps, that unlike the dews of Heaven, fell all

the day as well as all the night. Here and there a flower reared its pale head among the rankness of the sunless vegetation of unsightly fungus, but it was without fragrance and almost without life; for it withered as soon as plucked from its stem. I do not remember ever to have heard a singing bird in these forests, except just on the outer skirts fronting the south, where occasionally a robin chirped, or a thrush sung his evening chant. These tiny choristers seem almost actuated by the vanity of human beings, for I have observed they appear to take peculiar delight in the neighbourhood of the habitations of men, where they have listeners to their music. They do not love to sing where there is no one to hear them. The very insects of the wing seemed also to have abandoned the gloomy solitude, to sport in the sunshine among the flowers. Neither butterfly or grasshopper abided there, and the honey bee never came to equip himself in his yellow breeches. He is the companion of the white man, and seems content to be his slave, to toil for him all the summer, only that he may be allowed the enjoyment of the refuse of his own labours in winter. To plunge into the recesses of these woods was like descending into a cave under ground, there was the coolness, the dampness, and the obscurity of twilight.

Yet custom made me love these solitudes, and many are the days I have spent among them with my dog

and gun, and no other guide but the sun in the Heavens and the moss on the north sides of the trees. It was sometime in the early autumn, I cannot charge my memory with the precise month or year, that I had extended my excursion somewhat in a different direction and much farther than I had ever done before. It came into my head to follow the course of a stream which had no name at that time, but which has since been known by that of West Canada creek. Though not more than six straight miles from our residence, it was never visited by the sober, quiet villagers, who unlike the active adventurers to the west, had little inclination for hunting, and looked solely to the cultivation of their rich lands for support. Apprehension of Indian treachery was another motive for staying about the house. The savages roaming through the neighbouring forests, though at that time friendly to the whites, were apt in their drunken bouts, to commit the most unprovoked outrages.

Proceeding up the stream, for some miles, I gradually became fascinated by its romantic beauties, which increased as I went forward into the hills that rise from the rich flats of the Mohawk. A succession of beautiful cascades, one still more striking than the other presented themselves, forming a magnificent staircase of foam upwards of a hundred feet high. On either side, the banks of the stream were of perpendicular rocks, in some places of dark grey, mixed with little patches of pale green moss, that



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gave to the whole mass, a soft and latent gaiety exquisitely harmonious. On the edges of the precipice on either hand, and in the fissures of its perpendicular sides, grew majestic pines, hemlocks, spruce firs, and all the hardy family of trees, that brave the northern winters, contrasting their dark rich green, with the silvery foam of the cataract that rolled far below. The allurements of the scene led me on step by step, slowly and laboriously—now stopping to admire some new enchantment, and now throwing myself upon some mossy seat to rest from the fatigue of clambering among the rocks and mountains, and descending the rugged precipice.

In this manner the day passed away imperceptibly, and the first notice I had of the setting of the sun, was the sudden gloom that pervaded the scene. Though his golden rays could not penetrate the thick woods, still they threw their pale light among the branches, and enlivened the space, which without them was dark and comfortless. I began to think how I should get home. To return by following the stream along the path I came, would be to consume the whole night, even supposing what indeed was impossible, that I could find my way among the dangerous chasms and precipices in the dark. To strike off into the woods, towards my residence, would be to lose myself in the pathless obscurity, for in the absence of the sun, a man in the wilderness, is like a ship at sea, without a compass. As I stood in anxious suspense,

not knowing which way to direct my steps, a flash of lightning crossed the gloom, and the distant rumbling of the thunder indicated that a storm was rising. There is no travelling in these forests during the tempest, even if a man is in ever so great a hurry, for the falling of the trees, and the breaking of limbs make it rather a dangerous adventure. After a few moments' hesitation, and a few more flashes of lightning, followed by a few more claps of thunder each louder and nearer than the other, I made up my mind, that I had better try and find some shelter for the night, which it seemed my destiny to pass in this picturesque spot.

Casting my eyes about, to see if in the dim light I could find some tolerable harbour from the approaching storm, which now announced its quick advance, by incessant flashes of lightning, and unbroken peals of thunder, I thought I could discover at a little distance in the side of a rock, where the stream makes a curve, something that appeared like a cave or opening, which might possibly afford some sort of shelter. Having first secured my gun in the hollow of a tree, for it was impossible to carry it with me, with much labour and considerable loss of time, I at length made my way to its mouth, into which I crept without ceremony, or asking by your leave, for now the rain began to patter, and the crackling of the forest bespoke the coming whirlwind. As I crept cautiously forward, for the purpose of securely ensconcing

myself out of the reach of the torrent that now fell from the heavens, my right hand descended upon a cold bare foot, which was suddenly snatched away—at the instant a voice of mingled apprehension and anger exclaimed,

“Who are you?”

“A man,” replied I, with my heart at least half way out of my mouth.

“A white man?” returned the voice.

“A white man and a christian,” replied I.

“That is but another name for a hypocrite and a villain. Thou hast come I suppose to finish what thy accursed race began years ago, but thou shalt have a tug for it first.”

So saying he grasped me with the gripe of a lion, and pinioned me down with a force that almost suffocated me. A struggle now commenced, in which I stood no chance, for though an active, athletic youth, I had fasted and fatigued myself all day, and had to deal with one who seemed possessed of the strength of a giant. I soon ceased to struggle, almost to breathe, for the short contest had produced a sort of dull insensibility. After pausing a moment or two, as if to see whether I meant to renew the strife, the being, whatever it was, raised itself slowly from my prostrate body, and after groping about a little, I heard him striking a flint and steel together, the sparks of which from time to time threw a dismal light about the place. At length the tinder caught,

and the fire was communicated to a pine root, which illuminated the whole cavern sufficiently to distinguish every thing within. During all this time I lay perfectly quiet, partly from policy and partly from a total inability to rise, if it had been prudent to do so. The lord of the cave now approached with his primitive candle, and shook me with very little delicacy or consideration. I remained perfectly quiet.

"Art thou dead, or only frightened out of thy wits," at length asked he; "I have heard of cowards dying of fear. Speak, or I will soon see whether thou art dead or only imitating the filthy insect, who makes believe he dies, if any body only looks at him."

"I am not dead," said I, at length, "but I am worn out with hunger, fatigue, and struggling with you."

"Get up then," said he abruptly.

I arose with difficulty, and he held the light close to my face for some time, talking to himself at intervals.

"Why aye, 'tis a good face, young, and looks like honesty too. But the d—I was an angel once. What brought thee here?"

I related to him in as few words as possible, the motive and the history of my ramble. There was no occasion for me to explain the cause of my intrusion into his solitude, the uproar without was sufficient.

"I believe thee," said he, when I had concluded, "for I can discover no reason for telling me a lie,

and even the christian white man, will not lie without a motive. But thou hast said thou art hungry and fatigued. Thou shalt have food and rest if it be only to heap coals of fire on thy head, for as sure as there is a God in heaven, thou wilt prove ungrateful, and be cursed for it hereafter."

He then went into one corner of the cave, and brought forth some dried venison, together with a bottle, which he placed before me.

"Eat, drink, be merry, and sleep," said he, "come I will pledge thee—no, I will not pledge thee, for I have sworn never to eat, or drink, or sleep with my brothers, as they are called. I do not drink to thee, thy health or thy happiness, but to the memory of him who first discovered this instrument of vengeance, this fiery curse which inflicts the bitterest punishment on the very crimes it instigates, and is at once the tempter and the avenger."

So saying, he lifted it to his lips and took a long draught, after which he handed it to me.

"Here, drink—it is a glorious damnation. It makes one feel as hot as if the punishment of his sins had come upon him even in this world. 'Tis living purgatory."

I declined, saying that I never drank spirits.

"No, you save it all for the red men, the axe for the forests, the fire water for its inhabitants. So passes away the world which nature made, and the children of nature that inhabit it. 'Tis sport for thee

and sport for them, for they die laughing, or howling—it's all the same." He then drank again, and exclaimed—

"Now I am fit for any thing—good night," proceeding towards the mouth of the cave.

"But," said I, "you are not going out in this horrid night, don't you hear?"

"Yes, I hear—I hear the thunder roaring above, and the waters rushing below, I hear the wind howling, and the rain falling, I see the lightning flashing its forky tongue into this pretty dungeon. 'Tis the D—I's holliday and mine too, I must go forth and be merry. We'll dance a jig together upon the white foam to the tune of the D—I among the tailors. Hey, boy." And he laughed a laugh that made my blood run cold. It was evident that the liquor was ascending to his overheated brain, and adding fuel to the fire that already seemed burning there.

"Good night," said he, "old boy, I am going a sky-larking. As for you, you may stay here and sleep upon your bed of down if you like, I have that within which bids defiance to that without, and mean to have a little chit-chat with the thunder and lightning—good night, but see thou art not here in the morning when I come back, for I may not be in such a good humour."

He then departed, and for some moments after, I heard him shouting and laughing at intervals, in the pauses of the storm. I laid myself down in a corner

upon some dry leaves, but notwithstanding my fatigue, I could not sleep. I heard the rushing of the woods and the crackling of the broken limbs, as the winds whistled through them—the roaring of the waters as they dashed down the precipice into the gulf below, with a fury increased ten-fold by the deluge of rain that poured from the heavens an unceasing torrent, and I heard, or fancied I heard, the shouts of the wild wayward being whose guest I had become, all mingling in one midnight chorus. By degrees, however, nature overmastered all these, and I at length fell asleep.

The fatigue of the preceding day caused me to sleep soundly, till after sunrise the next morning, and I know not how much longer my nap might have lasted, had I not been roused by the return of my hospitable entertainer, who most unceremoniously shook me broad awake.

“Arise, thou sluggard, did I not warn thee to be off betimes in the morning.”

I rubbed my eyes, and recalled my scattered senses to a perception of the events of the preceding night, and of my present situation. The light of the sun, which glanced obliquely into the cave, enabled me to take a full view of this singular being. He was above the middle size, raw-boned and perpendicular in his person, with a skin bronzed almost to the copper colour of an Indian. His dress too was in the exact costume of the Oneidas, and to those not accustom-

ed to the eternal, impassable distinctions, that mark the two races of men, he might have appeared to be one of that tribe. But there is something in the eye and the expression of a white man, that is never seen in any other race of beings. The eye of an Indian, or a negro, is bright, but not piercing. It is black and shining, like jet, but it has no rays darting from it and penetrating into the very soul. It is capable of expressing the stronger and ruder passions, but it fails in conveying those latent meanings of the mind, which mock the language of the tongue, and speak in flashes, that like the lightning, are come and gone at one and the same point of time. The eye of a white man, when awake, is always speaking, it partakes in the activity of his mind, and the changeful vivacity of his thoughts, and never, except in hours of sickness, exhaustion, or extreme old age, exhibits that stupid, thoughtless glare of vacancy, which is always seen in the Indian and the negro, except when under the influence of strong, immediate excitement; add to this, that the eyes of the two latter are always of one colour, while those of the former are of a hundred varied hues.

But scarcely does the white man differ more from the inferior races of men in the eye, than he does in the expression of his other features. His mouth, his forehead, and the whole contour of his countenance, carry with them the impress of that daring courage, that untiring perseverance, that vigorous enterprise,

and that master mind, which wheresoever he goes, have in all ages, and every where, designated him, as under God, the commander of the universe.

Beneath the rude disguise of this wild being, I at once distinguished what had, at one time or other, been a civilized man. Though his dress, his habits, and his abode bespoke the savage, there was in his eye, his expression and language, unextinguishable evidence that he belonged to the class of men, whom necessity and education initiate into the uses and pleasures of intellectual exercise. After finishing my scrutiny, which he underwent with evident impatience, I ventured to exclaim—

“Surely you are a white man?”

“’Tis false,” cried he furiously, “I belong not to that vile race of hypocrites, the spawn of the cat, the tiger, and the serpent. I was once one of them, but I have long since cast off all fellowship with those, whom the curse of heaven made my fellow creatures. Look, I have plucked up my beard by the roots, and if I could, I would have plucked out my heart, that I might lose, if possible, all traces of my origin, and forget myself.”

I made some attempts to ascertain who he was, and whence he came, but he cut me short.

“Get thee gone,” said he, impatiently, “and thank God I did not pitch thee into the gulf, we hear roaring below us. I had a mind to do it, and

had it not been for some lingering remnant of civilized effeminacy, I would have dashed you down the rocks, as a sacrifice for the wrongs I have suffered."

I attempted to sooth him, by expressing my thanks for the food and shelter he had afforded me, and my hopes that it would one day be in my power to repay the obligation.

"Aye," said he "you would repay me in the old style, by betraying me with a kiss; 'tis the fashion, from Judas down to the present time. But again I say begone—the only way thou canst repay me is never to let me see thee more, and to be silent as to my existence, as well as the place of my abode. I shall soon change it either for a better or a worse. The gnawing canker that eats into the bosom of this land—the white man I know is on the track of me, and thou art the herald of his approach. Get thee gone, and never say I am here."

I promised I would not. "You will keep your promise" said he scornfully, "till you get home. But see that none of thy pimping race come here; they will return by water if they do, for I swear before heaven, if they dare to disturb my miseries, I will fling them into the stream and let them float like filthy scum to their own doors. Come let us shake hands at parting, as is the custom of gentlemen when they are going to blow each other's brains out."

He then took my hand with a squeeze that brought

the tears into my eyes. "This is the grasp of friendship, beware of that of my enmity—away with thee."

I left him, and returned home, where I received a sober Dutch welcome, that convinced me they had been very uneasy at my absence. To the questions as to where I had passed the night, I merely answered that I had been overtaken by the storm, and found shelter in the woods. This satisfied their curiosity, and in a few days the whole was forgotten, except by myself. I confess I felt a strange solicitude to know something more of this wild being; but I refrained from paying him another visit, partly perhaps from delicacy, but more from an apprehension that he might be tempted to execute his threat, of tossing me down the precipice. The reader is a happy man or woman, if he or she has never been tired to death of doing nothing. There is no object in all nature so disagreeable to look at for any length of time, as a calm sea reflecting on its glassy surface the intolerable splendours of the noon-day sun; and there is nothing so tedious, so palling, so wearisome in the life of man, as the absence of all causes of hope or fear. I confess I was sometimes in this state. I was neither ambitious, avaricious, nor in love. I built castles it is true, and frequently indulged anticipations which have since all been realized; and I look upon it as my peculiar happiness, that the fruition of my youth.

ful hopes, has not actually added to the miseries of my old age.

But though active, healthy, and young, I was often in want of what is now known among all the writers of romance, as excitement. There is not much variety in the country, and there is still less in a country where there are few inhabitants, and consequently few characters, and little variety of incidents. One day when this heaviness of the soul lay upon me more than usual, it suddenly came into my head to visit the romantic scenery of the Falls, and inquire about the wild white man. I remembered his threats, but the very apprehension of danger afforded the excitement I required. Accordingly I made up my mind, to set forth immediately after breakfast the next morning. The very determination roused me into spirits, and set my blood circulating. I slept sounder that night than I had done for a week before.

In those days people got up earlier than they do now; but then they went to bed sooner, so that account was pretty well balanced. They had less of candle light and more of sunshine, and this was all as it should be, for candles were scarce and sunshine plenty. Pine knots were a poor substitute for sunbeams; now however, lustres, chandeliers, and convex mirrors, have cut out the sun, and people sit up late to admire them. I rose early, breakfasted early,

furnished myself with refreshments, a bottle in case of accident, and by seven o'clock was half-way to the Falls, where I arrived without any adventure. As I drew near, I kept a good look out for the wild man, but he was no where to be seen. I approached the mouth of the cave, and was debating with myself whether to enter or not, when I thought I heard an indistinct moaning in those pauses in the roar of the waters which occur when a current of wind carries the sound another way. I scrambled to the mouth of the cave and listened again. The moaning was still more distinct than before. I cautiously crept forward, and at length distinguished through the dim twilight of the place, a figure lying in the corner where I had formerly passed the night. A dog came forward and began to growl, when a feeble voice exclaimed—

“Who is there? have the wild beasts come to eat me before I am dead?”

“No—it is a friend,” said I.

“Friend—friend!” was his reply.

“Are you sick—what is the matter with you?”

“Nothing—I am only starving to death—I and my good growling friend here.”

“Starving to death! in the name of heaven, how?”

“Only for want of something to eat—come here—you need not be afraid of me, I am tame now.” I approached him; “feel here,” said he, guiding my hand to one of his legs, which I found was broken,

"and here," passing it to his shoulder which was swelled enormously. "Now you can kill me without the least danger, and nobody will ever know it—none but God; come shoot me and you shall be my heir, I shall leave behind me abundance of curses."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed I unconsciously.

"Don't pity me," cried he, "I know what the crocodile and the white man mean when they weep. Shoot me and be my heir."

I sat down by him, I offered him food, which he at first refused with bitter execrations against me and all mankind; but seeing my bottle, he seized it before I was aware of his intention, and lifting it to his lips, took a most intemperate draught, which seemed to imbue him with a sudden vigour.

"There," cried he, "now I am a man, but mind me, not a white man. What have you in that bag, hey?"

"Food."

"Is it not poisoned? but no matter, give it me, for I have not tasted any for three whole days."

He ate voraciously, now and then throwing a bit to his dog and repeating—

"Share and share alike between friends. I never had but two friends, a dog and a man; the dog stuck to me through thick and thin, but the man was a white man, and that's saying every thing."

After finishing his meal, he lay down and almost immediately fell asleep. A few moments' reflection

served me to decide, that it was best to leave him in this situation, return home and come back the next day with a fresh supply of provisions. Accordingly I quietly departed, and saw him again on the morrow about the same hour. He received me with a sort of sarcastic civility.

"I am running up a pretty bill, but harkye, I am able to pay it, were it ten times as much."

"I do not want to be paid," said I.

"Tut—so says the pale hypocrite all over the world; but never fear boy, I am able to pay thee—go, go to that corner there and dig." I hesitated; "go I tell thee and dig, thy god is buried there." I hesitated till he became furious, when I thought it best to humour him. After digging a few inches I came to a small leather bag, which I brought out and gave him.

"Here, here," said he, holding it up and shaking it—"Here is what will buy bodies and souls—here is the king Devil that purchases consciences by dozens and lives by wholesale. Take it boy—I give it thee beforehand, to save thee the trouble of killing me to get possession. I brought it with me on purpose to tempt some body to sell his soul."

I took it to humour him, with an honest design of returning the purse at the first convenient opportunity. He seemed to be a little more softened towards me, than the day before. The sense of total de-

pendence, and the weakness of pain, had apparently, made some impression on his rugged nature. Even the most hardened misanthrope, becomes in some measure reconciled to his fellow creatures, when their good offices are necessary to his existence. I inquired the cause of his present situation.

“You remember,” said he, “the night but one after I gave up my bed to you, how it stormed again; well I went out sky-larking. I had a merry time of it, dancing, the d—l among the tailors—but at last when the rocks became slippery with rain, and the clouds no longer flashed their fire and brimstone, some how or other my foot slipped, and I fell down a precipice. It was not above a hundred feet high, so I only broke one leg, and put out one shoulder—it might have been both you know. It was a little above this—out of sight, but within hearing. I lay a while quite stunned, and then managed to crawl, and creep, and drag myself along under the rocks, till I came opposite my castle; and there with my one hand and my one leg climbed up, and got into it—But the shoulder had swelled, and the leg became so lacerated with the sharp points of the broken bones, and both so painful, that from that time I could only just move to the place, where I always kept a few days allowance of provisions in case of sickness or other accident. My allowance lasted till

three days since, and from then, till you intruded upon my miseries, I had not tasted a morsel of food, or a drop of water—my bottle too—which held the fiery spell that drowns the sense of misery in the delirium of madness—that gave out soonest of all, and I was left without solace. Thus you found me—and no thanks to you say I—I should have been dead before this, if it had not been for your impertinence.”

Thus, he would go on, receiving as it were with the irresistible instinct of nature, the food I brought him, at the same time that his perverted reason, disdained to thank me for it. I proposed to bring a doctor from our neighbourhood to set his leg and shoulder—but he refused me permission, declaring it would only put him to unnecessary torture, and that the moment a physician, or any other being but myself came near him, he would strangle himself with his own hand, or commit some fatal violence. “I will not starve to death if I can help it,” said he—“for that is contrary to nature—nor would I willingly incur the wrath of heaven by self-murder—but I wish to die—and never had so good a chance before—my days are numbered—and many will not pass I think, before I shall be at peace.”

His prediction seemed in a speedy course to be verified. A fever preyed upon him, aggravated by copious draughts of the liquor, which his clamorous

importunity, and dreadful, yet pathetic entreaties forced me to supply him with every day. To my remonstrances he would reply, "Yes—yes—it is easy to moralize—it is easy to abstain—it is easy to preach what we do not practice—or what we have no temptation to indulge in ourselves. But who can hear the extremity of mental and bodily suffering, without wishing to resort even to madness for a cure. Were it opium no one would blame me."

The fifth day I repeated my visit, I found him calm, languid, quiet, and almost amiable. He ate nothing, indeed he had eaten scarcely anything after the first time I saw him lying helpless in his cave. He declined even to drink anything but water. "I am out of pain now, and as I wish to say something to you must keep my mind clear. You have been kind to me, shall I believe it? disinterestedly kind," said he, looking in my face for a minute, in which time the tears gathered into his eyes, he wiped them away, observing, "this must be the dew of death, it is impossible I can ever have wept again. But to the point. You have been a friend to me in my last extremity and I have a favour to ask of you when I am dead. You must bury me deep enough, that the wolves and bears may not be able to dig me up. Worthless as is this filthy body of mine, I should not like it to be the food of aught but worms. They are the natural inheritors, the residuary legatees of all that remains of men after

death, and let them have their dues. But," added he after a pause, "you have been kind to me, when I behaved like a brute and a madman. I should not like to go hence without letting you know, that you had not bestowed your kindness on one, who did not deserve at least your pity. Listen to me, and I will tell you what made me hide myself in the recesses of beasts, and become a wild beast myself.

"It is no matter where I was born, or what is my name. But whatever may be thy prospects or anticipations in life, they cannot surpass what mine were. I shall pass over the early part of my life, for I have now little time to spare for talking, and will come at once to the material point of my story. It is enough to say that I was educated, as became the only son of a wealthy gentleman of those times. That is to say, I was something of a scholar, and a great sportsman. I read a little, and hunted a vast deal every day.

"It was, at that time, customary for the more wealthy patriarchs of a family to take into their house, educate and portion out, from time to time, some orphan child of a poor relative or old friend, who had been left destitute. My mother almost always had one or more of these about her, whom she treated and obliged all around her to treat, as if they were her own children. When they grew up the girls were married off, and the young men placed in a situation to get forward in the world, if they

were good for anything. One of these sons of adoption, was the orphan of my father's only brother, who fell at Ticonderoga in the old French war. He was nearly of my age, and we grew up together, were schoolfellows together, and hunted and shared every amusement together, till we became men.

"I loved him as a brother, for he always gave way to my whims, humoured my fancies, administered to my pleasures, and encouraged me in all sorts of mischief. We had many frolics together, some of them without my father's privity, and indeed, against his express commands. But I know not how it was, we were always found out by means that I could not imagine at that time, and I was sometimes tempted to believe some invisible agent of my father, accompanied us every where. I never for a moment suspected my cousin, who always took the blame upon himself, whenever we were taken to task for our transgressions. Independently of these good offices, he seized every opportunity of professing the most unbounded friendship and devotion; so that I came to consider him as a second self, and to love him better perhaps than if he had been my own and only brother.

"Thus we lived together like brothers, until in an evil hour for me, my mother took into the house, and adopted after our patriarchal manner, a young woman of about seventeen, the daughter of a distant relation. People who live in the same house, generally either like or dislike each other pretty decidedly.

There is seldom a medium; for domestic intercourse is the test of good or evil habits and qualities. This will be found to be the case, more especially with young people of different sexes, not within the degrees of consanguinity. The little adopted girl was excessively pretty, and seemed as amiable as she was fair. Her beauty and good tempered sprightliness gained my admiration and good-will, while her orphan state excited a better and warmer feeling. I must not dwell long on these times and scenes, for I have but a little while to spare. I was of a nature to love with all my heart, and trust with all my soul. I loved the little orphan, and my cousin was the confidant of my attachment. At first he dissuaded me strenuously from indulging this new-born feeling, on the ground that my parents would never consent to my wishes, as the girl was without fortune.

In the same house, and with such frequent opportunities of familiar intercourse, it is not strange that we young folks became on the most familiar terms together, and that I especially, should gradually give up my rural sports and occupations, to indulge in the society of my pretty mistress. In the meantime my cousin gave me every opportunity to ingratiate myself in her good graces, by taking his gun, or mounting on horseback, and spending most of his time abroad. But I have since recollected that whenever I went out, he always declined accompanying me, or made some excuse to return, and leave me to pursue my

way alone. These things made no impression then, but I have since remembered them. In due process of time I offered myself to the acceptance of my mistress, and was received with a proviso that my parents consented. I lost no time in apprizing my cousin of my success, and by his advice delayed for a few months, until I should be of age, to apply to my father. From this time I saw a great alteration in my cousin, who became testy, moody, and quarrelsome in the highest degree, and most especially in his intercourse with me and my beloved mistress. It was with the utmost difficulty I could avoid quarrelling, and perhaps coming to extremities with him.

“One day when my Alida and I were taking a rural ramble by ourselves, we stopped under a willow that shaded a little romantic brook, which ran along one corner of my father’s estate. We were talking of the future, and feasting ourselves with the anticipation of the consent of my parents, and years of uninterrupted happiness. We sealed our conference with a kiss and an embrace, such as nature prompted and propriety did not forbid. At that moment a loud, boisterous laugh, burst from a little tufted covert close by, and my cousin leapt out, exclaiming with rude vulgarity, “Well done—signed, sealed, and delivered, let me be witness,” and he approached, as if to salute the lady. I could not bear this, but seizing him by the collar, gave him a violent push,

which almost threw him down. He came towards me in a menacing attitude, and seizing me by the hair, pulled out some locks of it, which outrage increased my fury. After exchanging a few blows, he succeeded in striking me to the ground, where I lay a few moments insensible. When I came to myself he was gone, and I returned with my mistress to the house, boiling with rage, gloomy, silent, bitter rage, mingled with the sense of insult and disgrace. I determined on revenge.—I wrote him a challenge that very hour—he declined accepting it. I then wrote him a letter, calling him by every opprobrious name, and threatening vengeance, in those vague desultory terms in which disappointed rage is so apt to vent itself. I could not bear the sight of my mistress, after what I considered my disgrace, and wandered about alone in the fields almost half that night.

“The next morning my cousin was not to be found, nor did he appear all day. The next day he was still missing, and it appeared that his horse, saddle, and bridle, had also been taken away. On the morning of the third day, one of the neighbours passing along a copse of thick wood by the road-side, in search of his nag, heard the neighing of a horse, and, supposing it to be his own, he entered the wood in search of him. He had not gone far before he discovered not his own horse, but that of my cousin, tied to a tree. But what was his horror when

he found the bridle stained with spots of blood, and on the pummel of the saddle, was the print of a bloody hand. The poor man immediately alarmed the neighbours, who, accompanied by my father, who was a magistrate, went together and examined the spot. They discovered indications of a scuffle round about where the horse stood, and the grass in two or three places was stained with blood. A little farther on, it appeared by the pressure of the grass and herbage, that something heavy had been dragged along for some distance, in a direction towards a deep natural pond. One of the people picked up some tufts of hair, and put them into his pocket. Further search was made, but nothing was found to throw any additional light on the subject, neither was the body of the unfortunate young man, who there was now little doubt, had been murdered, ever discovered. My perplexity was extreme, nor could I form the most remote conception of the motive for this melancholy catastrophe.

“About five days after the discovery of my cousin’s horse, saddle and bridle, I was arrested upon a charge of having murdered him, and carried to prison. It seems a ploughman in a neighbouring field, had witnessed the rencounter between us, the day before my cousin’s disappearance, and in addition to this, my two letters, containing the challenge and threats of vengeance, had been found, not far from the spot, where the unfortunate young man

had been murdered. On these presumptions I was arrested and thrown into jail, to await my trial. I pass over the situation of my poor parents, and the behaviour of my mistress. My breath is fast failing, and I must be brief.

“The day of the trial came, and every body that could get there was present from far and near. My poor Alida was the first witness. I admired the self-possession she displayed, but I cannot say I loved her the better for it. She corroborated the account of the peasant, who had seen the battle between me and my cousin; and, on being closely questioned, confessed I had been out very late the night of the murder. Then came the particulars I have before given—the challenge—the threatening letter—the spots on the grass—the print of the bloody hand upon the saddle—the appearance of a scuffle—the dragging away of the body—and lastly, the finding of the tufts of hair. These last were now produced, and one of them being compared with mine, was found to resemble it exactly in every respect—the other as entirely corresponded with that of my cousin. No one can wonder, nor did I, though conscious of my own innocence, wonder that these strong circumstances operated upon the minds of the jury, predisposed as mankind almost always are, to suspect the worst, wherever there is mystery. I was found guilty, and sentenced to death.

“A few days before the day appointed for my

execution, my father, a stern old man, came to see me, and after some little conversation, proposed a plan for my escape. All hope of reprieve or pardon was now over; his application had been rejected, and I must surely die a disgraceful death. "Do *you* believe me guilty?" said I. He shook his head.

"No father ever believed his son guilty of murdering a fellow creature, except he saw it with his own eyes—I did not see it—but alas! I know not what to think?"

I here offered to attest my innocence by the most solemn appeals.

"Appeal not to heaven," said he; "if thou art innocent it will be known above—if thou art guilty, thy appeal will only bring down fresh coals of fire upon thy head. But whether guilty or not, thou wilt die a disgraceful death—I would not thou shouldst perish like a criminal, almost in sight of thy father's chimneys—and I would afford thee time to live and repent."

"Then you believe I have cause for repentance," said I.

"All men have cause for repentance, and thou among the rest. This night thou must fly from hence. Thy mother will go distracted if thou diest under the gallows—and I—I shall go down to the grave with the bitterness of sorrow—wilt thou depart to-night?"

"On one condition—let me take leave of poor Alida."

"She is not well enough to see thee now. Thou must depart without bidding her farewell."

"But my mother?"

"She dare not see thee. Thou must away to-night."

"But how?"

"The jailor is under obligations to me—the prison is not so strong, but that you may escape without exciting suspicion of collusion. At twelve he will unlock your fetters, and the lock will be unscrewed from the door. You must take your fetters with you and throw them into the mill-pond—then make the best of your way."

"Whither?"

"Whither thou wilt."

Then rising, the venerable old man stood for a few minutes in a struggle of bitterness. At length turning to me, he took me in his arms and kissed me on each cheek.

"This for thy mother—this for me. Farewell, and let us never see or hear from thee again. We must forget thee if we can." He then gave me a purse and departed.

That night I escaped as had been concerted, and without stopping, made my way into the wild country, not only as a place of safety, but of separation from the world, which was now no doubt ringing with the story of my crime and my escape. I accidentally discovered this romantic spot, and at once came to a resolution to make it my abode for the rest of my

life. I procured a gun, a dog, and the few other necessities, from the Oneidas, who at that time frequently came to this place on their way to the settlements, and adopting the habits, dress, and feelings of an Indian, continued to live, and move, and have a being. Once it occurred to me, several years after my seclusion, and when I had become so changed that I was sure no one would know me, to visit the home of my fathers. I accordingly returned to the spot, and lingered around it, till I met one of whom I inquired about its inmates. He informed me that both my parents were dead long since.

“And who has possession of their property? They had a son once, had they not?”

“Yes, poor lad—he was accused of murdering his cousin, the very man who has now got possession of his property—and would have been hanged, though innocent as the child unborn, had he not escaped a day or two before.”

“What say you,” cried I, almost breathless; “did the young man supposed to be murdered, prove to be alive?”

“That he did, and alive is like to be. He returned not long after the old lady and gentleman died, with a cock and bull story of his having gone away to keep peace in the family. Finding how affairs stood, and that he was the next heir, provided the poor young man was out of the world, he went away, and after being absent some time, returned with

proofs that he died before his parents, without heirs. After this he took possession of the estate, and not long afterwards married Miss Alida, and there they live as fine as can be."

He might have gone on till doomsday. As he proceeded with his narrative, a horrible suspicion came over me. It seemed to me that the disappearance of my cousin, and all the mysterious circumstances attending it, must have been a concerted plot, to implicate me in the suspicion of murder, and either cause me to be hanged, or at least ruin my reputation, and with it all my prospects of happiness. The idea stunned me. Yet the proofs of my death must have been forged—he must be a villain at all events. The remembrance of my disgrace, my wrongs, my sufferings, and those of my poor parents, who, I could not disguise from myself, believed me guilty, rushed upon me, and almost made me mad. Before I took any steps in the business, I determined to make some further inquiries.

"When I was in this part of the country many years ago," said I, "I think I heard say that Miss Alida was going to be married to the young man you speak of, the son of the old gentleman and lady who once owned that house."

"Yes, the story went so, but for my part I never believed it. I have seen too much of their winking and walking arm and arm, and toying together when the young gentleman was out of the way—I lived

about the house at that time. If she loved any body it was her present husband, though maybe she might have married the other for his fortune."

"It was plain, plain, all was plain, and I was resolved to be revenged on my faithless friend and mistress. I bade the man good bye, and walked on ruminating on the best means of exposing the perfidious couple, and dispossessing them of the wealth they had acquired by destroying me. I lingered about until towards evening, when I approached my father's house. I will not describe my feelings, when I looked on the well known objects, and recollected the past. Suddenly I came upon a group of rosy children, consisting of three or four pretty girls and boys, sitting under a tree drawing figures upon paper, who seemed somewhat alarmed at my appearance. I asked their names—they were the children of my cousin! So pretty, gay, and innocent—I thought it was a pity to cover their little curly heads with poverty and disgrace. What could I gain by my revenge? wealth was nothing to me—I had become a white Indian to whom the habits of civilized life were lost forever. Nobody lived to love me, or for me to love. These little innocents are free from the crime of their parents, let them be free from the punishment. "Come hither little boy," said I to the youngest one, "will you lend me that bit of paper and that pencil a moment?" He came forward with a good deal of shyness and gave me the paper, on which I wrote as follows:—

"I am alive, but I have seen your children. I leave you to the vengeance of God, and your own conscience."

I signed my name and gave it to one of the children to take to his father. I waited to see him receive it and sink to the earth, and then made the best of my way to my cave, to howl with redoubled rage against my fellow creatures. This happened twenty years ago, and since then I have lived upon the gall and bitterness of my own soul. Every day made me more of a savage and a misanthrope, and when I first met you, I could have torn you limb from limb, with transport, but heaven I believe restrained me."

The next day finished the career of the poor white Indian, who made a christian end, for the approach of death brought back his better feelings. I buried him deep in the earth under a stately pine, which is still standing, and from that day to this never told the tale to any living being.

J. K. P.

TO THE EAGLE.

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing!
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling.
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain top;
Thy fields—the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies—thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest, like a thing of light,
Amid the raptide blaze:
The midway sun is clear and bright—
It cannot dim thy gaze.
Thy pinions, to the rushing blast
O'er the bursting billow spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
Like an angel of the dead.

Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag.
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.

Again, thou hast plumed thy wing for flight
To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest wild and free.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,
And thou leavest them all behind;
Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves,
Fleet as the tempest wind.
When the night-storm gathers dim and dark,
With a shrill and a boding scream,
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air!
In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare,
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings
The Roman legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath was on thee laid;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior prayed.
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then, a deluge of wrath it came, -
And the nations shook with dread;
And it swept the earth, till its fields were flame,
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,
With the low and crouching slave;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight? —
“O’er the dark mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light,
The cradle of Liberty.
There, on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages, I watched alone,
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more.
Where the glorious bird had flown.

But then came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave;
I caught afar the wandering crew;
And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheeled around the welcome bark,
As it sought the desolate shore;
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinions bore.

And now that bold and hardy few,
Are a nation wide and strong,
And danger and doubt I have led them through.
And they worship me in song;

And over their bright and glancing arms,
On field and lake and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
I guide them to victory."

J. G. PERCIVAL.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GUIDI.

Amid my fair one's locks of golden hue,
That o'er her neck and ivory shoulders stray,
Love sportive linger'd with a fond delay,
Tracing each flowing curl with wonder new.
Ah! soon he found 'twere vain to bid adieu
To that blest prison:—every tress his stay
Enforced—a chain by beauty's magic sway
Twined—and his heart in close confinement drew.
Now Venus, bending from the blissful skies,
Her boy's release, with presents rich, demands:
But, goddess, spare thy useless gifts, and learn
That LOVE himself enslaved, a captive sighs:—
And shouldst thou free him from his glossy bands,
The wanton urchin would again return.

G. W. C.

245263

THE INFANT NAPOLEON.

THE illustration which accompanies this article, is a drawing from a beautiful little statue in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. It represents the son of the late emperor of France, while yet an infant, lying carelessly on a pillow. It was placed by the Count Survilliers in the Academy, with several fine sculptures of Napoleon himself, and of different individuals of his celebrated family. In the execution of some of these, Canova has displayed his most consummate art, and imparted to the marble a dignity, an animation, and a grace, which we look for in vain among the other productions of our age. The question of preeminence, it is true, between statuary and painting, will in all probability never be settled; yet it is a matter of no small congratulation, that in a country where art is yet young, and one so far removed from the scenes where this great master pursued his labours, we should be able to contemplate the embodied offspring of his genius, and to compare the works of his chisel, with the productions that have sprung from the pencils of Rubens, Murillo, or Titian.

DMS 2058



INFANT AND CHILDREN

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Each art, indeed, possesses such peculiar excellence, that when they are brought together, the decision will turn rather on the particular taste of the judge, than any decided superiority in either. Mr. Matthews, the author of a very amusing and spirited book of travels lately published, after informing us that the 'unimitated, inimitable Venus' had resumed her old station in the gallery of Florence, proceeds to say—'Immediately behind the statue is the most famous of all the Venuses of Titian, who has represented the goddess of pleasure in her true character—the houri of a Mahometan paradise—and a most bewitching picture it is. But the triumph of the statue is complete; there is an all-powerful fascination about it that rivets the attention, and makes the spectator turn away from the picture, like Hercules from the voluptuous blandishments of the goddess of pleasure, to devote an exclusive adoration to the celestial purity of her rival, for celestial she certainly is.' Although I entirely agree with this author, both in his preference of statuary, and in the rank he assigns to the Venus in the art, yet his testimony is but the judgment of an individual, certainly accomplished and discriminating, but opposed to many of equal pretensions, who support the throne of painting against her rival. It may also be objected to the test referred to, that, while the statue comes from the pre-eminent school of antiquity, the picture is comparatively

a modern production; and if the Grecian painters excelled those of a later date, as much as their statuary, which may be fairly presumed, it is not just, in deciding between the arts, to bring a modern pencil in competition with the finest of the ancient chisels. Will not the Venus of Titian vie with any statue of the same subject, by any artist of the same period? Whatever may be the difficulty of settling this '*vexata questio*,'—and it is really of little importance that it should ever be decided—no doubt exists of the amazing superiority of ancient over modern sculpture. With all the aid of the old models, and the various improvements of later times in the useful arts, it is in vain that genius has been inflamed, and labour has toiled, to rival the marble life of antiquity. Among the candidates for renown, of our day, the great artist whom we have mentioned stands, if not without a competitor, at least without a superior. A brief notice of this extraordinary genius, may afford some amusement to those who have not had opportunity or leisure, to become more minutely acquainted with his character and works. If we were to judge of his merit by the distinction he attained; by the honours and rewards that were poured upon him by states and potentates—by popes and emperors, as well as by connoisseurs, amateurs, and professed artists; we should probably place him on a pedestal too elevated for his just pretensions. The excellence of his private life; his amiable and diffident manners; his

grateful remembrance of favours; and his liberality to all with whom he had intercourse, doubtless procured for him sincere and zealous friends, and added enthusiasm to their admiration. Other causes contributed to give his talents their utmost advantage, on their first appearance, as well as in their subsequent progress. In the sixteenth century, the arts in Italy were in a flourishing state, and exhibited a high degree of perfection. Passing by many great and distinguished men of that period, it is enough to be reminded of Michael Angelo, who was seated on the summit 'in unshared and awful solitude.' From that day sculpture rapidly declined, and, when Canova appeared, had sunk so low as to be all but contemptible. We shall not then be surprised at the sudden burst of his early reputation, and the admiration with which his first productions were received, even while he was yet a youth, if we consider that the comparison was made between him and his contemporaries, and that he was not brought to the severer trial of strength with the giants of the olden time. The same course must yet be pursued, and he must be kept in the ranks of the moderns, if he is to bear the sceptre and fill the throne. His Perseus cowers under the god-head of Apollo; and his Venus cannot endure 'the statue that enchants the world.'

CANOVA was born in November, 1757, in an obscure village of the Venetian territory. 'The mud walled cabins,' says the author of his biography, 'of

an Alpine village witnessed, during the first twelve years of his existence, the dawns of that mind, whose productions now constitute the most precious treasures of the noblest palaces.' Nature seems really to have selected him as a favourite child. She bestowed on him her highest gifts of genius, without encumbering them with any deformity of body or mind. He was graceful in his person; while his countenance glowed with intelligence, it was softened by the milder radiance of sensibility and goodness. His manners were amiable and diffident; his disposition kind and conciliating. He was neither arrogant of his own merit nor contemptuous of that of others. He was not proud and irritable under criticism and advice, but received them with modest attention, and often turned them to advantage. In professional intercourse with other artists, Canova was eminently distinguished by the same moral qualities, that regulated his general conduct. Generous from natural disposition, and severely just in the self-estimation of his own proper merits, he was totally insensible to the mean passions of envy and jealousy; of the talents and performances of contemporaries, he consequently spoke with candour and liberality, indeed he often aided them with his opinion and counsel. The grandfather and father of Canova were both stone-cutters; the latter died before his son reached his third year; and his mother soon marrying again, he remained under the protection of his grandfather,

who was respected both by his equals and superiors for a pleasant, amiable temper, and great skill and diligence in his occupation. He was, however, poor, and his tender and delicate grandson suffered the privations which poverty must endure. The partiality of the old man for his profession, and his taste and acquirements, if they did not create, yet cherished the inclination of the young Canova to sculpture. Some of the productions of his infancy still remain; probably like the first poetry of Dr. Johnson, more remarkable from his subsequent eminence, than for their intrinsic merit. At the age of fifteen Canova left the sequestered place of his birth, and repaired to Venice under the protection of a noble and zealous patron, who discovered his talents in the depth of their obscurity, and encouraged and aided the timid child in their improvement. At Venice he received instruction from various masters, who afterwards contended for the honour; and with all he was distinguished for his unwearyed diligence and excellent conduct, as well as for the rapidity of his progress. From the commencement of his career he considered simplicity and nature, the great objects of his art; and to these he laboured incessantly to adhere. Criticism has condemned him for a too strict devotion to them, and a consequent inattention to that ideal beauty, in which it is lawful for art to indulge, and which is found to constitute the excellence and charm of ancient sculpture. It is not supposed that any one female figure ever

combined all the beauty, grace, and symmetry of the Venus; but each part is true to some prototype in nature, and the genius, taste, and skill of the artist have brought them together in this exquisite production. The statues of Canova appeared to have been modelled on some human form. Every thing was precise; his knowledge of anatomy was exact; it was with him a serious and constant study; and yet long after he had finished his Perseus he discovered various defects in the muscles and divisions of the abdomen, which he rectified by applying the chisel to the marble. This was done only a few years before his death, and I do not know whether the cast we have of this statue in the Academy, was taken before or after this improvement. If I might venture an opinion on the subject, I would say the cast was antecedent to the alteration, as the abdomen has always appeared to me defective. Before the removal of Canova to Venice, he had finished a statue of Eurydice. For three years he was distinguished for no work of art, when he came forth with his Orpheus, a companion to the Eurydice. This was exhibited in Venice in 1776, Canova then being in his nineteenth year; and here commenced the reputation and success, which afterwards proceeded with a quick and steady march, until he reached the summit of modern sculpture. Other productions followed, still increasing his fame at Venice; but the most remarkable was his group of Dædalus and Icarus, the most celebrat-

ed of his earlier works. It is said, that so striking is the truth of representation, and so nearly does it approach to real nature, that when this group was afterwards exhibited at Rome, many who were themselves artists, suspected the original statues to have been copied from models, executed by actual application of the soft material to the living form. It has, however, striking defects, arising perhaps from this exact fidelity to nature. Sculpture and painting must follow the example of Poetry in this respect; which, when dealing in the heroic, never hesitates to embellish the subject with the ornaments of imagination; and to embody it with a perfection of beauty and excellence beyond the mere truth of experience. All the qualities are natural; but their union in one object is the privilege of genius and art.

In the year 1780, Canova left Venice to meet his more lofty and brilliant destinies at Rome. It was here that Canova perceived his deficiency in ideal beauty, and applied himself with unwearied zeal to acquire and exercise that knowledge. The study of the ancient statues was the school to which he daily resorted; and the effect was manifested in his new work of Theseus and the Minotaur. This work was received with unbounded applause. 'The effects,' it is said, 'produced by this unexpected sight, cannot be described. Every feeling was absorbed in surprise, delight, and admiration. The work was pronounced to be one of the most perfect Rome had beheld for

ages.' This certainly is bordering on the extravagant; and it is a misfortune to readers who want nothing but the truth, that biography has become another name for eulogy, giving up entirely the attributes of historical narrative. We have no cast of Theseus and the Minotaur, and cannot therefore exercise our simple judgment upon the merit of such encomium; but when we find the same sort of language employed, indeed exceeded, when speaking of the Perseus, we may judge of its fitness in the other case. This Perseus, which is declared to be worthy to fill the vacant pedestal of the Apollo, then at Paris; which will alone render the fine arts imperishable in Italy, though the monuments which have adorned it should be torn from the soil; which is pronounced to be 'no unworthy successor of the noblest effort of Grecian genius;' now stands in our academy of the fine arts, by the side of its Grecian predecessor, in full and fair comparison; and, we must add, in full and striking contrast. There is no eye, learned or unlearned, common or critical, that can for a moment admit of an equality between them. Observe the ease, the dignity, the noble expression in every feature and limb of the one, and then turn to the constrained, ill-balanced position of the other—a stage hero in attitude; the hardness of the limbs and muscles, in which no flexibility is seen; the want of ease and grace; and this boasted successor to the vacant pedestal will be found at an immeasurable distance from his prototype, for

it is most evident that the Perseus is an attempted imitation of the Apollo.

It is not our intention to follow Canova in his progress at Rome, nor to notice the great number of works produced by him, after his removal to the great seat of the arts. His reputation continued to increase to the time of his death; and, taking from it such extravagance as that to which we have alluded, was well deserved. His superiority is shown in his female figures, some of which are exquisitely formed, and full of grace. His Chloris awakened, and Venus Victrix, modelled from the Princess Borghese, have been highly and justly celebrated. Of his Graces, we have seen not only a fine engraving, but a good cast; and to us, this group appears to be beautifully combined, and each figure to be marked with expression and grace.

H.

ABSENCE.

A WEARY time thou'st been away—
And yet I see thee, hear thee still;
Thy form is with me night and day,
And thoughts of thee my bosom fill:
Thine image is to me like air,
For it surrounds me every where.

I never sleep, but thou dost show
Thy lovely face to me in dreams;
I never wake, but thou dost throw
Thine own bright smile, midst morning's beams;
And all I think, or feel, or see,
Hath ever something like to thee.

I hear thee in the whispering breeze,
And in the song of forest birds;
And nature's richest melodies
Have learn'd the music of thy words;
The waters, earth, and heavens agree
In speaking with thy voice to me.

I see thee in the tall trees, when
They bend to meet the coming storm,
For in their waving beauty then,
They imitate thy graceful form:
The moon-beams to thine eyes repair,
And gain more touching softness there.

And noon, and night, and morn, and even,
Have all some loveliness of thine;
Yet, though such semblances are given,
I still must murmur and repine;
For ah! they do not—cannot give
The joys that in thy PRESENCE live.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

THOU, who in the early spring
Hoverest on filmy wing,
Visiting the bright-eyed flowers,
Fluttering in loaded bowers,
Settling on the reddening rose—
Reddening ere it fully blows,

When its crisp and curling leaves,
Just unfold their dewy tips,
Soft as beauty's infant lips,
Or any thing that love believes.
Little wanderer after pleasure,
Where is that enchanted treasure,
All that live are seeking for?
Is it in the blossom, or
Where we seek it, in the roses
Of a maiden's cheek, or rather
In the many lights that gather,
When her smiling lip uncloses?
Would'st thou rather kiss a flower,
When 'tis dropping with a shower,
Or with trembling, quivering wing,
Rest thee on a sweeter thing,
On a lip that has no stain,
On a brow that feels no pain,
In the beaming of an eye,
Where a world of visions lie,
Such as to the bless'd are given—
All of heaven—all of heaven?
If thou lovest the blossom, I
Love the cheek, the lip and eye.

J. G. PERCIVAL

THE SONG OF THE BIRDS.

With what a gentle dirge, its voice did fill
The vast and empty hollow of the night!—
It had perch'd itself upon a tall old tree,
That hung its tufted and thick clustering leaves
Midway across the brook; and sung most sweetly,
In all the merry and heart-broken sadness
Of those that love hath craz'd. Clearly it ran
Through all the delicate compass of its voice:—
And then again, as from a distant hollow,
I heard its sweet tones like an echo sounding,
And coming, like the memory of a friend
From a far distant country—or the silent land
Of the mourn'd and the dead, to which we all are
passing:

It seemed the song of some poor broken heart,
Haunted forever with love's cruel fancies!—
Of one that has loved much—yet never known
The luxury of being loved again!

But when the morning broke, and the green woods
Were all alive with birds—with what a clear
And ravishing sweetness, sung the plaintive thrush:

I love to hear its delicate rich voice,
Chanting through all the gloomy day, when loud
Amid the trees is dropping the big rain,
And gray mists wrap the hills;—for aye the sweeter
Its song is, when the day is sad and dark. And thus,
When the bright fountains of a woman's love
Are gently running over, if a cloud
But darken, with its melancholy shadow,
The bright flowers round our way, her heart
Doth learn new sweetness, and her rich voice falls
With more delicious music on our ears.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SONNET TO FANCY.

BY MRS. REBECCA HOBART SMITH.

SPIRIT of airy hopes and rapturous lay!

I woo thee Fancy! from the mantled skies—
Whether thou glidest on the moon's pale ray,
Or dipp'st thy pinions in the rainbow's dyes.

Or whether, borne upon the skirting cloud,
At setting sun thou light'st poetic fire—
Oh come—and raise a heart by sorrow bow'd,
Nor let thy plastic ray in grief expire!

Oh! come—and elevate the kindling strain,
From earth's corroding cares to soar above!
Snatch the fair images from virtue's fame,
Which truth shall sanctify—and heaven approve.

For these shall charm when youth's dear scenes are
o'er,
And all her fondest hopes exist no more.

THE
GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

A TALE OF TICONDEROGA.

IN the spring of the year 1775, a troop of horsemen might be seen winding their way down that part of the Green Mountains, which lies east of the head of lake Champlain, by the rude and rugged pathway leading into the western plain. Their route lay around the side of Killington peak, which arose on their right in lonely magnificence, to the elevation of several thousand feet above the level of the lake; on their left, less stupendous, but partaking of the same wild aspect, were piled, heap on heap, irregular ridges and immense round-topped eminences covered with forests. The sun had not yet surmounted the eastern summits, and, as they passed between the towering walls of rock, sometimes with impending cliffs, at others with the gigantic forest trees, forming an arch above their heads, their way was frequently uncheered by a single ray of light, and their course down the perilous precipice, was directed only by the voice of the brawling torrent, which fretted and dashed over the successive ledges of the mountain side. Yet still they held on their way untired and un-

haltering. They were generally men of robust and hardy frame, and bold, undaunted bearing. Had they been encountered on the Alps or Apennines, they might have been, at first, deemed banditti, proceeding to the attack of a monastery or the sack of a village; yet a closer scrutiny would have discovered in their fearless, but frank and ruddy visages, no features of the robber or assassin. In the poor and honest region they were traversing, the most romantic imagination could not, for an instant, place them in the degraded class of freebooters: yet there was that of the wild and picturesque about them, which, combined with the surrounding scenery, might be worthy of the pencil of Salvator Rosa. What then was their character? They were not mere hunters, for, although several among them carried rifles, many were armed with weapons never used in the chase; while, in their general equipment, their order of movement, and silent acquiescence in the directions of individuals recognised as leaders, although without martial insignia, there could be observed a marked military character. Might they not be of those, who had combined to resist the execution of the mandates of the governor of New York, which it was well known, had for their object to force the bold and industrious settlers on the Hampshire grants, from their hard-earned lands and possessions? This supposition would be strengthened by there being perceived among them, more than one who had been

already outlawed—and a price set on their heads for their resistance to those arbitrary edicts. This idea, too, appeared to be encouraged by themselves, in their brief and passing intercourse with the few inhabitants, who had reared their humble cabins on the road they travelled: but not unfrequently, a close and confidential whisper between the inquisitive mountaineer and an acquaintance in the troop, ended in the former's deliberately taking down his fusee, swinging his cutlass, and mounted on his best horse, proceeding with the cavalcade, leaving the better part of the house—the women, standing at the door in motionless, and what is more extraordinary, mute astonishment.

The troop, whatever it might be, pressed on at as quick a pace as its numbers, and the nature of the ground would allow, and was just entering one of the western gorges of the mountain, when a horseman galloped past the main body from rear to front. The stranger was a youth, of not more than mere manhood, and of athletic and well-turned limb. Reining up gracefully, as he gained the front of the train, he doffed his hat to the leader and slightly bent his head, rich in luxuriant curls, while his fine intelligent features were lighted up, and his dark expressive eye, flashed out the fire of some powerful emotion.

“And who may you be, friend?” demanded the leader, with soldier-like bluntness.

“A recruit, if you like me; a volunteer if you accept me,” the stranger answered—“one ripe and rea-

dy to go heart and hand, with the foremost in your enterprise."

"And know you what that enterprise is?"

"Perfectly."

"But you are a stranger to me."

"Not so to all who go with you—but we waste time, here are my credentials."

The leader took the paper, proffered by the volunteer, and glancing over it, extended his hand, and welcomed him with a cordial grasp.

"Enough," said the volunteer, "if you can trust me, listen to my proposition," and he drew the officer a little in advance of the party.

In the short conference that followed, the impatient and fiery youth, appeared to be urging a suit with vehemence, and the cool caution of the officer, seemed at length to yield either to his argument or impetuosity. Hastily writing a few lines with his pencil, on the paper which he still held in his hand, he returned it to the youth, who received it with animation and eagerness; then, waving his farewell, as he turned his body partially around, dashed forward, and disappeared down the rugged precipice, soon leaving the troop far behind.

"I calculate," coolly observed a man of the front rank, "that yon chap doosn't own, out and out, the creature he rides, or he'd scarsly hold his neck so cheap."

"You've miss'd a figure, Hiram," replied his right

elbow-man, "by reason that his own neck's his own, any how; and I allow there's but the toss up of a copper which goes first, her'n or his'n."

"If there's room to throw in a guess," remarked a third, "I should say that ar young fellow's arter a petticoat."

"And why so, friend Wagstaff," asked the leader, who had heard the dialogue, "is not glory a mistress, with charms bright enough to attract a man of spirit?"

"But dont disremember captain," replied Wagstaff, "that we're men of flesh too. Glory's a purty article, captain, a dreadful purty article: but at this present, I'd a considerable sight rather have a soft bed and a warm companion, than go to glory over yon precipice, with a frosty rock for my resting place."

The familiar jests of the men were not repressed by their leader, who knew they proceeded from no feeling of insubordination, but were proofs rather of buoyancy of spirits and contented minds; and while he was assured of their fidelity and devotedness to the cause in which they were engaged, he rather encouraged whatever had a tendency to enliven their march.

"It's a rough road we travel, brother," said Hiram after a pause; "and something long."

"Short enough, if it leads to a long home," answered Wagstaff.

"For my part," observed Hiram, despondingly,

"I've never had a brush with anything better than Indians and Yorkers; you have been out among the riglars, Jotham."

"I know it," replied Jotham Wagstaff, "sartain, I've been where things did not go slow, I ask you—where the bullets came desperate peart, that's the gospel on't."

"You did'nt dodge though, Jotham?"

"We had'nt time Hiram. But arter the blow was over one fellow said it was ridiculous; he'd curse and quit; another made up his mind to bow his neck and make tracks, and our captain wished a many a time that his commission were to hell and he were to hum: he was a Bay man, that captain."

"Massachusetts is doing good things now, Jotham," said the leader.

"I know it," replied Wagstaff, "they peppered the red birds well at Lexington, it seems—when are we to have a spoon in the dish, captain? Where are we to join old Ethan?"

"Presently; at Rutland possibly; positively at Castleton," answered the captain.

"And fegs, there's Rutland now, full ahead," rejoined Wagstaff, as emerging from the defile, an extensive prospect spread before them. Hill and valley, field and forest, town and stream, lay in beautiful variety, basking in the first beams of the sun, which, having climbed the eastern mountains poured his rays full upon the landscape, dispersing at once

in thin curls of transparent vapour, the slight frost that had hung upon every bush and blade. The view was bounded on the west by distant mountains beyond the lakes, while the course of Champlain could be distinctly traced, as it stretched far to the north. On an eminence a few miles in front stood the town, towards which they now bent their way.

The youthful stranger had in the meantime spurred on over rock and rivulet, and, leaving Rutland on his left, entered by a more direct path the road leading to Castleton, so abruptly and rapidly, that he had well nigh unhorsed another cavalier who was coming up the road at a round pace. Hands were on hilts in an instant, but a single glance was sufficient for mutual recognition.

"Captain Phelps!" exclaimed the youth.

"Mark Standish!" cried captain Noah Phelps.

"How is it I meet you here, and whither so fast lad?"

"May I not ask the same question of you, captain," said Standish.

"Ay, and get as satisfactory an answer. But come, I'll try points of masonry with you: who comes from Bennington?"

"Ethan and Seth," promptly answered the youth;

"I would question you in turn, but I doubt you not, and there's no time to spare. The rendezvous is this night at Castleton."

"Right," said the captain, "and Ethan is pushing on like mad, in a forced march with his Green Mountain boys. Scouts are already thrown out beyond Castleton, and sentries posted on every pass, to cut off communication between the country and—the place you wot of."

A pause followed, during which they looked fixedly at each other.

"Whither are you going, Mark Standish?"

"To Castleton. And you captain Phelps?"

"To Castleton also. Do you go further to-day?"

"Perhaps—and you?"

"May be.—A truce to trifling, I suspect we're on the same errand. But Mark, my boy, have you reflected? It's a ticklish business. I know you're a lad of mettle, Mark. You're of a good stock, Standish. I prophesied well of you from a boy, when you mounted the colt without saddle or bridle, whip or spur, as the hounds passed you in full cry, and brought in the brush stuck in your hat; and when a few years after they carried you in triumph through the village, with the wolf borne before you. You're a true blue, or rather a true green, as they'll have it here on the Hampshire grants; but zounds lad, you are too green for this affair, leave it in my hands."

"Not while I have hands of my own," said Standish.

"Say you so my lad, Mark? Why then, have with you, a fig for our necks; hurra for the congress, and

set forward." And away they went at the top of their horses' speed.

A short halt at Castleton was necessary; they had ridden far and fast, and their horses and themselves must breathe and bait; some preparation and arrangement also were requisite, for the safe execution of the design they had in view. It was during their slight repast, the youth related to his friend, the Connecticut captain, some of the incidents to which their meeting was owing. Mark Standish and Ellen Guilford were born and bred in or near the same village. Ellen was allowed, by the men, to be the prettiest, liveliest girl of the vicinage; and Mark, it was not denied, by the women, was the handsomest and smartest young fellow. They were playmates in their childhood; and in proper season, which, in the Green Mountains, where early marriages are encouraged, is sufficiently soon, ripened into lovers. The passion of the boy, taking its character from his natural temperament, was deep and intense; Ellen loved, as she did every thing else, with vivacity and cheerfulness; Mark could not brook a rival near her, and unfortunately for him, the charms of the village maiden drew many lovers around her; it was death to Mark to see her smile on another, and unhappily, Ellen could not, in the innocence of her heart, help smiling and laughing too, upon occasion. Mark, at times, almost permitted himself to suspect that Ellen was something of a coquette, and Ellen, but for

the purity of her thoughts, might have seen that Mark was jealous. They, however, loved each other truly and dearly, and it was a bitter moment to both when they were to part, although the separation was to be but temporary. But the aunt of Ellen Guilford had come a long journey, expressly to take her home with her. She was a lone woman, having recently lost her husband; and the mother of Ellen could not refuse to a beloved sister, the consolation of her niece's society for a short time. The aunt was aged, and had been left well to live, as it regarded the goods of this world, and even in the pure atmosphere of the Green Mountains, a little worldly prudence may be supposed to exist. Ellen raised no difficulty to going, for on the Hampshire grants, young ladies, however in love, in their most romantic moments, never dreamed of resisting the will or wishes of their parents. She went, therefore, and Mark, after accompanying her some distance towards her aunt's dwelling, which was seated on Lake Champlain, returned home to his employments, manfully resolving to bear her absence as he might. Several months had elapsed, and every day the young man found it less easy to repress his impatience. The few letters which Ellen found opportunities to transmit, were full of fond and frank affection. But Mark did not fail to hear of the manner in which she was distinguished, at the rustic fetes of her neighbourhood, and above all, that a British officer from the

opposite side of the lake, was her declared admirer. Whatever it was, whether love, or jealousy, or both, which prompted him, he came at once to the determination that he could no longer live without her. Arrangements with his father were immediately brought to a conclusion, which put him in possession of a farm of his own, and he made a last visit to the village, preparatory to setting out for the lake to claim his bride, and remove her at once from a situation which was by no means the most eligible, in the present unsettled state of the country.

In the village, although it was scarcely day when he entered it, all was bustle and confusion. In the streets, at the church door, on the tavern piazza, in the blacksmith's shop, groups of busy people had collected; even the loungers at the stores no longer hung their heels idly over the counter, but all and every one seemed engaged in earnest and interesting discourse; while animated female faces looked from door and window, not with mere curiosity, but with anxiety and alarm. The meaning of all this was, that intelligence of the affair at Lexington had reached them. Blood had been spilt; the blood of their fellow men, of their fellow citizens. The charm was in a moment dissolved, that had united two hemispheres in brotherhood; the blow had been struck that was to shake, convulse, and sever mighty empires. In common with their countrymen, the inhabitants of the little town of Osbrook, felt, in all its

force, the sensation such an event was calculated to inspire. Their ordinary avocations were suspended; their quarrel with a neighbouring province, upon the very eve of coming to mortal arbitrament, was cancelled and forgotten; new views, of grandeur and sublimity opened upon them; lofty and heroic thoughts took possession of their minds; and their only language was defiance to the common enemy, their only deliberations how best to serve their country. Some ardent and stirring spirits had already cast their eyes towards the British posts on Lake Champlain, commanding as they did, the approach from Canada. Wooster, Deane, and Parsons, with other bold and active patriots, had, even then, under the sanction of the Connecticut Assembly, obtained the necessary funds, and secured the services of the renowned Ethan Allen as the leader of their enterprise; and troops for the surprise of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, were actually marching by various routes, and with the greatest celerity and secrecy, for Castleton. The ardour of the young man was aroused by the information, that one of those patriot bands had passed through the village not many hours before; but when he heard the additional report, that Ellen Guilford had been clandestinely taken from her protectress by a British officer, his impatience amounted to agony. Cursing his indecision and delay, he mounted his well-tried steed, and waiting only to receive from his informant, who was known to the

leaders of the enterprise, a few lines necessary as an introduction or a pass, sped with the swiftness of the wind after the advancing party. A chaos of thoughts whirled in his brain as he rode, amidst which doubts of Ellen's faith for a moment intruded; but they were immediately driven forth with remorse for having cherished them. Yet he resolved to ascertain the truth, and this perhaps could be done only by entering the fortress. It was with this view he proposed to the leader of the troop, whom he overtook, as has been related, to bring information of the state of the garrison; and he was on his way to the lake for those purposes, when he encountered Captain Phelps.

"So then," said Captain Phelps, when Standish had concluded, "I find you're bent upon risking your neck for this girl, who, don't mistake me, may be worthy of it. But after all, you have heard but a rumour."

"It has been confirmed to me since I entered this place," replied Standish; "she has certainly disappeared, and in a mysterious manner."

"Well then," said the captain, as he unlocked his ample saddle bags, and took out various dresses, "let's e'en fix upon our disguises; here's a wardrobe fit for any spy unhanged in christendom. I had some thought of playing the Canadian among them, as you may see by this fawn skin jacket, red worsted cap, and sagathy breeches; but I've changed my mind,

so you may have the garments if you like the character."

"Not I," replied Standish, "I know nothing of it."

"Well," said the captain, "then we must come yankee over them, and I've notions enough here to baffle a nation of such underwits."

Their arrangements were quickly made, and, having finished their refection, they continued their course, passing without difficulty, the sentinels posted on the avenues towards the lake. Having arrived at the shore near Orwell, they left their horses in the care of a confidential person, and entering a batteau, were set across this branch of Lake Champlain to the strip of land separating it from Lake George; there again embarking in a skiff which they fortunately found on the beach, they landed on the opposite shore, a little above the romantic outlet of the latter lake.

They entered the works clad in the coarse garments common to the poorer class of settlers, and their perfect acquaintance with the habits and idioms of that region, enabled them easily to support the characters they had assumed. The idle and arrogant soldiers of the garrison, had never permitted themselves to believe that the natives or settlers around them, whom they had been accustomed to consider as an inferior race, could ever contemplate resistance, much less attack; and our adventurers

were suffered to pass unquestioned, as two gawky yankee traders in small notions, a little more knave than they appeared to be, and very willing, if they could, to overreach even the sutler himself. While Captain Noah Phelps scanned every thing around with a military eye, it may be naturally suspected that the anxiety of the lover mainly directed the views of Mark Standish. But his search had been as yet fruitless, and he was about to yield to utter despair, when, on turning an angle of the works, a folded paper fell at his feet. He looked up, and saw a white hand for a moment, wave through the loop-hole, high in the solid mass of masonry. Eagerly he snatched up the letter, happily unobserved, and retiring to a recess, with a throbbing heart read the following lines traced in pencil by the hand of his Ellen.—

“I know you, dear Mark, but guess not your design. How I tremble for your safety! For me, fear not; I shall still preserve myself for you.”

The enraptured, yet indignant lover still held the letter in his hand, unconscious of danger, when suddenly a step approached, and a person crossed the opening in which he stood; hastily he thrust the paper into his bosom, while the intruder paused, and threw a suspicious glance towards him, which he was in no condition to meet with an air of self-possession. It was a critical moment, when the captain came in to the rescue. He perceived the exigency and met it promptly. The personage before him was no less than the barber of

the garrison. Phelps immediately engaged him for a cast of his office, and while the barber was reaping the full harvest of his very fertile chin, Standish had leisure to regain his composure. The captain took all with extreme coolness, not failing to drive a hard and protracted bargain with the barber for the service he had rendered, after which he led the way in a shambling, careless gait out of the garrison.

"I told you so," said the captain, "when they had got into the country, you had like to have ruined all."

"She is here," cried Standish, "and can I, ought I?"—

"Yes," replied Phelps, interrupting him, "you both can, and ought to come along as fast as your legs will carry you, unless you would stay and be hanged."

There was no rebutting an argument like this, and without unnecessary delay, our adventurers retraced their way to Orwell.

Captain Phelps now proceeded straight to Castle-ton, while Standish sought the late residence of his Ellen. He found the aged relative almost distracted with her loss, but unable to say how, or by whose agency it was effected. She had, indeed, reason to suspect the young British officer, who from the time he met Ellen at the village ball, had paid her uncommon attention. More than once the old lady had heard at night, the sound of a flute from the lake under her window, and shrewdly suspected it to be a serenade to Ellen. But she was sure the dear girl

had never given the man the least encouragement; and as to going off with him willingly, the thing was not to be thought of. Standish communicated to the good dame as much of the actual position of affairs as he deemed proper, and was rewarded by hearing related a thousand proofs of her niece's virtues, and twice that number of her affection for her dear Mark.

Night had fallen, and the troops assembled at Castleton were enjoying a short repose after the day's fatigues, when a stranger who had been stopped as he attempted to pass the guard, was at his peremptory demand, conducted by a sentinel to Head Quarters. Ethan Allen was seated at the head of a table, around which sat several other officers, when the stranger, a young man of a proud and martial deportment, his blue military cloak thrown gracefully over his shoulder, entered the room.

"Swaggerer and martinet!" muttered Allen as the stranger approached:—then addressing the subject of his remark: "Well sir, you see Ethan Allen. Quick, who? what?"

"I am not used to be interrogated in that style or tone," answered the stranger, drawing himself up haughtily.

"Ho!" roared Ethan Allen, distending the circle of his large eyes to a most ludicrous circumference; "well sir, to amplify, according to the book, who are you, and what do you want?"

"My name sir, is Arnold."

"Not unlikely, and in the name of the Witch of Endor, who is Arnold?"

"I am known to some of your officers," said Arnold. "I know the gentleman," observed Blagden; "tis Captain Arnold of the Connecticut volunteers." "It may be so," said Allen;—"will Captain Arnold of the Connecticut volunteers signify his pleasure." "By this commission you will be taught that I am now colonel Arnold, sir; and by this," producing another paper, "that I am authorized and ordered by the committee of safety of Massachusetts, to raise a force of four hundred men, and attack Ticonderoga."

The astonishment of Allen was fearful. "Massachusetts! colonel!" he repeated. "By the horn of Jericho! Ticonderoga—you raise men—soul of Samuel! where are they, hey?"

"You have, I thank you, raised them to my hands," replied Arnold with his customary confidence. The ample chest of Allen, heaved with an earthquake of passion.

"To your hands?" he cried, "yours! By the crack of God's field piece, your impudence is amusing. And who then," he added, cocking fiercely his little three-cornered hat, "who then am I?"

"Captain Allen," answered the stranger with a condescending air, "of whose services colonel Arnold will be proud to avail himself."

"Good—better and better—excellent," said Allen in a smothered tone. "By the Lord of hosts, there's

mettle in this martinet. Hand me your papers, young man, and be seated."

Arnold took a chair, while Allen hastily glanced over the papers, and then with a smile of peculiar meaning said—

"You are appointed a colonel by a committee, whose power I shall not question. Now here's a council of war—are you not gentlemen? whose power you must not question, sir. You appoint me, do you not gentlemen? a colonel also."

"Certainly, 'tis your right," they all cried.

"Well then, our grade it seems is the same: now as to rank, happening to have the power, I settle it in my own favour, which if any one dispute, I'll send his soul to hell-fire in the priming of a rifle, and this same," putting forth his gigantic arm, "shall be the beetle of mortality; ay, ay," he added, "in spite of twenty such muckle-whangers as that young man. Psha lad alive! leave fingering the pommel of your sword, the thing is settled by authority, and as a philosopher and soldier—not doubting that you are each—you must submit. There's stuff in you fit for use, though not over malleable, and by Judas and the rest—no allusion sir—you shall have place and employment. Come gentlemen, 'tis time to set forward. Is there any report from the party detached to the head of the lake?"

"This moment a messenger has arrived. Skeensborough is taken and Skeen himself secured," replied an officer at the door.

"Hurra!" shouted Allen, "the would be royal governor of Ticonderoga is ours—no more delay.—To horse in the name of God, and away."

"But sir"—said Arnold.—

"Buts wont do sir—I've said it, old Ethan whom they call the outlaw, who laughs at the lightning, outscolds thunder, and defies the devil and governor Tryon. Old Allen, who studied divinity in his youth, and became a soldier by passion, who knows but little of the world of spirits, but trusts he will be treated in the other world, as a gentleman of his merit ought to be. Come, hurra for the Green Mountains, and forward to old Ti."—Hereupon the council broke up, Arnold yielding with a tolerable grace, to an arrangement he could not better, and, in a short time the whole body of troops was in brisk motion.

It was almost day, when the American force arrived, silent and unseen, on the bank of the lake, opposite Ticonderoga. Their horses were secured in the neighbourhood, and, while some of the men were collecting the few boats scattered along the shore, the rest were dispersed in picturesque groups upon the bank. It was a scene of awful stillness. The lake reposed dark and unruffled by a single breeze; the moon was absent from the heavens, and the eye could with difficulty trace on the western horizon the dimly defined outline of the most prominent and elevated parts of the fortress, now an object of such intense interest.

"Ay," said Ethan Allen in a suppressed voice, "there she is, the Brimstone of Babylon; there's old Ti, whom I long to have a grapple with, as a lover with his mistress. How soundly the Jezebel sleeps on the brink of perdition; little dreaming, who are about to beat up her quarters. But it's the same to her, French, English, or Yankees. To do the old girl justice however, she did hold that Abercrombie at arms length, as Putnam the wolf hunter has told me, who was in the frolic, when that hair brained boy, lord Howe, the king's bastard, with many other brave fellows, legitimate and otherwise, left his body in the outworks. But then again, Amherst had her for the asking, without penny or price. Well boys, we may have a tussle for't, but I conclude we're ready; so embark in the name of the Pillars of fire and of smoke; act like men, men of the Hampshire grants, and never bring a red blush on the Green Mountains."

An advanced guard of eighty-three men, as many as the boats could contain, now proceeded to embark.

"Halt there, friend," whispered Allen to Arnold, as the latter was attempting to pass him, "not before the commodore, colonel;" and he enforced his suggestion with no very gentle constriction of the arm, in fact with the grasp of a tourniquet or a vice—"No man of God's moulding before Ethan;" and he stepped on board, followed by Arnold, Standish and others of the most eager. Motionless as statues and almost as breathless, they glided over the still lake,

the dull sound of the muffled oar scarcely reaching to the stem or stern of the boat, and not a ripple following its silent dip or its feathery skim, over the undisturbed surface of the water.

It was when the east first became dappled by the dawn, that the party landed on the hostile shore, near their slumbering foes. The boats were immediately sent back for the rear guard under Seth Warner, while the advance was drawn up in triple rank, and Ethan Allen, whose huge dimensions, the occasion seemed to swell to gigantic size, harangued the brave band—"Fellow soldiers," said he, "you have long been the terror of arbitrary power, in the person of the petty despot Tryon. Your fame has gone abroad, as appears from the honour this day, conferred on you and me by the general assembly of Connecticut. You are now in a few minutes, to prove yourselves worthy of your reputation for valour, or abandon your pretensions for ever! I am ordered to take possession of the fortress before you, and propose to lead you at once through the gate. It is a desperate attempt, and none but the bravest of men will undertake it; on those who are not brave I do not urge it; you, who volunteer to follow me, poise your firelocks."

There was not one of the band who did not throw his piece to the poise. "To the right, face," said Allen, and placing himself in front of the centre file, marched his column in double quick time, directly to the southern entrance. On approaching the gate,

Arnold endeavoured to place himself at the head of the column. "By heaven, sir," cried he, "I will enter first; my rank entitles me to it." "By hell, sir," answered Allen, "if you attempt it, I'll send you to salvation, or otherwise, before your watch ticks thrice." "For God's sake Allen, Arnold—at such a time, in such a situation, to dispute—shame, shame," whispered several voices near them. "Well sir, this much I'll grant, we'll go in together; but stop there, on my left, if you please," said Allen, and in this order they entered the gateway. A sentinel posted at the wicket completely surprised, presented his piece at Allen's breast—"a snap by Jupiter Protector—follow my boys," cried Allen, as he pursued the retreating sentinel by the covered way into the body of the place. Uttering a cry of alarm, the sentinel fled into a case-mate. Standish had entered almost at the side of Allen, a second sentinel charged upon him and wounded him slightly with his bayonet; Allen turned to his rescue, his tremendous arm was raised for the fatal blow, when suddenly he changed his purpose, and let his sword fall gently down the side of the sentinel's head, merely scraping off one ear, and the better part of his cheek in the descent. The poor fellow dropped his arms and begged for quarter. While the troops formed in two lines, each facing a line of barracks, and were awaking the garrison with three terrific hurras, Allen had questioned the prostrate sentinel; and, following his directions, immediately

ran up a stone stairway, on the western side of the esplanade, to the chamber of the commandant. "Come forth," he cried, in a voice like the roaring of Niagara, "you who command these slaves—you De la Place, come out, lobster back, from your shell, or every soul of you, fish or flesh shall be sacrificed." The unfortunate commander appeared at his chamber door in extreme undress, and the picture of dismay and despair. "Do you deliver me the fortress?" cried Allen.

"In whose name do you demand it," asked the petrified De la Place, not certain whether he was capitulating to men or devils.

"In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental congress:" thundered Allen, "nay, no parleying," he added, observing the commandant about to speak, "surrender or death." The ill-fated De la Place, with the sword literally suspended over his head, gave orders for his men to parade without arms, as he had surrendered the fort.

It was in the gray of the morning of the tenth of May, 1775, that this most important fortress, with all its formidable and extensive equipment and warlike stores, was yielded to the gallantry of a few boys of the Green Mountains.

The sun rose in unusual splendour, as if smiling on the achievement. On the same day Crown Point surrendered to the brave and indefatigable Seth Warner, who had been detached with a part of the reserve,

and immediately after, Arnold surprised and captured a vessel of war at the lower extremity of Champlain, and thus the entire command of the lakes rested with the Americans.

To return to Ticonderoga; the victors were assembled at the banquet board, making ample amends for all their late privations, when Allen remarked the absence of the young volunteer who had been wounded at his side, and inquired, with much interest, as to his fate. But no one could say what had become of him. The last time he was seen, was when the assaulting party was beating in the barrack doors, in which, it was observed, he assisted with the fury of a lion. There was also a subaltern of the garrison missing, whose absence could not be accounted for, any more than that of Standish. A short time, however, explained the mystery.

Mark Standish had indeed pursued his search with fury, and even frenzy. Every room was entered, but Ellen was no where to be found. Yet the chamber from which the letter had, the day before, been dropped, seemed to have been recently abandoned. He repeated his inquiries on every side, and was at length told by a soldier of the garrison, that, on the first alarm he had seen a female borne by an officer through one of the narrow passages, between the blocks of barracks. Standish instantly started off in the direction indicated, and gaining the open country, struck into the only path which seemed to be

practicable. Along this, he ran, he flew, at intervals pausing to call aloud the name of his beloved. The way became more rugged and difficult as it led among the hills, and he was about sinking to the earth in weakness and despair, when he thought he heard a response to his call in a faint female voice—again he shouted, he paused in breathless suspense, but no answer was returned. Was it then but an echo that hath mocked him? one effort more, and summoning his powers of voice, as he leaned in his exhaustion against a tree, he called on Ellen—a voice not distant, but indistinct, as if stifled in its utterance, pronounced his name. He was no longer weak. With the vigour of the deer he bounded forward, and in an instant, beheld before him the form of a man, near whom lay exhausted and fainting, his beloved Ellen. Like the panther springing towards his prey, he rushed upon the ruffian. But he was met by one whose nerves were strung by desperation. The conflict was terrible; at length the energies of the mountain-boy triumphed, and his sinewy foe rolled over the edge of the deep and cragged ravine near which they had met. His tremendous efforts over, Standish sank down almost insensible; but it was upon the bosom of Ellen his head rested; it was the voice of Ellen that recalled him to life, and revived him to love. Resting within her arms, he listened to the narrative which dispelled every suspicion. The British officer had, by a thousand assiduities, endea-

voured to make an impression upon Ellen's heart. Her reserve did but increase his passion, and when finally the formal tender of his hand was rejected, and he learned that the heart he sought was devoted to another, maddened with love and jealousy, he formed the plan of carrying her off, and conveying her to Quebec, to which station he had exerted influence enough to obtain his recall. A soldier of the garrison was bribed to accompany him, night after night, to the opposite shore, until the opportunity at last occurred for which he had so long waited. She was found alone upon the bank, was seized and borne to the fort, where with the aid of gold, the officer had succeeded in concealing her, even from the knowledge of the commandant. Standish heard with sensible satisfaction, that, the forcible seizure and detention only excepted, there was nothing in the conduct of the officer not marked by the most scrupulous delicacy, and regard to honour; and that he depended only upon the total estrangement from her friends, and a course of the most tender attentions, for the success of his suit.

Standish conducted his recovered bride back to the circle of his military friends, while under the banner of his country, already streaming from the rampart, they were yet rejoicing in their victory. He without delay, sent out a party to bring in the body of the wounded officer, whose wounds he found to his infinite relief, though serious, were not mortal: and soon

after crossed the lake and lent his Ellen to the embrace of her good aunt.

Mark Standish and Ellen Guilford were married, and settled on their own farm. Occasionally aiding his countrymen in arms in their struggle for independence, and now returning like Cincinnatus to his plough, he passed through the scenes of the revolutionary war with a high reputation. He lived to see his country become a free and powerful nation, and the Hampshire grants, under the appropriate appellation of Vermont, a thriving state of the American Union. To see new towns and cities spring up around him, and the lakes and their shores, after being in a subsequent war the theatres of the triumphs of American fleets and armies, become, when peace returned, the object of research and enjoyment to the refined and elegant of the nation. Ellen gave to his board several blooming and beautiful girls, all of whom obtained respectable husbands; and about an equal number of sensible, spirited boys, some of whom were in process of time sent to the assembly, and one of whom, it is said, was returned to congress. It is certain that our lovers lived long and happily together, and for all I have heard to the contrary, our Mark Standish, the Green Mountain boy, is the identical old revolutionary character, who at the flourishing town of Osbrook, read the glorious declaration of independence, on the recent celebration of its fiftieth anniversary.

J. N. BARKER.

WINTER.

HAIL winter! rigid winter, hail!

Thou dost not come with aspect bland;
Yet from thy glance I do not quail,
Nor shrink beneath thine icy hand.

For though thou come with churlish mien,
And sadden grove and hill and plain;
Thy frowns may change the smiling scene,
But they are bent on me in vain.

True, the fresh lily thou canst kill,
And make the blooming rose decay,
But thou dost leave me, winter, still
Far dearer, lovelier flowers than they.

When hills and plains are veiled in snow
And scarce the sun emits a gleam,
Their ruddy cheeks still ruddier glow,
And their bright eyes still brighter beam.

Pale autumn's train of lingering flowers
Must in thy bosom find their tomb,
But e'en thy bleakest, stormiest hours
Shed o'er my buds a brighter bloom.

Then winter, howl without our dome,
Within it, they thy hours beguile;
Thy frowns can ne'er invade a home,
Where even thou art made to smile.

A. P. L.

SONNET.

THE BURIED MAID.

AND they have laid thee in thy narrow cell,
Maid of the beauteous brow! for the cold clay
To be thy bridegroom, till the eternal day,
When the loud trump its judgment-peal shall swell.
So be it—what the Almighty dooms is well.
But who that saw thine eye's bright glances play,
Thy cheek's fine flush, that mock'd the bloom of
May,
So late—could dream of death's dissolving spell?
To rapture Love had sung—"the blissful hour
Soon will I lead along with Hymen's train,
To bless the blushing virgin and the swain,"
And Hope believed and lighted up her bower.
Sudden the scene was changed—the radiant flower
Sunk its sweet head, and love's glad song was vain.

G. W. C.

ON PASSAIC FALLS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1806.

In a wild, tranquil vale, fringed with forests of green,
Where nature had fashion'd a soft silvan scene,
The retreat of the ring-dove, the haunt of the deer,
PASSAIC in silence roll'd gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astonish'd the sight,
No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight;
There the wild flowret blossom'd, the elm proudly
waved,
And pure was the current the green bank that laved.

But the spirit that ruled o'er the thick-tangled wood,
And had fixed in its gloomy recess his abode,
Loved best the rude scene that the whirlwinds deform,
And gloried in thunder, and lightning and storm.

All flush'd from the tumult of battle he came,
Where the red-men encounter'd the children of flame,
While the noise of the warhoop still rung in his ears,
And the fresh, bleeding scalp as a trophy he wears.



1450

PAZARCI PULCI

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Oh! deep was the horror, and fierce was the fight,
When the eyes of the red-men were shrouded in night;
When by strangers invaded, by strangers destroy'd,
They ensanguined the fields which their fathers
enjoy'd.

Lo! the sons of the forest in terror retire,
Pale savages chase them with thunder and fire;
In vain whirls the war-club, in vain twangs the bow,
By thunder and fire are the warriors laid low.

From defeat and from carnage the fierce spirit came,
His breast was a tumult, his passions were flame,
Despair swells his heart, fury maddens his ire,
And black scowls his brow o'er his eye-balls of fire.

With a glance of disgust he the landscapè survey'd,
With its fragrant wild flowrets, its wide-waving shade,
Its river meand'ring through margins of green,
Transparent its waters—its surface serene.

He rived the green hills—the wild woods he laid low,
He turn'd the still stream in rough channels to flow,
He rent the rude rock, the steep precipice gave,
And hurl'd down the chasm the thundering wave.

A scene of strange ruin he scatter'd around,
Where cliffs piled on cliffs in wild majesty frown'd—
Where shadows of horror embrown the dark wood,
And the rain-bow and mist mark the turbulent flood.

Countless moons have since roll'd—in this long lapse
of time,

Cultivation has soften'd those features sublime,
The axe of the white man enliven'd the shade,
And dispell'd the deep gloom of the thicketed glade.

Yet the stranger still gazes, with wondering eye,
On rocks rudely torn and groves mounted on high—
Still loves on the cliff's dizzy border to roam,
Where the torrent leaps headlong embosom'd in foam.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

BALBEC.

'Twas on the sunny plains of Palestine,
Leaning along those melancholy piles
That point you to an empire's sepulchre,
I stood in the calm, sad days of the year,
When leaves come rustling down and skies look cold.
I was alone—mid things inanimate—
A wanderer around the wrecks of old;
My heart beat loud, but all the world was still!

Before me rose a temple: its bald dome
Was crumbled and crushed in, down to the dust—
Buried with all its gilded minarets,
Under the gauntlet hand of iron time.
Against the eternal walls leaned the tall shafts,
That erst stood throned upon their pedestals,
Clustering in rich and rare magnificence,
Around the Cæsars who had triumphed there!
Now cast from their high places—broken—reft—
But, clinging to those hoary walls, as though
They were too proud to fall—like those high souls,
Whose living pillars have been cast away
From their strong base, by some o'erwhelming woe,
Yet lean in broken grandeur round the ruin,
Too finely proud to sink while life remains,
Revealing through the strong but shattered frame,
The work of mind still braving through the storm!

But ah! what boasted muniments of man
Can battle with the ages! Palaces,
And temples that defied the living God,
Have bow'd and buried their vile idols up!
Yes—here the heathen's curse is verified:
How godless!—yet how beautiful!—that white shaft
Which sinks its cleft base in the clear, dark pool,
And lifts its flowery capital above,
To gaze upon the wrecks of sculptured worlds.
How rings the lesson through these solitudes!

Balbec, Damascus, and Jerusalem!
Their marbles in the waters, and their halls
Sunk in the ocean of returnless years!

How beautiful those fair, pure pillars sleep
In the unruffled fountain! that gives back
With a sad truth this desolate decay,
As though wild nature in her stilly place
Would speak in terrors to aspiring Art.
And here behold the column and the urn,
Heap'd in the sullen front of this dim pile;
Statue and marble architrave, and all
The chisel's boast—and there the long, sharp grass
Waving above the thunder-riven spoils!

I entered the old walls: the Heathen Gods
Lay smitten to the ground—and every niche
Stared on the havoc which they could not save.
Above, the storms had roared and revelled on,
And yet the glorious work had warred with them,
And laughed at Time when he went thundering by
Upon his cloudy pinions.

There were left
Six beautiful, lone pillars: they, as yet,
Looked out upon the world, as they had done
Upon the morning they were summoned there,
From the red marble of the eternal hills;

And shook from pedestal to pediment,
Before the shouts of Jewry—they stood there!
The sun was falling o'er the kindling sea,
And in the flashing of his purple light,
They blazed upon that floor of centuries,
The tomb of a world's greatness! red and deep
They stood upon the blushing front of heaven—
Bathed in the splendour that had compassed them
Before the world was old. The dim, gray plain
Stretch'd hopelessly around me—and aloft,
Libanus caught the farewell of the sun—
Till night came sweeping in her shadowy robes.
The harsh Muezzin shrieked in the lone air,
Circling above the columns: then around
Stillness her marble empire held, for aye
As she will keep it, save when Echo calls
To Ruin murmuring round an Empire's grave!

GRENVILLE MELLENS.

STANZAS.

I THINK of thee, when the young morn is breaking
In radiance bright;
Thou art the earliest thought of my awaking—
My last at night.

I think of thee, when day-light is declining
Low in the west,
I think of thee, when its last rays are shining
On nature's rest.

And when on summer evening's brow, is gleaming
Our favourite star,
I think of one who watched with me its beaming,
Now distant far.

When darkness reigns, and all are sleeping round me
So peacefully,
How often has the silent midnight found me
Thinking on thee!

And still, in all that memory loves to treasure,
Thy form I see,
In every little grief, or hoped for pleasure,
I think of thee.

A. P. L.

THE CONTRAST.

To his gallant horse the warrior sprung—
They called and he would not stay,
And the hoof of his hurrying charger rung,
As to battle he rushed away.
She stood aloft on the warder's tower,
And she followed him over the plain,
And she watched through many a silent hour—
But she heard not his tramp again.

They came, when the morning was cold and pale,
With a warrior on his bier,
And his banner, rent like a tattered sail,
Showed he died not the death of fear.
They brought him in pride and sorrow, back
To the home he had left so gay,
When he gallantly flew on glory's track,
And to battle rushed away.

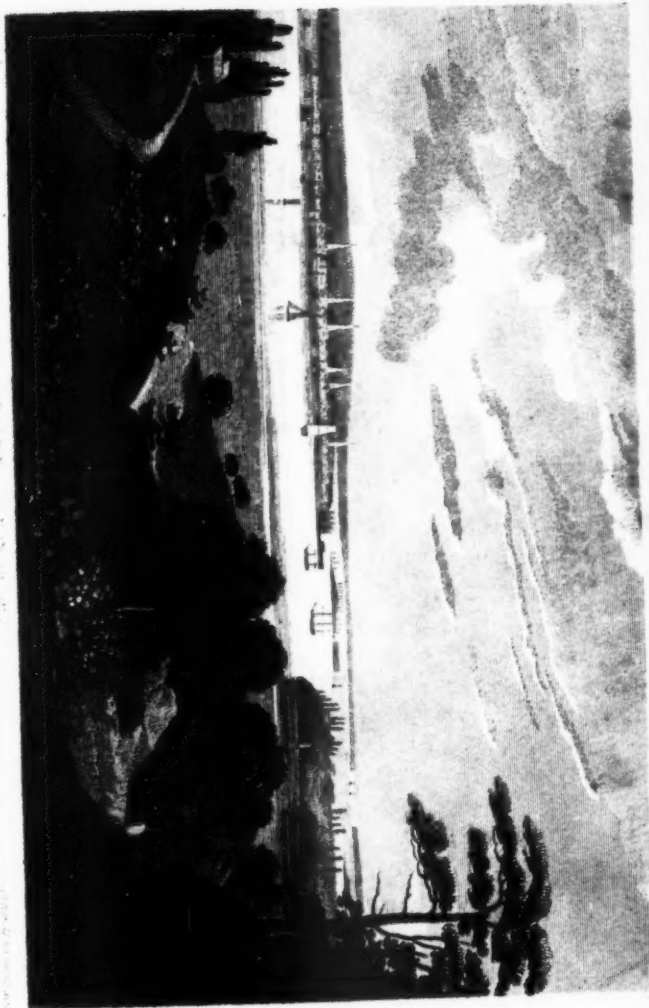
J. G. PERCIVAL.

THE
LITTLE DUTCH SENTINEL
OF THE
MANHADOES.

“HOW times change in this world, and especially in this new world!” exclaimed old Aurie Doremus, as he sat at the door of his domicil—the last of the little Dutch houses, built of little Dutch bricks, with gable end turned to the street—on a sultry summer evening, in the year so many honest people found out that paper money was not silver or gold. Half a dozen of his grown up grandchildren were gathered about him, on the seats of the little porch, which was shaped something like an old revolutionary cocked hat, as the good patriarch made this sage observation. He was in fine talking humour, and after a little while, went on amid frequent pauses, as if taxing his memory to make up his chronicle.

“It was the twenty-fourth—no, the twenty-fifth of March 1609, that Hendrick Hudson sailed from Amsterdam. On the fourth of September, after coasting





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along Newfoundland to Cape Cod—from Cape Cod to Chesapeake Bay, and thence back again along the Jersey coast, he came in sight of the Highlands of Neversink, and anchored in the evening inside of Sandy Hook. This was in 1609—how long ago is that Egbert?" said the good man, turning to me.

"Two hundred and sixteen years," replied I, after sore tribulation, for I never was good at ciphering.

"Two hundred and sixteen years—well, at that time there was not a single white man, or white man's habitation in sight of where we are now sitting, in the midst of thousands, tens of thousands—I might almost say hundreds of thousands. Ah! boys, 'tis a rapid growth, and Heaven grant it may not afford another proof, that the quick of growth are quick of decay." After musing a little he proceeded, as if speaking to himself rather than to us.

"If it were possible that an Indian, who had lived on this spot at the time of Hudson's first visit, could rise from the dead, with all his recollections of the past about him, what would he think at beholding the changes that have taken place. Nothing that he had ever seen, nothing that he had ever known, would he recognise; for even the face of the earth has passed away, and the course of the mighty rivers intruded upon by the labours of the white strangers. No vestiges, not even the roots of the woods where he hunted his game—no landmarks familiar to his

early recollections—no ruins of his ancient habitations—no traces to guide him to the spot where once reposed the remains of his fathers—nothing to tell him that his eyes had opened on the very spot, where they closed two hundred years ago.” Again he paused a few moments, and then resumed his cogitations.

“And this is not all, its name and destinies, as well as its nature, are changed. From the Manhadoes of the ancient proprietors, it passed into the New Amsterdam of the Dutch, and the New York of the English—and now,” continued he, his eyes sparkling with exultation, “now it is the possession of a free and sovereign people. The sandy barren which formed the projecting point of our isle, and where a few Indian canoes were hauled up, is now the resort of thousands of stately ships, coming from the furthest parts of the earth, and bearing the rich products of the new world, into every corner of the old. Their masts bristle around the city, like the leafless trees of a wintry forest. The rugged island, to which nature had granted nothing but its noble situation, and which seemed condemned to perpetual sterility, is now become a region of rich gardens and white groups of houses—the very rocks are turned to beds of flowers, and the tangled swamps of ivy clinging about the stunted shrubbery, into smooth lawns, embellishing and embellished by the sprightly forms of playful lads and lasses, escaped from the city to en-

joy a summer afternoon of rural happiness. All, all is changed—and man the most of all. Simplicity has given place to the ostentatious, vulgar pride of purse-proud ignorance—the wild Indian to the idle and effeminate beau—politeness to ceremony—comfort to splendour—honest mechanics to knavish brokers—morals to manners—wampum to paper money—and the fear of ghosts to the horror of poverty.” Here again the old man paused, and seemed to retire within himself for a minute or two; after which I observed him begin to chuckle and rub his hands, while his mischievous old eye assumed a new vivacity.

“I wonder what figure one of our Dutch belles or beaux of 1700, or thereabout, would make at a rout or the Italian Opera? I’faith I believe they would be more out of their element, than the Indian I spoke of just now. They would certainly make rare sport in a cotillion, and I doubt would never arrive at that acme of modern refinement, which enables people to prefer sounds without sense, to sense without sound—and to expire with ecstasy at sentiments expressed in a language of which they don’t comprehend a word. I dare swear they would prefer even a Dutch song they could understand, to an Italian one they could not.”

“But did they believe in ghosts, grandfather,” asked the youngest little granddaughter, who was just beginning to dip in the modern wonders of ro-

mance, and had been caught by the word ghost in the old gentleman's harangue.

"Aye, that they did, and in every thing else. Now people believe in nothing except what they see in the newspapers—and the only exercise of their faith appears, not indeed in believing a crust of bread is a shoulder of mutton, but that a greasy rag of paper is a guinea. I have heard my grandfather tell fifty stories of ghosts and witches; but they have all passed from my memory, except one about a little Dutch sentinel, which he used to repeat over so often, that I have never forgot it to this day."

"O, tell us the story," cried the little romance reader, who was the old gentleman's prime favourite, and to whom he never thought of denying any thing, either in or out of reason. "I'll give you two kisses if you will."

"A bargain," cried the good Aurie, "come hither baggage." The little girl presented first one rosy cheek and then the other, which he kissed affectionately, and began as follows, while we all gathered about him, and listened like so many Schahriars.

"Once upon a time, then, to use the words of a pleasant and instructive historian, the governors of New Amsterdam were little kings, and the burgomasters such great men, that whoever spoke ill of one of them, had a bridle put into his mouth, rods under his arms, and a label on his breast recording his crime.

In this trim he was led by the sheriff and tied to a post, where he remained a spectacle to the public, and an example to all evil-doers—or rather evil-sayers. I wonder how such a custom would go down now-a-days, with the great champions of the liberty of the press? Then too, instead of street inspectors, whose duty it is to take care of one side of a street and let the other take care of itself, there were roy-meesters to look to the fences, and keep the cows from trespassing on their neighbours' pastures—then the houses were covered with reeds and straw, and the chimneys were made of wood—then all matrimonial disputes were settled by “a commissary of marriage affairs,” and no man could eat a loaf of bread, except the flour had been inspected by the “comptroller general of the company's wind-mill,” who could be no other than the sage Don Quixote himself—then the distinction of ranks, instead of being designated by great and little barons, was signified by great and little burghers, who danced hipsey-saw and reels—plucked the goose—rambled on the commons, now the park, for nuts and strawberries—made parties of pleasure to enjoy the retired shades of the Ladies' Valley, since metamorphosed into Maiden Lane—shot bears in the impenetrable forests of Harlaem Heights—hunted the deer along the Bloomingdale road—and erected May poles on the first of May, in the great meadow where the college now stands.”

"In what year of our Lord was that," asked the little pet lady.

"Why in the year 1670 or thereabout, you baggage."

"I declare I thought it must have been somewhere about the year one," said she laughing. The old man patted her cheek and went on.

"About this time the good citizens of New Amsterdam, were most especially afraid of three things, Indians, ghosts, and witches. For the first they had good reason, for the Indians inhabited the country around them in all directions, and though the honest Amsterdammers could beat them at a bargain, there was another game at which they had rather the advantage. In regard to ghosts and witches, I cannot say as much in justification of their fears. But that is neither here nor there. Some people that will run like a deer from real danger, defy ghosts, and witches, and all their works; while the fearless soldier who faces death without shrinking in a hundred battles, trembles and flees from a white cow in a church yard, or a white sheet on a clothes line of a moon light night. It was thus with honest JAN SOL, the little Dutch sentinel of the Manhadoes.

Jan was a short, square-built, bandy-legged, broad-faced, snub-nosed little fellow, who valued himself upon being an old soldier; a species of men, that, with the exception of travellers, are the most given to telling what are called tough stories, of any people

in the world. According to his own account, he had been in more pitched battles than Henry the lion, or Julius Cæsar; and made more lucky escapes than any knight-errant on record. The most miraculous one of all, was at some battle—I forget the name, where he would certainly have been killed, if he had not very opportunely arrived just after it was over. But though one of the most communicative persons in the world, he never gave any tolerable reason for visiting New Amsterdam. He hinted indeed that he had been invited over to discipline the raw provinces; but there was a counter story abroad, that he was drummed out of his regiment for walking in his sleep, and emptying the canteens of the whole mess. Indeed he did not positively deny, that he was apt to be a rogue in his sleep; but then he made it up, by being as honest as the day, when he was awake.

However this may be, at the time I speak of, Jan Sol figured as corporal in the trusty city guard, whose business it was to watch during the night, to guard against the inroads of the savages, and to enforce in the day time, the military code established for the good order and well-being of the metropolis. This code consisted of nineteen articles, every one of which was a perfect blue law. Bread and water, boring tongues with a red hot iron, hanging, and such like trifles, were the least a man had to expect in those days. The mildest infliction of the whole code, was that of riding a wooden horse, for not appearing on parade at the ringing of a bell. This town

was always famous for bell-ringing. Jan had many a ride in this way for nothing. Among the most rigid of these regulations, was one which denounced death for going in and out of the fort, except through the gate; and another, ordaining a similar punishment for entering or leaving the city by any other way but the land-poort, after the mayor had gone his rounds in the evening, and received the keys from the guard.

The state of society, and the neighbourhood of the Indians, I suppose, made these severe restrictions necessary; and we are not, while sitting quietly at our fire-sides, out of their reach, to set ourselves in judgment upon our ancestors, who planted the seeds of this empire in the midst of dangers. In the little sketch of New Amsterdam to which I have before referred, and which is well worth your reading, it is stated that the gate was shut in the evening before dark, and opened at day-light. At nine o'clock the tattoo was beat, as the signal for the honest folks to go to sleep as quick as possible, and it is recorded they all obeyed the summons in the most exemplary manner. The sentinels were placed at different points considered the most accessible, and changed every half hour, that being the limit of a quiet, orderly Dutchman's capacity for keeping awake after nine o'clock.

One bright moonlight night, in the month of August, it fell to the lot of Jan Sol to mount guard, not a hundred yards from the great gate, or land-poort, which was situated in Broadway, near where Trinity church now stands. Beyond this, between

Liberty and Courtlandt streets stood the company's windmill, where nearly all the flour was made for the consumption of the little metropolis. The place where he took his rounds was a sand bank elevated above the surrounding objects, and whence he could see the river, the opposite shore of New Jersey, then called Pavonia, the capacious bay, and the distant hills of Staten Island. The night was calm, and the cloudless sky showed thousands of wandering glories overhead, whose bright twinklings dawned in the slow undulating surface of the glassy mirror. All round there was perfect silence and repose, nothing moved upon the land or the waters, neither lights were burning, nor dogs barking; these sagacious animals having been taught, by a most infallible way of appealing to their instincts, that it was unlawful to disturb the somniferous indulgences of their masters. It was a scene for poetic inspiration, but Jan Sol was no poet, although he often availed himself of the poetic science in his stories. He was thinking of something else, besides the beauty of the night and the scene. The truth is, his nerves were very much out of order at that moment.

It was about the time that witches made their first appearance in the new world, whither they came, I suppose, to escape the pleasant alternative of being either drowned or hanged, proffered to them in those days by the good people of England. But they got out of the frying pan into the fire, as history records,

particularly to the eastward of the Manhadoes, where some of them underwent the ordeal of Shadrack, Meshack, and Abednego. Others fled to New Amsterdam, greatly to the discomfort of the good citizens, who took such umbrage at broomsticks, that the industrious and cleanly housewife's vocation of sweeping the parlour twelve times a day, was considered as naught. It is affirmed, that instead of a broom, they used the broad-brimmed Sunday hats of their husbands in blowing away the dust, for fear of being taken for witches. There was a universal panic, and a universal dust throughout all the city.

But this was not the most of it either. Just about this time Dominic Egidius Luyck prophesied the world was coming speedily to an end, as plainly appeared from the great quantity of toad stools, which made their appearance in the Ladies' Valley and Windmill Meadow after a heavy rain. This prophecy was followed up by the appearance of the northern lights, falling stars, and mysterious rattlings of invisible carriages through the streets at midnight. To crown all, an inspired fanatic had passed through the Broadway, crying out "woe, woe, to the crown of pride, and the drunkards of Ephraim. Two woes past, and the third coming, except ye repent—repent—repent." All these horrors now encompassed the imagination of Jan Sol, as he paced the little sand hillock with slow steps, and from time to time started at his shadow. The half hour seemed

an age, and never did any body long so much for the appearance of a corporal's guard to relieve him.

He had not been on his watch more than ten minutes, or so, when happening to look towards the opposite shore of Pavonia, he saw something moving on the waters like a canoe shooting across the river. Five hundred Indians with tomahawks and scalping knives, all at once stood before the little sentinel, whose imagination was ready cocked and primed for the reception of all sorts of horrors. He had a great mind to fire his gun, and alarm the garrison, but a little of the fear of his companions' jokes, restrained him for that time. However, he drew a pistol, and refreshed his courage with a little of the genuine schiedam, after which he ventured to look that way again. But the canoe had disappeared in a most miraculous manner, and Jan was satisfied in his own mind, that it was neither more nor less than the ghost of a canoe. There was not much consolation in this; but it was better than the five hundred Indians, with their tomahawks and scalping knives.

The night breeze now sprung up with its chilling dews, and cooled Jan's courage till it nearly fell down to the freezing point. The wind, or some other cause produced a sort of creaking and moaning in the old crazy windmill, which drew the eyes of the little sentinel in that direction. At that moment, Jan saw a head slowly rising and peeping over the wall, directly in a line with the windmill. His eyes

became rivetted to the spot, with the irresistible fascination of overwhelming terror. Gradually the head was followed by shoulders, body and legs, which Jan swore belonged to a giant, at least sixteen ells high. After sitting a moment upon the wall, the figure, according to Jan's relation before the governor next morning, put forth a pair of enormous wings, and whirling itself round and round in a circle—while its eyes flashed fire, and its teeth appeared like live coals—actually flew down from the wall towards the governor's garden, where it disappeared, or rather sunk into the ground, close by the garden gate. Jan fired his gun, and one might have supposed he killed himself, for he fell flat on his face, apparently as dead as a door nail.

Here he was found by the relief guard, about five minutes afterwards, with his face buried in the sand hill. The moment they touched him, he began to roar out with awful vociferation, "woe, woe to the crown of pride, and the drunkards of Ephraim." They could make nothing of Jan or his story, and forthwith carried him to the "big house," as it was called, where the governor resided, and who, together with the whole corporation and city, had been waked by the discharge of the gun. Such a thing had not happened within the memory of man. Jan told his story, and swore to it afterwards; but all he got by it, was a ride on the wooden horse the next morning. The story however took wind, and there

was more liquor sold that day at the Stadt Herberg, or city tavern, than for a whole week before. Coming upon the back of the Dominie's toad stools, the northern lights, the rumbling of the invisible wheels, and the mysterious denunciation of the drunkards of Ephraim, it made a great impression; and many, not to say all, believed there must be something in it. Several people went to church the next day, who had not been there since they were christened.

Measures were taken the following night, and for several nights afterwards to detect this gigantic spectre, but in vain. Nothing appeared to disturb the quiet repose of the guard and the city, till the next Saturday night, when it came to Jan Sol's turn to take his watch upon the sand hill, about the same hour as before. They say Jan fortified himself with a double allowance of schiedam, and put a little Dutch bible in the pocket of one of his breeches. But all would not do, for many people were ready to swear afterwards, that his hair stood on end so sturdily that he could hardly keep his tin cap upon it. Ghosts, hobgoblins and all that sort of thing, have not only a propensity to visit some one particular person, but are likewise extremely regular in their habits, as well as in their hours of appearing. Exactly at the same hour the little canoe shot from Pavonia—the night breeze sprung up as before—the old windmill began to creak and moan—the gigantic spectre peered over the wall at the same spot as before, and cautiously gla-

ring round with his fiery eyes, unfurled his mighty wings, and after turning a few somersets, flew towards the gate of the governor's garden, where he disappeared as before. This time Jan was too far gone to fire his matchlock, but a few minutes after he was found almost insensible with fright, by the relief guard, who carried him before the governor next morning, where he swore to the same story, and was complimented with another ride on the wooden horse.

But the repetition of a miracle, is sure to make it less miraculous; and a wonder twice told is almost half proved. People began to believe, and from believing, to be sure there was something out of the way, at least in this affair. Miracles like misfortunes, never come single; and almost every one, had a wonder of his own to reinforce that of the little Dutch sentinel. At least fifty of them happened within less than a week, each more alarming than the other. Doors opened at midnight, by invisible hands—strange black cats with green eyes, and sparks of fire flying out of their backs, appeared at different times—the old mahogany chests of drawers made divers strange noises, and sometimes went off with a report almost as loud as a pistol—and an old woman coming in to market with cabbages before daylight in the morning, met a black figure, she could almost swear had a tail and a cloven foot. A horseman was heard in the middle of the night galloping furiously towards the landpoort, crying “whoa! whoa!” with a hollow voice;

and what was very singular, though several persons got up to look out of the windows, not one could see the least sign of horse or horseman. In short, the whole city of New Amsterdam was in a panic, and he was a bold man, that did not run away from his own shadow. Even the "big house," where the governor dwelt was infected, insomuch that his excellency doubled his guards, and slept with loaded pistols at his bedside. One of these made a voluntary discharge one night, and the bullet passed right through the picture of admiral Van Tromp, which hung up in the chamber. If it had been the admiral himself, he would have been killed as sure as a gun. This accident was considered as very remarkable, as there were no hair-triggers in those days, to go off of themselves.

There was at that time, a public-spirited little magistrate in office by the name of DIRCK SMET, a pipe-maker by trade, who was the father of more laws than all the lawyers before or after him, from Moses down to the present time. He had the itch of legislation to a most alarming degree, and like Titus, considered he had lost a day, when he had not begotten at least one law. A single circumstance or event, no matter how insignificant, was enough for him. If a little boy happened to frighten a sober Dutch horse, which by the way was no such easy matter, by flying his kite, the worshipful Dirck Smet would forthwith call a meeting of the common council, and after declaiming a full hour upon the dangers of kite-flying, get a law

passed denouncing a penalty upon all wicked parents who allowed their children to indulge in that pestilent amusement. If there happened a rumour of a man, a horse, a cow, or any other animal being bit^d by a mad dog, in some remote part of New England or elsewhere, Dirck Smet would spout a speech enough to make one's hair stand on end, about the horrors of hydrophobia, and get a law passed against all the honest mastiffs of New Amsterdam, who had no more idea of running mad than I have at this moment. Owing to the number of little creeks intersecting the city, and the quantity of grass growing in the streets at that time, there was never a finer city for raising flocks of geese than New Amsterdam—in fact there were as many geese as inhabitants. Dirck declared war against these in a speech of three hours, which so overpowered the council, that they all fell asleep, and passed a law banishing the geese from the city; although one of the members who had the finest goose-pond in the place, talked very learnedly about the famous goose that saved the capitol. It is said that Dirck's antipathy to these honest birds, arose from having been attacked and sorely buffeted by a valiant old gander, whose premises he had chanced to invade on some occasion. He was, indeed, the most arrant meddler and busy body of his day, always poking his nose into holes and corners, ferretting out nuisances and seeking pretexts for new laws; so that if the people had paid any attention to them they

would have been under a worse tyranny than that of the Turk or the Spaniard. But they were saved from this by a lucky circumstance—the council thinking they did enough by making the laws, let them take care of themselves afterwards; and honest Dirck Smet was too busy begetting new laws, to mind what became of the old ones. Nevertheless, he got the reputation of a most vigilant magistrate, which means a pestilent intermeddler with people's domestic sports and occupations, and a most industrious busy body in attempting impossibilities.

As soon as Dirck Smet heard the story of the inroads of the winged monster, he fell into a fever of anxiety, to do something for the good of the community. He was on the point of proposing a severe law against winged monsters, but from this he was dissuaded by a judicious friend, who represented the difficulty of catching this sort of delinquents, and that this was absolutely necessary, before he could punish them. Baffled in this point, he fumed about from one place to another insisting that something must be done for the quiet and security of the city, and that a law of some kind or other was absolutely necessary on the occasion, if it were only to show their zeal for the public good. It was his opinion that a bad law was better than no law at all, and that it would be an inexcusable piece of negligence, to let these interloping monsters fly over the wall with impunity.

All this while his excellency the governor of New

Amsterdam, said nothing but thought a great deal. He was a little jealous of the popularity of Dirck Smet, who had got the title of Father of the City, on account of having saved it from the horrors of flying kites, mad dogs, and hissing ganders. In fact, they were two such great men, that the city was not half large enough for them both, and the consequence was, that instead of assisting, they only stood in each other's way, like two carts in a narrow lane. We can have too much of a good thing, even as regards laws and rulers. The governor was determined to do nothing, for no other reason that could ever be discovered, than because his rival was so busy. The fears of the good citizens, however, and their increasing clamours against the negligence of their rulers, at length roused the activity of the governor, who forthwith convened his council, to deliberate upon the best means of saving the city of New Amsterdam.

Dirck Smet, who was ex-officio a member, was in his glory on this occasion, and talked so much that there was no time for acting. At length, however, the inward man gave out, and he had not breath to say any thing more. It was then, tradition says, that a silent old member who never made a set speech in his life, proposed, in as few words as possible, and in a quiet colloquial manner, that measures should be first taken to ascertain the truth of the story, after which means might be found to detect the miracle or the impostor, whatever it might be. It is affirmed

the whole council was astonished that a man should be able to say so much in so few words, and that henceforth the silent member was considered the wisest of them all. Even Dirck Smet held his tongue for the rest of the sitting, thus furnishing another striking proof, my children, that good sense is an overmatch for the most confirmed garrulity. The same old gentleman suggested, that as Saturday night seemed to be the period chosen for his two visits by the winged monster, it would be advisable to place some of the most trusty of the city guard, in ambush in the vicinity of the spot, where according to the testimony of Jan Sol, he had flown over the wall, to intercept him there, or at least overtake him in his progress to the governor's garden. Every body wondered at the wisdom of this proposal, which was adopted with only one dissenting voice. Dirck Smet moved as an amendment, that the word "progress" should be changed to "flight," but it was negatived, greatly to his mortification, and therefore he voted against the whole proposition, declaring it went against his conscience.

Accordingly, the next Saturday night a party was got in readiness, of six picked men of the city guard, under the command of Captain Balthaser Knyff, of immortal memory, who had faced more ghosts in his generation than any man living. The whole band was equipt with an extraordinary number of nether garments for defence, and fortified with double allow-

ance of schiedam, to keep up their courage in this arduous service. The captain was considered a person of the greatest weight in all the city, and in addition to this, he added to his specific gravity, by stuffing into his pocket all the leaden weights he could borrow of a neighbouring grocer, for he did not know but the monster might fly away with him. His comrades remonstrated that this additional weight would impede his pursuit of the foe; but the captain nobly replied, "it was beneath a soldier to run, either from or after an enemy." The most perfect secrecy was preserved in all these arrangements.

Thus equipt, they took their station, about eleven o'clock on the Saturday night following the last appearance of the winged monster, under cover of one of the neighbouring houses, and there waited the coming of the mysterious visitor. Twelve o'clock, the favourite hour of spectres of all sorts, came and passed, yet no spectre appeared peeping over the wall. By this time they began to be wearied with long watching, and it was proposed that they should take turns, one at a time, while the others slept off the fatigue of such unheard of service. The lot fell upon Jan Sol, who being, as it were, a sort of old acquaintance of the spectre, was supposed to be particularly qualified for this honour. Jan forthwith posted himself at the corner of the house, upon one leg, to make sure of keeping awake, as he had whilome seen the New Amsterdam geese do, ere they were

banished from the city, by the inflexible patriotism of Dirck Smet, the great lawgiver.

The little Dutch sentinel stood for about half an hour, sometimes on one leg, sometimes on the other, with his head full of hobgoblins and his heart full of fears. All was silent as the grave, save the sonorous music of the captain's vocal nose, or as it might be poetically expressed, "living lyre," which ever and anon snorted a low requiem to the waning night. The moon was on the swift decrease, and now exhibited an arch not unlike a bright Indian bow, suspended in the west, a little above the distant horizon. Gradually it sunk behind the hills, leaving the world to the guardianship of the watchmen of the night, the twinkling stars. Scarcely a minute after, the heart of honest Jan was set bumping against his trusty ribs, by the appearance of something slowly rising above the indistinct line of the city wall, which I ought to observe was made of wood. The spectre gradually mounted higher and higher, and rested on the very spot where he had seen it twice before. The teeth of Jan Sol chattered, and his knees knocked against each other—but he stood his ground manfully, and either would not or could not run away. This time the spectre, though he appeared with two enormous wings projecting from his shoulders, did not whirl them round, or expand them in the manner he had done before. After sitting perched for a few moments on the wall, he flew down to the ground, and crept

cautiously along, under cover of the wall, in a direction towards the big house. At this moment, the trusty Jan with some difficulty roused his companions, and silently pointed to the spectre gliding along as before related. Whether it was that it saw or heard something to alarm it, I cannot say, but scarcely had the redoubtable Captain Knyff risen, and shaken from his valiant spirit the fumes of sleep and schiedam, when the spirit took as it were to itself wings, and sped rapidly towards the gate of the governor's garden. The party pursued, with the exception of the captain, who carried too much weight for a race, and arrived within sight of the gate, just in time to see the spectre vanish, either under, over, or inside of it, they could not tell which. When they got to the gate, they found it fast locked, a proof, if any had been wanting, that it must have been something supernatural.

In pursuance of their instructions, the guard roused the governor, his household, and his troops, with the intention of searching the garden, and, if necessary, every part of his house, for the purpose of detecting this mysterious intruder. The garden was surrounded by a high brick wall, the top of which bristled with iron spikes, and pieces of bottles set in mortar. It was worth a man's life to get over it. There was no getting in or out except by the gate, on the outside of which the governor stationed two trusty fellows, with orders to stand a little apart, and

perfectly quiet. Now all the governor's household was wide awake, and in a bustle of anxiety and trepidation, except one alone, who did not make her appearance. This was the governor's only daughter, as pretty a little Dutch damsel as ever crossed Kissing Bridge, or rambled over the green fields of the Manhadoes. Compared to the queer little bodies that figure now-a-days in the Broadway, seemingly composed of nothing but hats, feathers, and flounces, she was a composition of real flesh and blood, which is better than all the gauze, silk, tulle, and gros de Naples in the world. A man marries a milliner's shop instead of a woman now-a-days," said the old gentleman, glancing a little archly at the fashionable paraphernalia of his pretty pet granddaughter. "Her face and form was all unsophisticated native beauty, and her dress all simplicity and grace."

"Is that her picture hanging in the back parlour?" asked the little girl in a sly way.

"Yes—but the picture does not do justice either to the beauty, or the dress of the original."

"I hope not," said the other, "for if it does, I am sure I would not be like her for the world."

"Pshaw, you baggage," replied the old gentleman, "you'll never be fit to hold a candle to her."

The search now commenced with great vigour in the garden, although Jan Sol openly declared it as his opinion, that they might look themselves blind before they found the spectre, who could fly over a

wall as easy as a grasshopper. He accordingly kept aloof from the retired part of the garden, and stuck close to his noble commander Captain Knyff, who, by this time had come up with the pursuers. All search, however, proved vain; for after a close investigation of more than an hour, it was unanimously agreed, that the intruder, whether man, monster or ghost, could not possibly be hid in the garden. The governor then determined to have the house searched, and accordingly the whole party entered for that purpose, with the exception of the two sentinels without the gate. Here, while rummaging in closets, peering under beds, and looking up chimneys in vain, they were alarmed by a sudden shout from the garden, which made their hearts quake with exceeding apprehension. The shout was succeeded by loud talking, and apparent tugging and struggling, as if between persons engaged in hot contention. At the same moment, the governor's daughter rushed into her chamber, and throwing herself on the bed with a loud shriek, remained insensible for some time. Every body was sure she had seen the spectre.

It appears that while the search was going on in the big house, and the attention of every body employed in that direction, the sentinels outside the gate, heard the key cautiously turned inside: then after a little pause, slowly open. A face then peeped out as if to take an observation, and the owner apparently satisfied that the coast was clear, darted for-

ward. The first step, he unluckily tripped over a rope which these trusty fellows had drawn across the gate, and fell full length on the ground. Before he could recover his feet, the two sentinels were upon him, and in spite of his exertions, kept him down, until their shouts drew the rest of the guard to their assistance. The spectre was then secured with ropes, and safely lodged in the cellar under a strong escort, to await his examination the next morning. Jan Sol was one of the band, though he insisted it was all nonsense to mount guard over a spectre.

The council met betimes, at the sound of a bell, rung by a worthy citizen, who in addition to his vocation of bell-ringer, was crier of the court, messenger to the governor, sexton, clerk, and grave-digger to the whole city of New Amsterdam. It was something to be a man in those days, before the invention of steam-engines, spinning jennys, and chess playing automats, caused such a superfluity of human beings, that it is much if they can now earn salt to their porridge. At that time, men were so scarce, that there were at least half a dozen offices to one man; now there are half a dozen men to one office, all which is owing to machinery. This accumulation of honours in the person of the bell-ringer, made him a man of considerable consequence, insomuch, that the little boys about Flattenbarrack Hill, chalked his name upon their sleighs, and it is even asserted that he had an Albany sloop called after him. I could

therefore do no less than make honourable mention of a person of his dignity.

After the council met, and every thing was ready, the door of the cellar was cautiously opened, and Jan Sol at the head, that is to say in the rear, of a file of soldiers, descended for the purpose of bringing forth this daring interloper, who had thus from time to time disturbed the sleep of the sober citizens of New Amsterdam. Jan offered to bet a canteen of schiedam, that they would find nobody in the cellar, but contrary to all expectation, they presently came forth with the body of a comely youth, apparently about the age of five and twenty, which was considered very young in those days. Nothing was more customary there, than for a sturdy mother to bastinado her boys, as she called them, after they had grown to be six feet high. They were all the better for it, and made excellent husbands.

When the young man came into the presence of the puissant governor of the New Netherlands, he appeared a comely person, tall, fair-complexioned and pleasant of feature. He was asked whence he came, and not having a lawyer at his elbow to teach him the noble art of pervarication, replied without hesitation—

“From Pavonia.”

“How did you get into the city?”

“I climbed the wall, near the company’s windmill.”

“And how did you get into the governor’s garden?”

"The same way I got out."

"How was that?"

"Through the gate."

"How did you get through the gate?"

"By unlocking it."

"With what?"

"With a key."

"Whence came that key?"

No answer.

"Whence came that key?"

"I shall not tell."

"What induced you to scale the wall and intrude into the garden?"

"I shall not tell."

"Not if you are hanged for not telling?"

"Not if I am hanged for not telling."

"What have you done with the wings with which, according to the testimony of Jan Sol, you flew from the wall, and through the street to the governor's garden?"

"I never had any wings, and never flew in the whole course of my life."

Here Jan Sol was called up, and testified positively to the wings and the flying. There was now great perplexity in the council, when the keeper of the windmill demanded to be heard. He stated he remembered perfectly well, that on the two nights referred to, he had set his windmill going about the hour in which Jan Sol saw the spectre whirl round

and fly from the wall. There had been a calm for several days previous, and the citizens began to be in want of flour. He had therefore taken advantage of the rising of the wind at the time, to set his mill going. A little farther inquiry led to the fact, that the place where the spectre scaled the wall was exactly in a line with the windmill, and the spot where Jan held his watch. It was thus, that the spectre became identified with the wings of the mill. This exposition marvellously quieted the fears of the good people; but there were a number of stern believers who stuck by the little sentinel, and continued to believe in the winged monster. As for poor Jan, he looked ten times more foolish, than when he used to be caught emptying the canteens of his comrades in his sleep. This elucidation being over, the examination proceeded.

"Did you know of the law, making it death for any one to enter or depart from the city, between sunset and sunrise, except through the gate?"

"I did."

"What induced you to violate it?"

"I shall not tell."

"Was it plunder?"

"I am no thief."

"Was it treason against the state?"

"I am no traitor."

"Was it mischief?"

"I am not a child."

"Was it to frighten people?"

"I am no fool."

"What is your name?"

"My name is of no consequence—a man can be hanged without a name."

And this was all they could get out of him. Various cross questions, were put to entrap him. He replied to them all with perfect freedom, and promptitude, until they came to his name, and his motives for intruding into the city in violation of a law so severe, that none as yet had ever been known to transgress it. Then, as before, he declining answering.

In those early days, under the Dutch dynasty, trial by jury was not in fashion. People were too busy to serve as jurymen, if they had been wanted; and the decision of most cases was left either to the burgo-masters, or if of great consequence, to the governor and council. Justice was severe and prompt, in proportion to the dangers which surrounded the early colonists, and the spirit of the times in which they flourished. They lived in perpetual apprehension; and fear is the father of cruelty. The law denouncing death to any person who should enter the city betwixt sunset and sunrise, except by the gate, was considered as too essential to the security of the citizens, to be relaxed in favour of any one, especially of a person, who refused to tell either his name, or the motive for his intrusion. By his own admission, he was guilty of the offence, and but one course re-

mained for the council. The young man was sentenced to be hanged, that day week, and sent to the fort for safe keeping till the period arrived.

That day the daughter of the governor, did not appear to grace the table of his excellency—nor in the management of those little household affairs, that are not beneath the dignity of the daughters of kings. She was ill with a head-ache, and kept her bed. The governor had no child but her, and though without any great portion of sensibility, was capable of all the warmth of parental affection. Indeed, all his affections were centred in this little blooming offspring, who was the only being in all the new world, that carried a drop of his blood, coursing in her blue veins. He was also proud of her—so proud, that his pride often got the better of his affection. She had many admirers—for she was fair, wealthy, and the daughter of the greatest governor in the new world, not excepting him of Virginia. It followed, as a matter of course, that she was admired, but it was at an awful distance. The honest Dutch swains, who had not pursued the female sprite through all the mazes of romance, and learned how oftentimes high born ladies stooped to lads of low degree, gaped at her at church, as if she had been a sea-serpent. They would as soon have thought of aspiring to the governor's dignity, as to the governor's daughter. Besides, he was one of those absurd old blockheads, who consider nobody

good enough for their daughters, at home, and hawk them about Europe, in search of some needy sprig of nobility, who will exchange his mighty honours for bags of gold, and a fair blooming virtuous virgin into the bargain. He had sworn a thousand times, that his Catalina should never marry any thing below a Dutch baron.

“Was her name Catalina—was she my namesake?” interrupted the little granddaughter.

“Yes girl—she was your great-great-grandmother,—and you were christened after her”—said the old man, and proceeded.

This awe on the part of the young fellows of New Amsterdam, and this well known determination of the governor, kept all admirers at an awful distance from the young lady, who grew up to the age of eighteen, loving no one save her father, now that her mother was no more; and an old black woman, who had taken care of her ever since she was a child. The throne of her innocent bosom, had remained till then quite vacant, nor did she know for certain, what it was that made her sometimes so weary of the world, and so tired of the length of the livelong sultry summer hours. She walked into the garden to pluck the flowers, until she became tired of that. She strolled with her old nurse into the rural retirement of Ladies' Valley, and the shady paths which coursed the wood where the Park is now, until she became tired of that.

In short, she became tired of every thing, and so spiritless, that her father was not a little alarmed for her health.

About this time the governor was called by important political business, to the eastern frontier, and the journey was expected to take up several days. During his absence, a party was formed to cross the river, and spend the day in rambling about the romantic solitudes of Weehawk, then a sort of frontier between the white man and the Indian. Catalina was pressed to accompany them, and at last consented, although against the will, not only of the governor's deputy, but of the governor himself, who would certainly have forbidden it, had he been present; but he was a hundred miles off, and in the absence of the governor, there was nobody equal to the governor's daughter. The morning was fine, and the party set out as happy as youthful spirits, and youthful anticipations could make them. Here they rambled at will and at random, in groups, in pairs and alone, just as it suited them; gathering together to take their refreshments and again separating, as chance or will directed them.

Catalina had separated from the others, and wandered almost unconsciously, half a mile from the landing place by herself. Perhaps when she set out, she expected some of the beaux to follow, but they stood in such awe of her, that not one had the temerity to offer his attendance. Each being occu-

pied with his own pursuits and reflexions, no one missed the young madam for some time, until their attention was roused by a shriek at a distance in the wood. After a momentary pause, the shrieks were repeated in quick succession, and almost immediately succeeded by the report of a gun. The little group of young people was struck with dismay, and the first impulse was to run to the boats, and escape into the stream. But to do them justice, this was but a momentary selfishness, for the moment they missed Catalina, the young men prepared to pursue in the direction of the shrieks and the gun. At this crisis, a figure darted swiftly from the wood, bearing the young lady insensible in his arms, and approaching the group, placed her with her head in the lap of one of the girls, while he ran to the river, and returned with some water in his hat.

Catalina soon came to herself, and related that she had been seized by an Indian, and rescued by the young man, who all the young damsels presently discovered, was very handsome. He wore the dress of a gentleman of that day, which sooth to say, would not cut much of a figure just now. He was accounted as a sportsman, and had in his bag sufficient evidence of his skill. It was decided on all hands, that the stranger having saved the life of Catalina, or at least rescued her from captivity, was destined to be her future husband, and that her time was now come. Such prophecies are very apt to be fulfilled. The

stranger announced himself as the son of the ancient and honourable lord of Pavonia, and was blushingly invited by Catalina to come and receive the thanks of her father, when he should return from the eastern frontier. But he only shook his head, and replied with a dubious smile—"are you sure I shall be welcome?"

From this time Catalina became more languid and thoughtful than ever. When the governor returned and heard the story of her straying into the woods, and of her deliverance, he swore he would reward the gallant young man, like a most liberal and puissant governor. But when afterwards, on inquiring his name, he found that it was the son of the lord of Pavonia, he retracted his promise, and swore that the son was no better than the father, who was an arrant splutterkin. They had quarrelled about the boundaries; his excellency claiming the whole of the river on the west side, up to the high-water mark, while the lord of Pavonia, whose territories lay exactly opposite the city of New Amsterdam, had the temerity to set nets, and catch shad in the very middle of the stream. The feud was bitter in proportion to the dignity of the parties, and the importance of the point at issue. The governor commanded his daughter, never to mention the name of the splutterkin, on pain of his displeasure.

Rumour, however, says that the young man found means to renew his acquaintance with Catalina, and that though she might never mention his name to

her father, she thought of him all day, and dreamed about him all night. After a while the rumour died away, and the people began to think and talk of something else. Some of the young men, however, who happened to see the culprit that had dared to leap over the wall against the statute, thought he had a strong resemblance to the youth who had rescued Catalina from the Indian. The young lady, as I said before, continued ill all day, and for several days after the condemnation of the spectre youth, who persevered obstinately in refusing any disclosure of his name, or his motives for scaling the walls of New Amsterdam. In the mean time the period of his execution approached, only two days of life now remained to him, when Catalina, with an effort, determined to bring her fate to a crisis at once. She rose from her bed, pale and drooping like a lily, and tottering to her father's study, sunk at his feet.

"Father," said she, "will you forgive him and me?"

"Forgive thee my daughter, I have nothing to forgive, so that is settled—But who is the other?"

"My husband."

"Thy husband!" exclaimed the puissant governor, starting up in dismay; "and who is he?"

"The youth who is sentenced to die, the day after the morrow."

"And who is he—in the d—I's name—I had almost said," exclaimed his excellency in wrathful amazement.

"He is the son of the lord of Pavonia," replied she, hiding her face with her hands.

"And thou art married to that splutterkin?"

"Yes father."

"Then I shall take care to unmarry thee—the knot the parson tied, the hangman shall untie the day after the morrow, or I'm no governor. But who dared to marry thee against my will?"

"Dominie Curtanius."

"He did—then the Dominie shall hang by the side of the splutterkin. Go to thy chamber, to thy bed, to thy grave, thou art no daughter of mine."

Poor Catalina crawled to her bed, and wept herself into a temporary forgetfulness. The next day she was so much worse, that the old nurse declared she would die before her husband. The governor kept up a good countenance, but his heart was sorely beset by pity and forgiveness, which both clung weeping about him. He went so far as to sound some of the council about pardoning the young man; but one of them who was suspected of looking up to the fair Catalina, talked so eloquently about the safety of the city and the public good, that he was fain to hold his tongue, and shut himself up, for he could not bear to see his daughter.

At length the day arrived, big with the fate of poor Catalina and her unhappy husband. She sent to her father for permission to see him before he died, but the governor after a sore struggle, denied her request.

"Then indeed he is no longer my father," cried Catalina, and sinking upon her bed, covered her head as if to shut out the world. Presently the bell tolled the hour of the sacrifice, and its hollow vibrations penetrated the ears of the mourning wife. In spite of her weakness, and the endeavours of the old nurse, she started up, and rushing towards the door of her chamber, exclaimed wildly, "I will see him—I will go and see him die." But her strength failed her, and she sunk on the floor. In the meantime a scene peculiarly interesting to the fortunes of Catalina, was passing below. The proud, obdurate, rich old lord of Pavonia, had heard of the capture, the condemnation of his only son. For awhile his pride, and hatred of the governor of New Amsterdam, almost choked the thought of entreaty or concession to his ancient enemy. But as the time approached, and he heard of the situation of his son, and of his unfortunate wife, who had never offended him, his heart gradually relented. When the morning arrived, and he looked across the smooth river, from the long porch fronting his stately mansion, towards the spot where his son was about suffering an ignominious death, he could restrain his feelings no longer.

Calling for his boatmen and his barge, and hastily putting on his cocked hat and sword, he embarked, crossed swiftly over the river, and landing, proceeded directly to the big house. He demanded an audience of the governor.

"The old splutterkin is here too—but let him come in, that I may be satisfied the old dog is as miserable as myself," said the governor with tears in his eyes.

The lord of Pavonia entered with a stately bow, which was returned in as stately a manner by the governor.

"I come," said Pavonia, "I come," and his voice became choked, "to ask the life of my son at your hands."

"Thy son has broken the laws, and the laws have condemned him to death justly."

"I know it," said the other, "but what if I pay the price of his ransom?"

"I am no money higgler."

"But if I surrender the right of the river, to high-water mark?"

"What!" said his excellency, pricking up his ears, "wilt thou? And the shad fishery, and the diabolical gill nets?"

"Yea—all—all" said the other, "to save the life of my only son."

"Wilt thou sign, seal, and deliver?"

"This instant—so I receive back my boy alive."

"Stay then a moment."

The governor then hastily directed his bell-ringer to call the council together, and laid the proposition before them. The concession was irresistible, and the council decided to pardon the son, on condition that the father executed the deed of relinquishment. He

did so, and the young man was forthwith set at liberty. It is time for me to retire," said our good grandfather, "so I must cut short my story. The meeting of the husband and his faithful wife took place without witnesses, and none was ever able to describe it. Catalina speedily recovered, and lived to see her children's children play about the room by dozens. The lord of Pavonia and the governor of New Amsterdam continued a sort of grumbling acquaintance, and dined together once a year, when they always quarrelled about the fishery and high-water mark. In process of time, their respective fortunes became united in the person of the winged monster, and formed a noble patrimony, some of which I inherited with your grandmother.

Jan Sol underwent many a joke, good, bad and indifferent, about the winged monster. But he continued to his dying day, to assert his solemn belief, that the young lord of Pavonia and the spectre were two different persons. Many a time and oft did he frighten his wife and children with the story, which he improved every time he told it, till he was at length gathered to his fathers, as his fathers had been gathered before him. He had enough people to keep him in countenance, for there were hundreds of discreet citizens, who treated all doubts concerning the appearance of the winged monster, with as little toleration, as do the good folks of the town of Salem, the wicked unbelievers in the existence of the great sea serpent.

J. K. P.

THE DYING MOTHER.

THE lamp of life but dimly shines,
I feel the hand of clay;
I soon shall worship at the shrines
Of glory far away.
But stay! where is that cherub face,
So beautiful and mild?
Let me, before I die, embrace
My little orphan child.

The image of her Henry dear
A dying mother seeks;
Hush, lovely prattler! do not fear,
It is thy mother speaks!
What, is her bosom cold, my child,
That thou dost wail so deep?
Or do her eyes look strangely wild
Like things thou seest in sleep?

Ye know not half the pains that wait
Around my trembling frame;
I bow contented to my fate,
And bless from whence it came.

But when I hear my infant cry,
And think of life's alarms,
My fond heart fain would have it die,
And buried in my arms.

For she must live exposed to guile,
And vows from lips which feign;
Find treachery in a lover's smile,
And ruin in his strain.
And if she prove his vows are true,
His treatment ever kind,
Still may a thousand ills pursue,
To wound and pain her mind.

Therefore, since life is fraught with ill,
Nor happiness bestows,
I wish it was my Maker's will
To crop this budding rose;
'Twere better laid in death beside
Its mother's wasted form,
Than walk the world without a guide,
Exposed to every storm.

J. A. JONES.

TO MELANTHE.

MAIDEN, when the rose is sweetest,
Let it breathe and bloom—
Brightest days are ever fleetest;
Sunshine soon is gloom.
Soon enough the rose will wither;
Flowers are born to fade:
Many an angel wanders hither;
None has ever stay'd.

Hasten not the parting minute—
Still look fond and smile:
Not a heart, but thou shalt win it—
Thou must rule awhile.
Think not, death shall ever meet thee,—
Start not at his knell;
Only think, that youth will greet thee,
As the reigning belle.

Thou wert only made for pleasure—
Pleasure pure and high.
Life in one unruffled measure
Glides to music by.
Shall thy roses fade and wither?
Shall thy bloom decay?
Angels often wander hither,
But they cannot stay.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

GENIUS AND JOY.

THE SPIRIT OF GENIUS.

Spirit of Joy! I have woo'd thee long,
In the light of youth and the swell of song;
I have sought thee with feelings pure and high,
With the soul of sensibility—
I have strung my lyre, but all in vain,
To summon thee from thy far domain—
I have called thee oft from thy starry sphere,
Spirit of Joy! appear! appear!
Why hath thine ear been dull so long
To the voice of love and the soul of song?

THE SPIRIT OF JOY.

Spirit of Genius! behold, I come
From the star-bright hall of my distant home,
To tell thee, thy pure and sacred strain
Did never fall on mine ear in vain.
I have been with thee, when thou knewest me not,
I have hallowed for thee, full many a spot,
Bright isles on the sea of memory
Which were ever blessed and for aye will be,

I have met thy glance in the still starlight,
I have sped to thee on the gale of night,
And oft for thee, has my seraph form
Hung on the fringe of the thunder-storm;
When thy swelling heart and thy spirit proud
Held high communion with the cloud,
When thy pinions spread in the troubled air,
All-glorious spirit! I met thee there!
Did not the pride of thy bosom spring
When thou heard'st the rushing of my wing,
And together we wandered, far and free,
Through the regions of sublimity?
Hast thou not seen me in the glow
And the golden pride of the bended bow,
Which bids the angel of ruin cease,
And gladdens earth with the sign of peace?
Hast thou not heard my matin lay
To the glorious god of the new-born day?
Hast thou not heard my evening hymn
When his western light waxed faint and dim?
Hast thou not met me in summer's bower
Culling the rose and the lily flower—
In winter's stern and stormy night—
In spring's fair smile of young delight—
In the yellow leaves of the autumn wood
Midst the calm of sacred solitude?
In all these scenes of luxury,
Spirit! have I not been with thee?

SPIRIT OF GENIUS.

Yet wherefore have I not met thee then
In the walks of life, and the haunts of men?
Is it the doom of my wayward fate
To find thee in things inanimate?
Can the soul's proud immortality
Hold no fond fellowship with thee?
Why find I not in the human breast,
Thy thrill divine and thy presence blest?

SPIRIT OF JOY.

Spirit! because thou hast not sought!
Thou wilt find me in hearts with feeling fraught,
In the light of celestial woman's eye,
In her bosom's fond sincerity,
In her smile that steals thy soul away,
And the silvery softness of her lay;
But more than all, and all else above
In the charm of her warm devoted love!
Thou wilt find me too, in that lofty hour
When man bows down to thy mighty power,
And yields his passions all resigned
To thee, proud master of his mind!
Spirit! when time hath that moment brought,
Then search thy secret and inmost thought,
And thou shalt own exultingly
That the Spirit of Joy doth dwell with thee!

J. G. BROOKS.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

On sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And when the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse, came down
The glory that the wood receives
At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward, in the mellow light,
Rose the blue hills—one cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone
In the warm blush of evening shone:
An image of the silver lakes
By which the Indian soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard,
Where the soft breath of evening stirr'd
The tall gray forest—and a band
Of stern in heart and strong in hand,
Came winding down, beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sung—that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head:—
But as the summer fruit decays—
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior—and within,
Its heavy folds, the weapons made
For the hard toils of war were laid:—
The cuirass of woven plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death dirge of the slain:
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame—
With heavy hearts—and eyes of grief—
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stript of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless—
With darting eye, and nostril spread—
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came—and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

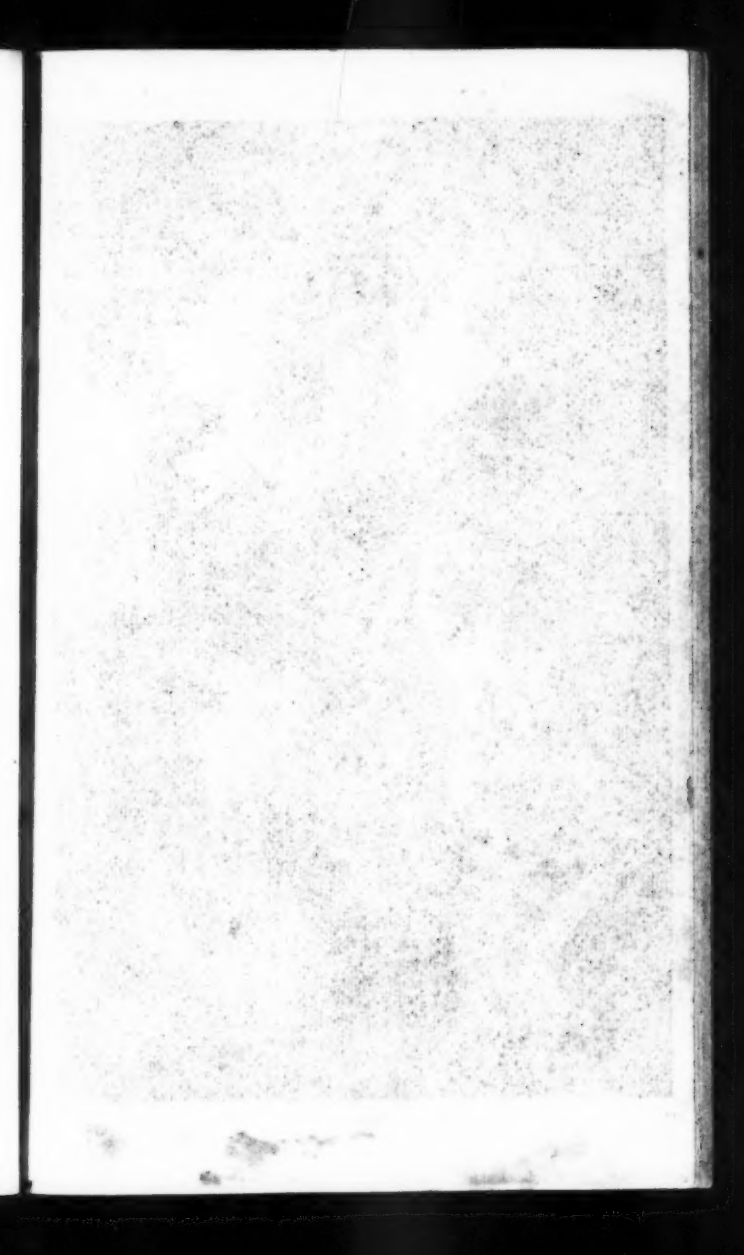
They buried the dark chief—they freed
Beside the grave, his battle steed—
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart:—One piercing neigh
Arose—and on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

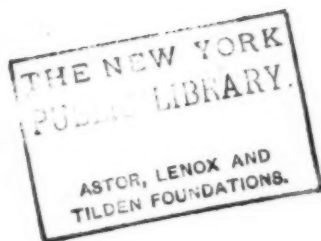
ALBANO.

There is a pleasure, in the pathless woods---
There is a rapture in the lonely shore---
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

DURING my residence at Rome, many years since, it was with me the most unvarying source of pleasure, to wander entirely alone, and sometimes for days together, through that part of the Campagna which extends to the south of the city. Far to the east the hoary Apennine rises in all its majesty; forests of perpetual green waving on its sides, and its broad summit swelling in conscious grandeur, high into the air, crowned with perpetual snows. As the sides of the mountain sink down into the vale or broad plain which spreads to the Mediterranean, the lofty and rugged peaks gradually subside into hills. Of these, some are softened into swelling prominences, some still rise in rude and rocky grandeur, not indeed so lofty, but almost as wild as the gigantic range beyond. Among them are a thousand little sequestered valleys, where the herdsman in primitive simplicity still







feeds his flocks, amid a herbage whose vivid dyes are not often spread beneath the burning skies of Italy. And though far from the scenes among which Virgil tuned his earliest lyre, the pruner may here be found singing to the breezes beneath a towering crag, the shepherds stretch their lazy length in many a shady cavern, and the thrush and the pigeon are still heard from amid aerial elms.

The last of these hills is the Alban Mount, rising from the plain in unrivalled beauty, and adorned with all the recollections of classic history and song. Around its base were acted the scenes of fiction or of truth, which adorn the earlier annals of Rome. The peaceful reign of Latinus, the bold invasion of the wandering Trojans, the broken faith of Lavinia, the bootless bravery of Turnus. The same fields in after ages, beheld the devoted patriotism of the Horatii—and the daring skill of Annibal. And when centuries of glory had rolled away, and brought back times of deeper darkness, than those of primeval wildness, in the same plains the ruthless Goth encamped the barbarian conquerors of the eternal city.

In a deep recess of the mount, embosomed in hills covered with wood, lies in unruffled clearness the LAKE OF ALBANO. As I have seated myself on its margin, I could scarcely believe that I was the inhabitant of a busy, noisy world, so quiet and secluded was the scene around. The trees bathed their weeping branches in the waters, and the waters gave them

back, reflected from a mirror purer than crystal. Around its borders once grew the sacred grove of Diana, and it is yet a scene where the silent goddess of the night might love to linger. It was here, if we are to believe the tales which have come down to us, immortalized in song, that she recalled to life her loved Hippolytus, and hid him in the deep recesses of the forest, even from the vengeance of angry Jove. It was here that for three hundred years the city of Ascanius, the rival of mightier Rome, was the seat of empire and the throne of Trojan kings. Can we believe while wandering amid these rocks and woods, that this is the scene of Livy's 'pictured page'—that where now nothing is heard but the pipe of the shepherd, or the lowing of the cattle—nothing seen but the glories of unrivalled nature—once bands of matrons lingered with their children in silent sorrow, as they were driven from their homes, or filled with their loud shrieks the deserted temples of their gods—once palaces, and shrines and extensive dwellings, were torn down by ferocious soldiers, who rushed shouting through a conquered city? It was here too, that the Latian Jupiter, seated on the loftiest summit of the mountain, looked down, the tutelary deity of the empire, upon the seat of victory and triumph, and gloried in protecting the mistress of the world.

And this indeed is the charm of Italy. It seems to live in perpetual youth. Though age after age has rolled over it, its freshness is not withered; and

though nation after nation has swept its thousand hills and valleys, it retains that which time cannot injure, and invasion cannot destroy. As long as truth or imagination shall please, so long will the children of ages yet unchronicled and of regions yet unsettled, seek her deserted shores—so long will they find at every step, something which speaks at once to the fancy and the heart.

MOORISH LADY'S SONG.

Why comes he not? 'tis now
The hour to lovers sweet,
The moonbeam through the orange bough
Falls struggling at my feet.
Soft eve has chased the noon,
The sultriness of day,
The zephyr shakes the lemon bloom—
Then why is he away?

He said that he would come,
When dews began to fall—
It ever was his wont to come
When night had spread her pall.

He dared the stormy lake,
He trod the haunted grove,
He was not one would lightly break
His promise to his love.

Hush! sighing winds be hushed!
I hear his dipping oar,
His frail bark through the ripple brushed,
Can lover venture more?
He dares a jealous lord,
He risks the lance's harms,
And he shall find the wished reward—
I'll clasp him in my arms.

J. A. JONES.

TO SOPHIE.

Thy home is behind thee full many a mile,
Where the friends that thou lovest are dwelling:
Yet no one could tell from thy gentle smile,
How much thy young heart is swelling,

Sophie.

And the wild, wild wood—and the rocky knove—
All the haunts of thy youth, thou leavest;
Yet no one could tell from thy placid brow
How thou at the parting grievest,

Sophie.

Yet the effort, although for a while it has pained,
 Will be blest to thee many an hour—
 And with energies strengthened, and knowledge at-
 tained,
 Thou'lt return to thy native bower,

Sophie.

Thou wilt greet the wild woods and the rocky glen—
 Thou wilt hear the gay dash of its water—
 And while friends throng around thee, thy mother
 again
 Will fold her fond arms round her daughter,

Sophie.

Oh! sweet are such moments of joy to the heart!
 And sweet are the tears of such greeting!
 And parting is sweet too—for those that ne'er part
 Can ne'er know the pleasure of meeting,

Sophie.

A. P. L.

THE RIVAL BROTHERS.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HOBOMOK.

"It is a fearful tale---yet true."

IT was in the middle of one of the most delightful days in June, that I commenced a short journey, which led me through the cool, sequestered forests on the eastern shore of Massachusetts. Few things are more enchanting than to saunter through the woods during a summer's noon. Nature, enjoying the deep tranquillity of a most voluptuous repose, the gay warbling of the birds, changed for that occasional twitter which speaks the full enjoyment of their tiny hearts, more plainly than the rich burst of their morning song; the very butterflies, like gay coquettes weary of conquest, closing and spreading their gorgeous wings in languid indifference, the deep shade, the drowsy splendour mantling the distant hills, all these bring to me a delicious sense of quiet existence, which no other scene produces.

During my ride, every thing tended to heighten this feeling to the utmost. I could not mistake that I was in the land of my forefathers. Even nature bears the rigid aspect of those venerable heralds of our freedom; and time, while he has led wealth, taste and fashion through all our favoured land, has passed by these secluded spots with religious awe, and scarcely brushed the antiquated scene with his noiseless wing. The faces you meet are as a title page, on which "by-gone days" are written; the children have the reverential demeanour of the olden time; the sea-breeze murmurs through the wood, with more of psalmody than song; and the very moss-grown stones have an air of puritan sanctity.

My companion was one with whom I was too familiar to strive to be agreeable; and they who cannot be eloquent when effort is unnecessary, may forever despair of the power. Conversation is always delightful when the thoughts spring spontaneously from the tongue, attended with all the contagious exhilaration of wit and talent; but it is even yet more delightful, when catching its tone from surrounding objects, it flows gently on, deriving new charms from the scenes around, and new interest from the circumstances under which we enjoy it. Such a conversation I was at this moment listening to from my companion, and every instant with increasing pleasure. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of one of the most frightful and loathsome looking objects my

eyes ever beheld. The lofty and projecting forehead, and the bold, rigid contour of the head, all indicated the possession of prodigious power; and the "spark of hell burning in his eye," proved that power had been exerted for the prince of darkness. He was clothed in the squalid and tattered drapery of exceeding poverty; and deeply had age graven upon his iron visage, the lines of guilt and passion. The painter and the sculptor could not have found a more fitting personification of pestilence or crime.

At the sight of us, he darted into the wood with that instinctive aversion, which ever leads the fallen spirit to shun a purer nature. My companion knew him well; and, at my request, repeated the terrible incidents of his life. As nearly as I can recollect, they are contained in the following story.

Among the numerous families who worshipped the Lord in the beauty of holiness, in 1776, few, even in the days of primitive devotion, were more blameless in life and conversation, than those of Eliphalet Warner and Lois Leslie. Their dwellings joined each other, and their children had grown up together, healthy and beautiful, as the trim shrubbery around their doors. Frances, the only daughter of the widow Leslie, was the sweetest little wild-flower that ever breathed fragrance on this sinful world. Seldom has nature blended in one countenance, two such striking characteristics of loveliness. Mildness was the per-

vading expression; and it was not until we had looked again and again upon her large blue eye, that it revealed its depth of meaning. Thought was there, not in the grandeur of beaming inspiration, but tranquil as a waveless lake, pure as the intelligence of angels, and joyous as infancy in its happy dreams. There is a nameless light in this spiritual kind of beauty. It comes from the sun of a world, brighter and holier than our own. The painter, the poet, the sculptor, have never embodied it; and nature with all her radiance, her bloom and purity, affords no metaphor. The mother, faded and care-worn, was still such a one, as once seen, could not be easily forgotten. Her face, manly but not masculine in its outline, and energetic in its expression, indicated the possession of vehement feeling; but its serious, and somewhat severe aspect, told that youthful enthusiasm had been checked by many sorrows, and that the waves of affection, repressed on every side, had worn a channel deep into the soul. An only son, the stay and staff of her old age, recently returned from the American camp, exhausted by long and painful illness, completed the number of their affectionate household.

Mr. Warner, a rigid but kind-hearted old man, had long been deprived of the partner of his youthful days. It was strange for one apparently so harsh in his nature, but though his hand and his heart were ever open to his neighbour, and though his eye lighted up with all a father's joy when Frances stood be-

fore him in her loveliness, yet his thoughts were ever with her who slept her last sleep; and the old man lived in the bosom of his family, estranged from all save the widow and her charming daughter. Two sons were all that remained to him, and they were a most striking instance of dissimilarity of character, produced by the same education and the same habits of life. That intellect differs in native vigour in various individuals, and is strong in any peculiar department, only from the accidental direction of attention, has been abundantly proved; but supposing the mind to be thus bent by circumstances and situation, how hard it is to trace the hidden causes, which create in the same family such various modifications of moral purity and mental force.

Joseph and William Warner looked as unlike each other, as they really were in pursuits and inclinations. Joseph was dark, lowering and designing; with eyes deeply set, and looking out from beneath their shaggy brows, like the fiery balls of a tiger hidden in the clefts of a precipice. William's complexion was likewise dark, but his expression was noble and ingenuous to the last degree; and his face had much of fresh, youthful beauty. Joseph was a furious tory; William a firm and decided whig. Both were the declared lovers of their fair neighbour; and both had been told by her judicious mother, to wait for more peaceful times, and until maturer years should enable her to judge discreetly and to decide wisely. In habits of

unreserved intimacy with both—treated as a cherished sister by William, and the alternate object of the most headstrong love, and the most taunting jealousy to his fiery brother—it seemed for a long time doubtful how the balance would turn.

I know not why it is, but impetuosity, ardour and lordliness of manner, are usually exceedingly attractive to women. It is, I believe, simply that worship of power, which exists in every human mind. The same principle that prostrates the soul before nature in its wildness and majesty, and before art in its magnificent desolation, bows it down to the might and energy of man. Some have said, that the fearless and unprincipled have readiest access to the female heart, merely because they are so; but they know little of woman's character, who say or think this. If the licentious are fascinating, it is because they can counterfeit so well that deference and tenderness, which originate in the purest feelings. If the unprincipled obtain superior influence, it is because boldness is mistaken for strength, and moral insanity for intellectual vigour. To the timid eye of Frances, a character torn and convulsed by contending passions, seemed to have a fearful grandeur. Her reason told her that William was a thousand times more fitted to make her happy, but imagination hovered round the image of Joseph, and veiled its darkness with her own seraph wings. Her gentle nature shrunk from his ferocity, and she dreaded an influence, which she always found tumult-

tuous and exciting; but like the bird charmed by a rattlesnake, the greater her fear, the more powerful the attraction. Such was her state of feeling on the evening we choose to present her to our readers; and that night was one of deep interest to the whole village. The sergeant of a recruiting regiment was among them, and every one was awaiting the result of the draughts with painful anxiety. Young Leslie, dying for the cause in which his young comrades were about to engage, turned restlessly on his pillow, watching for the entrance of William Warner, with all the eagerness that weakness and lassitude would allow; and Frances and her mother attending to his wants, and glancing at the window every time, a cloud flitted across the declining sun, betrayed the same inquietude. At length the silence was interrupted by the entrance of William. Mother and daughter sprang forward to meet him; and the invalid fixed a most piercing look upon him. Not a word was spoken—but he felt what they would ask; and covering his face with both his hands, he exclaimed, “I am!” The sick man groaned deeply; Frances burst into a flood of tears; and the matron with a firm countenance, but a bursting heart, clasped his hand warmly, as she said, “well, none but our God will be left to guard us now. But go, my young friend, strong in the Lord of hosts. These are solemn times. Men must act, and women must endure.” “Oh if I could but act,” exclaimed the invalid, “Oh my bleeding country! that ever my arm

should be weak at an hour like this." "But, my dear William," said Frances, "will it be very long before you return to us;" it may be very long, he replied; and his heart swelled almost to breaking, when he looked on the fair creature, and thought of the chance of battle. Before he could add more, his elder brother abruptly pushed before him—"There are others going, as well as you, sir," exclaimed he, glancing at the tearful Frances, and eyeing William with the most malignant expression of jealousy and scorn. "Where," asked the astonished widow—"To the British camp," was the surly reply. Young Leslie made a violent exertion to rise upon his elbow, but exhausted with the effort, sunk upon his pillow with an expression, in which indignation and pain were contending for victory.

"Joseph," said his brother, in a tender but reproachful tone, "at least spare our good father this dreadful blow." "Take care of your own concerns, Mr. Morality," answered the renegade; "the old man ought to be proud of a red-coat in his family." "Heavens!" exclaimed William, "are not burning towns, gushing blood, a father struck to the earth in his old age, by a British officer—are not all these enough to rouse you to a sense of outraged rights? I should glory to die in such a cause." "God grant you may have your wish, brave brother of mine," answered he, with a look of the most bitter hatred. Frances shrunk from him, as from a fiend. He had never before dared to

unveil his depravity to her view; and her mother, though she well knew him to be fierce and ungovernable, was thrilled with horror at his demoniac expression. Finding himself an object of distrust and abhorrence, and trying in vain to exert his accustomed power over Frances, he left them at an early hour, without deigning to say one word in kindness or exculpation. Imagination, thus rudely driven from the hold which reason had long ago represented as dangerous, clung to the excellent William, with a tenderness which Frances had never before experienced for him. Mrs. Leslie had not suspected her predilection for Joseph; for deep and passionate love is seldom unreserved in its nature; and the ready smile and frank affection, which she ever bestowed upon William, might well have been mistaken for feelings deeper than they really were. Beside the love they all bore him, their hearts were naturally softened towards one, just about to engage in a doubtful and bloody cause; and the young man returned to his home that night, more than blessed in the conviction that the dangers which surrounded him had awakened affection, where he most wished to awaken it.

When Frances entered Mr. Warner's house the ensuing evening, she found the old man seated at his door in a high, wicker-backed chair. Beside him lay a heavy, brazen-hilted sword, on which his eye rested with a sort of uneasy abstraction. At the sound of her voice, he raised his head, and gave her one of

those beaming looks of welcome, which her presence always called forth. "You've said a kind farewell to my boy," exclaimed he; "and blessing on you for it. He will go forth to his duty with a lighter heart." "And Joseph—is he gone too?" said she, blushing slightly. "Name him not," replied the old man, with sternness in his voice and manner. "He has quarrelled with his father, cursed the best of brothers, and last night left us, without one farewell, to join the hateful oppressors of his country." "I have always thought," said Frances in an agitated tone, "that his words were more wicked than his intentions." "I have hoped so, till of late," replied he, "and it is even now hard for a father's heart, to believe in the guilt of a son; but do you know, my child, that when I told him he did not deserve the sword of his ancestors, and that I should give it to his younger brother, he cursed me to my face, and would have stabbed William to the heart. Oh, he is black with crime. Woe be to all, who have part or lot with him."

The sound of distant drums here interrupted the conversation. It grew nearer and nearer, and presently a ragged, miserably equipt, and worse disciplined band came upon the sight; yet women and children, the aged and infirm, welcomed them with more heart-felt gratitude, and deeper respect, than has often been given to the glittering pageantry of military despots. Who that saw that wretched troop of young patriots, eagerly marching to join the standard of Washington

and the youthful La Fayette, would have believed, that, ere half a century had elapsed, the aged La Fayette would have been welcomed in the flourishing capital of New England, with all the magnificence of wealth, "the pomp and circumstance of war." Who could have believed that the infant, then presented at Freedom's altar, there to be baptized in blood and tears, would so soon have been a giant among the nations?

The music loud, rapid and merry, spoke the cheerfulness of the departing regiment; but when the dwellings of Mr. Warner and the widow Leslie came in view, by one unanimous impulse, the music ceased, the march stopped; and dividing to right and left, they lowered their guns to the father of William Warner. There were peculiar reasons, why these houses were dear to them all. There was young Leslie, who had gone forth at the loud call of his country's distress, as healthy and buoyant as they—and how had he returned? To send forth the soul in one agonizing bound on the field of battle, had few terrors for youthful enthusiasm; but the stoutest hearts shuddered at days of wearisome sickness, and the slow progress of loathsome decay. Then there was the venerable father of young Warner, whose sage counsels were the oracles of the village, and whose intrepid spirit had given nerve and sinew to them all. There was the widow Leslie, who always had a smile, as cheerful and encouraging, as if the last stay of her

old age was not about to be reft from her in this hour of need. Then there was Frances. So lovely, so beloved, bringing the strongest claim that can be brought to the heart of man, that of helpless beauty and unguarded innocence. Therefore it was that, while mothers, sisters and infant brothers were looking from every door and window, they chose to halt here, and pay their last farewell. Often during their brief march, they had stopped to give their little ones a parting kiss, and to receive the prayers, tears and blessings of those who were near and dear. But now they paused for the last time, and they paused too, where every thing conspired to make their last adieu more agonizing.

"Come to me William," said the old man in a clear firm tone. The youth stepped forward, and lowering his hand on his rifle, kneeled at his father's feet. "My son," continued he, "here is the sword of your brave old grandfather. It did deadly execution in the French wars; and his hand was clenched around it in his dying hour. It is an heir-loom in the family, and should have been given to my oldest boy; but"—his voice choked, and for a moment the veteran covered his face with his hands, and rested on the hilt of the weapon. "Farewell my son, my only son," continued he in a trembling voice, "I can go down to my grave alone. The God of Israel bless thee, and anoint thee with strength for these times of peril." The young

soldier pressed his father's hand with a convulsive grasp, gave one long, one lingering farewell to the spot where his beloved Frances stood by the side of her mother, and fearing to trust a single word, hastily rejoined his companions. There was not a dry eye among them, and when they came directly in front of Mrs. Leslie's, all involuntarily uttered a shuddering groan. James Leslie had entreated to be bolstered up in his chair, to take a last look of his youthful associates. There he sat, pale, wasted and agonized with pain; his head reposing upon his mother's bosom, and his sister standing beside him like a seraph at the couch of the dying. An unnatural intensity of light poured from his eyes, and he raised his hand in a faint attempt to make a victorious flourish, as he exclaimed, "God will give us the victory!" He started up, with one sudden bound of anguish—his head sunk on his shoulder—the glazed eyes remained fixed on the youthful band before him; but they saw no longer.

To the young soldiers there was something dreadfully attractive, in the rayless look of the corpse before them. It seemed as if the very dead urged them onward. William would have given his life to have returned for a while to his friends, to aid and soothe them in this dreadful trial; but a longer time than usual had already been allowed to the indulgence of personal feeling, and the sergeant was impatient of

delay. The music struck up—and amid sobs, and groans, and tears, with brave but lacerated hearts, they bade a long farewell to their humble homes.

Sad, sad indeed was the dwelling of the widow Leslie on the ensuing day. Alas! how little do we appreciate the courage of our fathers, and the fortitude of our mothers, at the soul-trying period of our revolution. In all scenes of public distress, woman is compelled to make exertions, not the less painful, or the less difficult, because they are not performed on the public theatre of a sympathizing world. To fasten the knapsack round a father's neck, to fill the cartridges of a beloved husband, and see him go forth to battle when his little ones are crying for bread, and his desolate home is left at the mercy of the ravager; to have none left to dig the grave of an only son, and to consign him to the cold, damp earth, wept over only by the aged and the helpless, require no ordinary effort of human strength. Yet such were but every day scenes, during our desperate struggle for independence. Mrs. Leslie bore her sorrows with even more firmness, than distinguished most women of that period. True, she was staid, and sometimes melancholy, like one who had left behind her all the verdant spots in the wearisome desert of life; yet she was ever active in her duties, ever ready to sympathize in the griefs and anxieties of others. The voice of Frances lost nothing of its melodious kindness, and the matrons of the village looked on her light step

with as much pride, as they had in the happy days of her childhood; but a shadow had passed over the sunshine of her face, and when she smiled on her mother, it was in the deep sadness of anxious love.

Months passed away. The far-off din of battle came to them, only in broken and uncertain echoes. In the new state of the country, and at that troubled period, all communication between the army and their friends was difficult and dangerous. Nothing was known of Joseph since his abrupt departure. Whether he had actually joined the British forces, or merely secreted himself from his infuriated countrymen, remained doubtful. William had not been seen or heard of, since the thrilling look of tenderness and pity which he gave to Frances, as she stood by the side of her lifeless brother; but morning and evening, fervent prayers for his safety arose from the lips of those, by whom he was so deservedly beloved. Left to the quiet communion of her own spirit, Frances found that her affection for him had taken deep and vigorous root. Each succeeding day increased its power; for it is one of the strangest perversities of love, that absence strengthens it far more than constant presence. The memory of his devotedness to her and her widowed parent, was associated with every thing around her; and each day, some deficiency in their household comfort, reminded them of the industry and kindness, which had so promptly supplied their wants. A thousand nameless attentions, trifling in

themselves, but invaluable to a woman's heart, crowded upon her memory. She sent him a letter, in which this state of feeling was most frankly expressed, and when one tedious week after another passed away, and brought no answer, she gave herself up to the conviction that it had never reached him. A brief note did, however, at last arrive. It contained merely violent protestations of unalterable attachment, and besought her to meet him between the hours of six and seven, in an adjoining wood. It stated that life and death depended on her secrecy, and that even her mother must not know of the interview.

"Why this mystery?" thought Frances, as she read and re-read the singular epistle. "Probably he has stolen from military duty, and detection would be death," said she to herself, "yet surely my mother might know of it." All her conjectures ended in the supposition, that William had some good reason, and that she ought to comply with his request. Fear never once crossed her guileless imagination. William had, from his cradle, been to her as a brother, and to distrust him, was like dreading contagion in the pure balmy air she had breathed from childhood.

At an early hour she was seen passing through the village—her little well-known gipsy-hat lightly resting on a profusion of glossy hair, beautiful as "a shower of sunbeams." She had given a parting kiss to her mother and Mr. Warner, with a joyousness for

which they could not account; and as her slender little figure passed along like a vision of light, the neighbours all remarked that her smile was brighter, and her step far more buoyant than usual.

Evening came and she returned not. The fears of the anxious mother, increased to dreadful intensity. At last a traveller told of horrible screams which he had heard from the wood. A large band of old men, women and children, suddenly collected, and hastened to the spot he indicated. Alas! the hand of violence had cut her down in her youth and beauty! The lovely face, still and pale as marble, had yet a shadow of the imploring look which last passed over it; her long, fair hair was tangled in the shrubbery; and the sword, which had been a farewell present to her lover, lay all bloody at her side. Those who heard her mother's shriek, carried the remembrance of it to their graves. She had endured much, but her burden was mightier than she could bear. She never smiled, after she looked upon that fearful sight. Her short life was but protracted agony; and before three months had elapsed, she slept by the side of her murdered daughter.

There needed no sibyl to point out the assassin. When the light of their lanthorns first fell on the lifeless being so dear to them all, the wretched father of William Warner clasped his hands in convulsive agony, and groaned out, "Oh Joseph! Joseph!" and he it indeed was, whose guilty hands had thus madly

torn the beauteous one from life, and its most enchanting hopes. His hatred of a brother, whose excellence he would not imitate, had been greatly increased by the transfer of the sword to him, and by a parting interview, which he had overheard, between him and Frances. Deservedly surpassed in his father's affections, and rivalled in his passionate love, his haughty spirit was goaded to the utmost. The night he left them, he swore to his own soul a deep and sure revenge. He sought the American camp in the character of a spy; he obtained access to the barracks of the unsuspecting William, and seizing the fatal sword, which had so much embittered his malice, he aimed a death blow at his only brother. A struggle ensued, and William was well nigh proving victorious, when, in the voice of his earlier years, he exclaimed "William!" The sword dropped at his feet! he seized it, and before his brother had recovered from his consternation, Joseph had gone beyond recall.

This adventure a little softened his ferocious nature; and perhaps the dreadful resolution he had taken would never have been kept, had not an American been brought into the enemy's camp, under the imputation of carrying important papers to the rebels; but Frances' letter by these means came into his hand. Stung to the soul with jealousy and rage, he again swore the horrid vow.

We have already told, how she was decoyed into

his presence. It matters not what were the insults and the heart-cutting words he heaped upon her. It was a shocking detail, and I would fain spare the repetition of it. Suffice it to say, he talked with fiend-like malignity of love crossed and ambition thwarted; he reproached her with broken promises and disappointed hopes; and when she refused to pollute her soul with false vows, he sealed his oath with blood!

William lived to hear the agonizing tidings. He lived too, again to spare his wicked brother, when his sword flourished over him in the tumult of battle; but ever after that, he seemed to rush upon his death. After one of the sanguinary conflicts which immediately preceded our independence, he was found dead in the very centre of the British army.

His father lived to extreme old age, as happy as the sympathy of his countrymen, and a firm trust in the Rock of Ages, could make one who had passed through such a fiery ordeal. Joseph never saw him after the death of Frances Leslie; but the depraved wretch survived them all; and it is not many years, since he was seen seated on the road-side in Plymouth county, as we described him at the commencement of our story.

DESTINY.

SHE walked among the great of earth,
And went in rich attire,
And spoke in gladsome tones of mirth,
Like music from a lyre.

She counted o'er a world of friends,
And thought them all sincere;
Sweet messengers that mercy sends,
To reconcile us here.

She knew not of that weary hour
Which want has struggled through,
Her way was bright with gold and power,
And luxury still new.

She had a smile for all the gay—
Like sunshine from her heart:
And she never turned from grief away,
When her warm tears would start.

She never felt ashamed to weep,
Before the poor and lowly;
For she felt such blessed tears would keep
That young heart fresh and holy!

And so she went to sorrow's door,
And she stoop'd to hush its cry,
Till pain itself knew evermore
When her angel step went by!

She glided through the merry crowd,
With music on her tongue—
And forth her silvery laugh went loud,
And round and round it rung.

Then in sweet cadences they told
Love's witching tale by night—
Till her echoing bosom scarce control'd
The hurrying delight.

And many sought her, deem'd divine,
With many a practised wile;
And all, like pilgrims round the shrine,
Stood waiting for her smile.

But life was her's, with wealth and joys,
Till life itself grew dreary,
And she felt, of all its golden toys,
Her heart was getting weary.

Till at the altar side she bent,
And gave her vows to one,
And a beautiful pledge to her was sent,
And life again begun!

A mother's hopes—a mother's fears
Are lighting up her days;
Her radiant smiles are turn'd to tears,
Her laughter changed to praise.

But lo! a change is on her life,
Her days of glory gone,
And over her babe, the widowed wife
Hangs weeping and forlorn.

Her young companions in the dust,
Her best—her morning friends;
The youthful ones she loved at first—
The last o'er whom she bends.

Her wealth is scattered to the wind,
Her gold has purchased none,
Whose heart would glory to be kind
To such a cheerless one.

And vain are all the tears she shed,
O'er misery's simple tale—
There are none to glisten round her bed,
Or wet her forehead pale.

Beauty, and love, and all, are fled,
All but her infant boy—
He stays, like hope around the dead,
An unextinguished joy.

230 THE CROSS AND CRESCENT.

But soon that little flower must die,
Its early light be flown—
Lo! now its spirit seeks the sky—
The mother's is alone!

“Alone on earth!—my child—my child!
I come to meet thee there!”
And she pressed him to her bosom wild,
And veiled him with her hair.

She looks into her infant's eye,
And a tear is in her own—
She bows in that last bursting sigh—
Her heart is overthrown!

GRENVILLE MELLEN.

THE CROSS AND CRESCENT.

In holy land, the fight was done,
And those who lost and those who won
In mingled carnage lay;
The sun its parting lustre gave,
While sacred Jordan's modest wave
Blushed in its evening ray.

And, when the moon o'er Hermon rose,
Casting abroad on friends and foes,

Her cold impartial beam:

Christian and Moor promiscuous throng,
Crescent and Cross were swept along

In Jordan's hallow'd stream.

There rode, upon the Moorish side,
A chief, that day in turban'd pride,

As frank as Moor can be:

A braver Moslem never laid,
O'er christian foe Damascus blade

In holy chivalry.

A gallant barb the Moor bestrode,
And round the bloody field he rode,

Like tiger for his prize:

True to his idol God, he bore

A koran at his belt before,

His guide to sensual skies.

Athwart his way, his feet unshod,
With scrip and staff, a pilgrim trod.

Who sought the holy shrine:

That pilgrim left his native shore,

With Richard, and his good claymore,

To fight in Palestine.

"Down, Paynim, down," he cried "and try
"Who best can fight, and calmest die,
"Where Jordan's waters flow!"
To earth, like light, the Moslem came,
In wrath invoked the Prophet's name,
And rush'd upon his foe.

His scrip the pilgrim cast aside,
And bared his blade; "for him" he cried,
"The cross who freely bore!"
Each gave one parting stroke and fell,
Pilgrim and Moorish infidel!
They fell, to rise no more!

With flushing cheek and throbbing heart,
Each marks his eddyng life blood part!
To each his Heav'n is nigh!
Say, Moor can wine or woman's smile
Thy pangs allay, thy fears beguile?
Or can thy prophet lie?

Oh! mark that wretched Paynim now,
While rage and anguish rend his brow!
His prophet, once adored,
Despised and cursed; his koran rent;
His nerveless hand, with vain intent
Grasps at his broken sword!

Those lips, no more in rage set fast,
Supinely part, the strife is past;
The flickering purple flies!
His haggard eye-balls fiercely glare,
For death has set his signet there,
He bites the dust, and dies!

That wounded pilgrim mark'd him not,
This world its cares and joys forgot;
"Thy will be done," he cried;
Against a palm his shoulders braced,
Before him there his falchion placed,
Its hilt the cross supplied.

Upon that cross his thoughts reposed,
His hands were clasp'd, his eyes were closed;
And, o'er his brow, were seen
A ray of mild celestial light;
So smiles the pensive queen of night
O'er Arnon's wave serene.

When fled the spirit none might know,
By flush, or pang, or mortal throe,
There came no sob or sigh:
And less the parted pilgrim seem'd
Like dead man's corse, than one who dream'd
Of brighter realms on high!

The faithless, like the pagan die,
The hopeless, with the Moslem lie,
Who spurn that holy name,
And doubt Jehovah's awful pow'r,
Shall find their doubt in dying hour,
Despair, and rage, and shame.

So, where the desert waste extends,
A speck in air, at first, portends
Zahara's fatal wind;
The dread mimoon, remorseless blast
Sweeps forward, o'er the sandy vast,
And leaves a wreck behind.

Calm as the breath, that gently blows
The soft perfume of Sharon's rose,
Abroad in summer skies;
So from the world the just shall part,
The broken and the contrite heart,
That God will not despise.

A SOBER PICTURE.

How beautiful are the Almighty's works!
How varied and sublime his bright creations!
I stole from out the bower of wedded love
Upon a summer morning, when the lark
Was hovering o'er the thin, gray cloud of mist,
And singing duets with a redbreast perched
Upon an ancient elm. The air was still
Save with the babbling of a pebbly brook,
And the slight murmuring of the distant wave,
And fancied anthems of the things, which choose
Such hour for their low symphonies, and then
Are silent, as they seem to mortal ears.
The beams of coming day had paled the lights
Which deck by night the glorious firmament,
Save one, all radiant yet, the morning star.
The flocks and herds were not abroad, but lay
Quiescent on the grassy knolls, or grouped
Themselves near to the outlet of some field,
Their former pasture. Now and then a lamb,
Grown pettish from long abstinence, would wake
His mother for his nourishment, and then
Lie down to sleep again. Decayed trees
Five hundred summers old, shot up their spires,

And threw their gnarled arms across the mist,
Like Polyphemus, groping through his cave
For shrewd Ulysses. Floods of healthful dew
Were on the grass, and bowed the violet down,
And drenched the moss rose, and the clover leaf,
And gemmed the heath-bell, and the maiden's blush.
Beside me lay a little, quiet lake,
Fenced from the northern winds by lofty hills,
And stately trees, its border fringed with vines,
Its bosom hidden by a broad, thick veil
Of leaves of water lilies, woven o'er it.

Anon the sun rose o'er the mountain tops,
And nature woke to joy. The flocks sprung up
And fell to nipping of the dewy buds
And tender grass. The kine went lowing forth,
To slake their eager thirst in the cool rill.
The lark came down, the redbreast left his perch,
And both exchanged their pastimes for their toils.
The bashful lily tore away its veil,
And opened its white bosom to the sun.
The family of flowers dried up their tears.
The labourer went whistling to his work,
And all was joy and gladness. Then I sung
How beautiful are the Almighty's works!
How varied and sublime his bright creations!
How infinite, benevolent, and just,
Is he who spoke these things into existence!

J. A. JONES.

THE WOOD PEWEE.

The Wood Pewee, (*Muscicapa of Wilson*,) arrives in Pennsylvania, the earliest of our migratory songsters, while the woods are yet leafless; and in autumn, long after its companions have sought a warmer sky, only retires with the cold blasts of November. Its migrations are made always in the night. Its notes are grave and simple, becoming more melancholy and plaintive with the declining year. Its habits are retired and unobtrusive; it frequents rivulets and shady ravines; and loves to build its nest beneath projecting rocks or under the eaves of unfrequented dwellings.

Sweet little songster! once again,
We hear thee warbling in the glen.

Oft as the measured periods run,
That lift the planet to the sun—
When Flora wheels her verdant car,
To follow 'neath the solar star;
And Zephyr, from her garland, throws
The snow-drop mid the wasting snows—
When winter to the arctic zone,
The axis of his crystal throne,
Obedient to the god of day,
Shrinks from beneath his brightening ray;
Yet dares to linger, cold and drear,
To check the promise of the year.

- Sweet little songster! once again,
We hear thee warbling in the glen.

From fields of ever-blooming flowers,
From heavens where the palm-tree towers,
When nature, to the northern groves,
Summons the songsters to their loves;
First herald of the woodland choir,
Thou plumest thy little active wing,
To bear thee through the wastes of air,
And hover o'er the van of spring.

The same benign instinctive Light
That led thy pilgrimage from far,
Shall guide thee on the breeze of night,
Unfriended by the moon or star—
Until, thy native rocks among,
Soft thrilling through the budding grove,
We hail thy unobtrusive song,
All tranquil as the voice of love.

Ere yet the summer's deepest shade
Shall darken o'er thy native glade,
Around thee, through the cheerful wood,
Shall sport a little chirping brood;
Intent on youthful wing to fly,
And follow to the boundless sky.

Swift as the vernal breezes blow,
The summer's fleeting moons shall roll,
And chequer'd autumn soon shall throw
Its hues of feeling o'er the soul.

But every day shall be to thee
As happy as the blooming spring,
Shall bring its undiminished glee,
And tireless buoyancy of wing.

And e'en when autumn rude and drear,
Has seared the beauty of the year;
When prouder songsters far away
Have followed the retiring ray;
Yet shall the woods and rocks prolong
The plaintive accents of thy song.

Till nature from thy summer home,
Kindest of guardians, bids thee roam—
Calls thee to fly where Flora leads,
O'er sunny isles and flowery meads;
And in another vernal land
To join again the tuneful band—
To plume again thy little wing,
And chase the circling car of spring.

Sweet bird! may still thy warbling be
As soothing and as dear to me,
As when at first thy cheerful lays,
The music of my youthful days,
Could all their loveliness impart
To my yet free and careless heart,
And wake the bounding buoyancy
Of happy thoughtless infancy.

And, as the pauseless lapse of age
Bears me through this uncertain stage,

Amid the cares that life employ,
Still prompt to reminiscent joy.
Yes! may the autumn of that year,
Its fading hopes and pleasures here,
Teach me, like thee, to wing my flight
Before the winter's hopeless blight,
To brighter regions far away,
Realms of interminable day.

T. F.

IMAGINATION.

SAY! why unbidden swells a sigh,
In beauty's pensive breast?
Why clouds a tear her azure eye,
If on that page it rest?

Perchance she reads misfortune's tale—
Of joys forever fled—
Of orphans' tears, of widows' wail,
Of virtues early dead.

Perchance she reads of broken vow,
Of honour's injured fame—
Long days of penury and woe,
Of misery and shame.

Ah! thus can FANCY, pitying ruth
And tears unbidden, bring;
And strike, with all the strenghtⁿ of truth,
The heart's responsive string.

Ah! thus, when all around is gay,
When grief is yet unknown;
Still will the poet's wizard lay,
Unconscious Nature own.

THE TRIALS OF THE TROTH:

OR,

THE DEATH-BRIDAL.

 AN ITALIAN TALE.

IT was near the hour of sunset, in the early part of the year 18—, when a large ship was seen to anchor opposite the town of P—— on the south shore of Sicily. Naturally inquisitive and curious at such an event, as the approach of a foreign armed vessel to their island, much excitement was manifested among the motley multitude, that was crowded upon the quay. This curiosity was by no means diminished, when, by the red light that was still lingering in the air, they were enabled to discover the huge starry ensign that lazily unfolded itself from the peak, and, as the vessel swung, threw its broad volumes seaward, upon the evening breeze.

As soon as it was ascertained that the stranger was an American frigate, there was a general stir among the people, and a thousand speculations gave rise to as many hums and murmurs, as question and answers

and opinions were interchanged. Many wheeled off from where they had been standing; some satisfied with a knowledge of the fact—some disappointed in the arrival—a few turning away as from their customary lounge, with indifference—some silent with thoughts of what might be the object of the commander—and some with no thoughts at all, until the crowd was dispersed among the pillars and porticos, or lost in the gathering gloom. A few solitary beings, more contemplative or more curious than the rest, were the only objects left gazing upon the strand—the shades of evening closed in fast, and a slight mist gradually taking the place of twilight, even those few, at last, slowly disappeared, and left the scene alone in its beautiful calmness. The shrill whistle of the boatswain, lights rapidly dancing from one end of the deck to the other, the rattling of the rigging, the plunge of something overboard; all became in a short time still, and the ship made a part of the darkness.

It was yet in the freshness of morning, when the green barge was manned and was seen cleaving its way towards the shore. A number of persons, (apparently idlers, and many of them perchance, the very last who had lingered to speculate about the ship, on the preceding evening,) were already gathered upon the landing-place, deeply scrutinizing the boat, as it shot rapidly towards the quay. Having landed their passenger, whom, in all their movements they seemed to treat with a deference which bordered

rather upon kindness, than fear, the sailors, at the order of the officer, fell into their places, and the stranger bade the whole company a hasty adieu. There appeared to be an expression of honest regret at parting; for, on his turning to leave them, every hand was carried to the hat, in unequivocal respect. This was too much to be overlooked at such a moment; and while the young officer was answering some short inquiries, addressed to him by a person who seemed to be one in authority, the passenger thrust something into the hand of the man at the bow, with a rapidity, which at once betrayed a consciousness that he was in a forbidden act, and yet with a hasty unwillingness to suppress any generous emotion at such a peculiar crisis. At a word, the oars fell simultaneously, and the barge returned.

The stranger, evidently wishing to hurry from observation, ordered a porter to precede him immediately to the principal hotel—and he withdrew overwhelmed with the strange and mingled, and sometimes harassing emotions, which a long voyage, long reaching recollections, and more than all the conviction that we are left suddenly alone, in a land of strangers, are apt to awaken in the most hardy of us. For there is something even on ship-board, that we learn to become fond of; and there is an attachment grows upon us, notwithstanding the general tedium and monotony of the existence, which is strong in proportion to the space within which it is obliged to

exercise itself—an attachment to men and things, which, when the characteristics of one and the bustle of the other are suddenly gone from us, leaves us to a solitude far more intolerable, than the sameness which it has succeeded—ourselves and our recollections.

From the questions asked at the landing-place, satisfactory information was derived. It appeared that the ship was an American ship—a frigate—one not unknown in the Mediterranean, and forming a part of our squadron in those seas; that she was bound up to Naples, and had touched in at P—for the purpose of landing the stranger, whom we have already introduced, and who had come to the island with the intention of spending the season upon its shores. Such was a short history of this mysterious affair, to the wondering lazzaroni who crowded round to hear it. The ship would sail again to-morrow—perhaps sooner, and so the whole thing would be ended.

It was near night-fall, and as lovely a one as ever blushed over the waters of the Mediterranean, when Mr. Somerville rose, highly refreshed from his bed upon which he had flung himself early in the day, to escape if possible, in deep slumber, from himself and his tormenting thoughts. But it seemed as though Fate this time, was determined to be unkind to him; for as he at last, after still agitated and hasty strides along his chamber, seated himself in the deep

window that looked abroad over the bay and the expanded ocean, his attention was immediately attracted towards the frigate, already flinging out her topsails, and moving majestically to sea—whitening and looming every moment over the blue, until the whole body of her canvass was spread, and she rode upon the deep like some beautiful spirit of the element, blessing the waves that wooed her. As the wind blew fresher, she sprang gladly upon her course, until she almost faded from the suffused eyes of the stranger, who, while he gazed, felt all that bitterness come over him again, which he had hoped to forget upon his pillow. His memory seemed to grow more intense as the ship melted into the horizon, and he at last turned away almost agonized—for as he saw her sinking from his sight, it brought so closely, and so powerfully to his mind, (exercised, as we have all felt it to be, by those rapid and excited imaginations which seem to appertain to no other time,) the departure of the tried friend in the hour of desolation—who has given you his farewell, and turns back, and smiles, while he leaves you:—it came rushing upon him with such an aggravating resemblance, that he grew almost wild at one of the most beautiful and tranquillizing scenes in nature. It was certainly natural that he should feel all this—and feel it with a true sorrow too, for the very thought was making torture of the finest feelings in his bosom. The truth was, Mr. Somerville was a man of deep sensibility, an en-

thusiast, and what could there be to awaken the very spirit within him, more effectually than such a scene, the ship in which they had embarked from shores dear as life to him, which had brought him from his home and friends, to a new sky and a strange earth—the vessel, the only thing that he could look upon and claim acquaintance with, from which he had but just departed, and which was now leaving him perhaps forever? He thought just as every generous man will feel, that you may deride and call such things weak and fanciful—but try the parting, especially if your heart has been racked, before you pass sentence upon the emotions that come like a flood upon you at such a moment. Again, once more, and for the last time he gazed upon her, an indistinct and cloudy mass upon the still warm sky, and then smiled at himself that he should be so deeply affected, at what he thought so simple a thing; and summoning up some of the manliness of his nature, he was about closing the lattice, when his ear was struck with strains of wild and original music, and he could see, at a short distance, just under one of those porticos which seemed to be a favourite resort of these restless people, a crowd collected round the spot from which the sounds appeared to issue. It was so sweet, and so full of pathos, that it well served to beguile the otherwise unpleasant moments of the stranger, and while he felt soothed by the melody, rude and native as it seemed to be, he could not fail to promise him-

self high enjoyment and renovated health, in a land where he could hear such music and see such sunsets. He had heard much about Italian scenery, and the mellowness and beauty and poetry of the atmosphere, and the remembrance of the bards of the country, for as a scholar he was intimate with them all, from Virgil to Alfieri, helped to give a glow to his consciousness that there was much truth in the picture; but he never felt all this till now, and his first and immediate impulse, was to issue forth and cool his still feverish brow in the balmy air, for which the evenings of this climate are peculiar.

Wrapping his cloak around him, which, besides comporting, in some degree with the costume of the country, would serve to screen him from a deal of that observation which a foreigner is accustomed to attract; he proceeded along the ample promenade, until he fell into the shadow of the buildings, already deepened by the approaching gloom. Attracted by the sounds which had before drawn him from his reverie, he instantly drew near the music, guided by the group that still circled the minstrel, until he was mingled with the shifting throng that pressed round a diminutive looking fellow, who was accompanying some singular instrument, apparently of eastern origin, with a voice so clear and melodious that it rivetted all the attention of the stranger—he could not help urging himself as far forward as possible, to hear this wonderful creature as he sent out volumes

of melody that rung along the piazza, beneath which he had planted himself, and floated out upon the multitude with a harmony so entrancing to the ear, that there certainly must have been a charm in his modulations; there was such an air of breathless attention over the whole of them, the half-raised eye fixed upon nothing, but revolving in unconscious delight—the parted lips from which there seemed to be hardly an aspiration, the moving on tiptoe even at the outmost of the crowd; all these signified that he was more than a common master, who was pouring such delight into all ears. The stranger had dropped the folds of his cloak, and stood completely lost in admiration of the powers of this gifted being; never had he heard sounds so thrilling, never an instrument touched with such delicate and magical beauty, and though an ardent worshipper of the art, and an amateur and vocalist himself, he never formed a conception that such an effect could be produced by the human organs, an effect so admirable, so overpowering as this was!

The music ceased, and he was about moving away, when by the still small light that was left, he saw the hand of a person just at his bosom, in the act of dividing the ribband from which was suspended a rich gold pendant that had escaped from its confinement, at the moment when he was leaning forward in the depth of his attention; and in another instant, by an unseen blow, the man was stretched at his feet. An

arm was hurriedly thrust within his own, and before the crowd could recover from the confusion and consternation which so sudden an event was calculated to produce, or even before he could thank the stranger for his timely interposition, Somerville found himself at some distance from the scene, and still compelled to walk precipitately at the side of a person, who a single glance convinced him was a gentleman, and by whom therefore he was willing to be governed, under these singular circumstances of introduction.

"We are now," said the stranger, relaxing the rapidity of his progress, and turning for the first time towards his companion; "we are now happily beyond the ugly excitement, which may have been produced by this affair—but I treated the villain very kindly—nay, not a word of thanks if you love me, if"—continued he, glancing his eye upon Somerville's cloak, "I was so happy as to prevent the loss of something valuable." Somerville's hand went immediately to his bosom; and the stranger observed him to colour a little, when he found that in the hurry of his movements, he had forgotten to return the pendant to the place from beneath which it had escaped, and that it was still hanging upon his breast. He now hastily replaced it. "Great God," exclaimed he, "can it be possible that man will attempt a deliberate felony at such a moment!"

"Ah! my friend," cried the other, "these are not

the days of Orpheus, he and his harp with its fabled power are all gone together, and I fear that in our days, music will save few men from the gallows, or in any way rob justice of her duty." "Either the man was deaf, or he has no conscience," returned Somerville.

"Neither one nor the other," answered the stranger; "he is one of those beings who live upon such moments, as those unguarded ones which you enjoyed, he makes traitors of our very noblest feelings, and thus bends the finest emotions of which we are capable, to his foul service. I perceive, sir, you are a stranger here, but I have lived long enough among this people, and I believe, upon experience, you will find it so among all—to discover that there are many who will watch with the eye of a basilisk for such holy times, to commit their sacrilege in."

Somerville thought his new companion talked like a philosopher, and began to grow interested in him at once, there was about him an air of generosity and candour that struck forcibly upon his conviction; and as all such properties in another found congeniality in his own disposition, it cannot be wondered at, that the two were insensibly drawn towards each other, by that indefinable propensity which gives birth to an immediate mutual respect, by no means incompatible with the unreserved and careless ingenuousness of refined and polished minds. This is one of the most delightful of all acquaintances and friendships;

it knows nothing about time, and of course is not measured by it, nor of seasons, and will not vary with them, nor of events, and cannot be traced by a thousand circumstances which make our attachments matters of gratitude or necessity; such attachments doubtless have their value, but what are they, compared with the immediate and involuntary union of spirits that seem born to sympathize together, at once, and forever! They are but friendships of derivation, and as such, had better be left with those lesser souls who are adepts only in the etymology of the affections. Somerville felt all this, he felt as though he had found a friend in a land of strangers; and to make our own doctrine good, he felt that he should have had the same regard for the stranger, though there had been no jewel in his bosom, and though he had not levelled the villain who endeavoured to pilfer it.

Continuing their walk and their conversation, Somerville listening to the remarks of his companion, with deep attention, seasoned as they were, alternately, with information and repartee, and the stranger, on his part, answering the natural inquiries, and correcting the erroneous opinions which a foreigner is apt to hazard, and all this too, with the freedom of a fair acquaintance; they had arrived before Somerville was aware, by a circuitous route, at the door of the hotel. It was with difficulty the stranger would release him. "We shall be neighbours at least, then," cried he, "for I live but a short distance on

the Colonnade." "Much better than that, I hope, even what we now are," returned Somerville extending his hand. The stranger bowed, returned his grasp, slipped his card into the hand of Somerville, and promising him an early visit upon the following day, was immediately lost in the darkness. Somerville retired that night with a cool brow and a calm heart; musing upon the strangeness of his introduction, and in his dreams saw his ship sailing prosperously, and his home and his friends smiling like April, over a little letter which he preposterously was reading with the rest of them, and which was signed wonderfully after the manner of his own chirography!

Theodore Mina was a native of Italy. His father, an opulent merchant of Florence, had seen a beautiful and promising family gathering round him, and being a strict devotee of the Church of Rome, found little to trouble his conscience, while his ships returned well laden, and brown health smiled in the cheeks of his children. Something of an adventurer indeed he was, as every one must be who draws riches from the ocean; but while he was wrapt up in all the avariciousness of his calling, his sons, who had grown into manhood, began to look abroad for fame and reputation, not without a natural desire of speculating in a genteel way, upon the coffers of their father. Martial glory beckoned two into the ranks of war—and after a few years of generous excitement and honourable enterprise they died, with

full purses and high ambition—one in the Peninsula, and the other among the ruins of Switzerland. Theodore was the youngest. Literature and the elegant arts were the intimate companions of his secluded hours; and while his brothers courted the favour of Minerva in the severity of her helmet, he pursued the maid in all the mild beauty of her flowing hair. Having enriched his mind at the purest fountains of which his country could boast, he sought in wide and distant travel, the varied learning of Europe, and returned to his native land in season to accompany his father to the south of Sicily; who was induced to retire there, not because he had amassed enough, but chiefly on account of the declining health of his wife. Here, though living in ease and affluence, remembrance of his former prosperity, and that foolish sorrow for its relinquishment, which often marks a narrow, though otherwise energetic mind, together with all that restlessness so natural to an ancient money-maker, soon ate into his heart, and his afflicted partner was forced to perform those sad offices to his remains, which he little dreamt she would live to administer.

Left now as sole protector of his mother, Theodore felt himself bound to the spot. In a spacious and elegant mansion, they both found at once all the quiet and retirement of life; and while he never allowed his devotion to his studies to transform him so far into a recluse, as to draw him from those kind and tender and social attentions to his widowed parent,

which are so soothing when they come from an only child—and so sweet in the giving withal, yet he found his chamber was almost his best acquaintance in the island. If sometimes he was gently reproached by his mother, for his seclusion like a monk in his cell or an astrologer in his turret, his smile and his enlivening talent of sociability, both of which he could call forth though they hardly seemed natural to him, would dispel the occasional gloom, and their little table would be the home of filial tenderness and parental joy. For Theodore had one of the kindest hearts in the world—and his mother one of the purest minds; it was one of those in which he took delight—it was a mind that easily found companionship with another, and knew how to retain it—so that neither cared to part with the other, because in going along together, they both found an agreeable exercise, and both learned something by the communion. Such was the person into whose arms Somerville had so singularly and so literally fallen, through a chance, by the way, which, in the days of his own Maro, would have been called an omen—such the person who had parted with him a few hours before, and who now entered his room, punctual to his appointment.

Somerville rose to receive him, and saluted Theodore with all the sincerity which his obligation seemed to impose upon him. He advanced with the card which he had been perusing in his hand. "This,

sir," cried he, "will save, on your part, the ludicrous solemnity of self-introduction, and," continued he, taking his hand, "allow me this morning to thank you fervently for your kind interposition, and to assure you that its remembrance will be as lasting, as the gratitude of George Somerville."

Even this was too long, and Somerville felt it to be so, but he could not help it, though he saw a smile working itself into existence round the lips of his friend, all the while he was labouring to tell his name. He thought he might have done better, that he might have exchanged cards, that—but it was all over now, and they both felt as though a bar of granite was removed from between them.

Somerville resumed. "But our introduction aside, Signor, I have been induced to consider the coincidence which threw us so strangely together, as in no manner lessened either in interest or mystery, that it has only anticipated"—and slightly bowing, he presented to Mina one of those 'letters patent' which every one knows the value of, who has come a stranger to a strange land. "I confess," continued he, "I have thought upon its singularity, as it is the only solitary letter I brought to the country, but you hesitate, perhaps I am wrong, another family—perhaps I have mistaken the individual."

One look of Theodore answered him. He had taken the letter, it was directed to his father. The moment his eye rested on the envelope his agitated

countenance caught the attention of Somerville, and occasioned an equal embarrassment in his own bosom. Suspicion at once flashed across him, it was confirmed by the momentary revery of his companion. It was needless to say a word, the truth was easily understood, the very silence explained it. Theodore had been but a little time fatherless, and this event was somewhat rude to his feelings, though Somerville was as innocent, as he was unsuspecting about it. His fine olive features at last brightened with a smile, "Mr. Somerville," said he, "I need not tell you, I am rejoiced you have come here; I am too secluded, I had almost said, too solitary a being not to hail this introduction to my father's house, as one of the happiest things in the world for me. I never was made for a misanthrope or a hermit; and yet I have symptoms of becoming both, merely because I want a companion."

Somerville felt more and more convinced of the truth of his first impression—that he had found a man in whom he could repose his confidence, and seek for sympathy at all times. There was in this very last, and indeed, first confession, much to admire, as well for its frankness as for its character. It betrayed an opposition to that misguided and sometimes fatal sentiment, which is so apt to influence young and imaginative souls, when left to their workings in solitude, and which so often overwhelms the fairest and most splendid fabric of intellect, when it makes the very

inspiration of genius, the servant of a melancholy and desolate enthusiasm.

"Surely then," cried Somerville, willing to sustain a course of conversation, which would save the impertinence of inquiry, and at the same time discover the habits and employments of his new companion, "this must be a favoured spot for the pursuits of literature and philosophy; to one whose hours are uninterrupted by the concerns of life, the climate and home associations hereabouts, are enough to make a scholar, place but the books before him, after he has looked upon your horizon and your seas." Theodore smiled at the energy with which he spoke. "For my own part," said he, "my time knows no master but myself, and I must say that I chasten it not a little, not from ambition, or necessity, or pedantry, but I believe more than all from habit. You will soon discover that I am near enough to being alone, though that is a thing that I never have mourned for, and to which perhaps I am constitutionally inclined. I am, and always have been a student, Mr. Somerville, and if I can understand any thing from our short acquaintance, you will not complain of this as a fault, for I believe you have been a close one yourself. The climate, you say," he continued, rising to a more natural tone of gaiety and freedom; "Why yes, you are right there, 'tis as kind to study and contemplation, as it is famed for the influence it exercises upon all those deeper passions which animate and ennoble, and,

who can deny it, which fascinate, and win upon, and ruin us."

Theodore, in his turn, spoke with enthusiasm. Somerville observed it. "I fear, after all," returned he, "that you are practising a little pious fraud upon me, and that your chamber walls are not your solitary acquaintances, at least that your devotions are not all paid in their presence; but there is nothing to fear on that score, the fable never gave them any thing but ears."

"Aye, and they might see, too," cried Theodore, "for all your wicked insinuations—but" continued he, in laughing confusion, "I am, very gravely and certainly, an internal character, governed more by those very associations that you mention, than any thing else—yes, though you shake your head—thinking sometimes with enthusiasm that Rome is not a thousand leagues away, and that I can almost call the Morea out of the waters as I gaze over them; excited or absorbed the more, as you will naturally allow the case may be, when I paint these visions upon the very pages of their philosophers and poets as they lay before me—but you will think me at best but an ancient, if I say any more about it, and I only mention this to give you a picture of what my life has been, since I have resided here—and so dissatisfied am I sometimes to find this disposition growing on me, that I have been more than half inclined to get away again upon my travels, and try to learn and

not ruminate so much. So true is it indeed, that I feel but little inclination to be abroad here, that we may both lay to merest chance our happy and emphatic rencounter, which came, as it seemed, to signalize one of my unfrequent wanderings—but, my dear Somerville, I see you will be the bettering of me; and this letter, let me add, has only served to confirm my resolution, formed at our last interview, of bringing you under the same roof with myself. I beg of you, no refusal, no conscience about it—indeed I command your immediate compliance.” Opposition or even hesitation would have amounted to ingratitude, where there was so much cordiality and good will—and as that was a vice which he had just forsworn, Somerville acceded to Theodore’s proposal, with that grace which silently acknowledges a kindness, while it believes it will confer one; and the latter took his leave.

Something like congratulation rose within him, as Somerville reflected upon the issue of his adventure. The events which caused it, certainly had transpired rapidly, and had an air of romance about them, which would have been in good keeping with an age or two behind him, and which lost none of their interest in a mind, formed as his was of such poetic material. Indeed every thing seemed to have passed in a moment: he had come there a stranger—and had found a new home, before he had time to think of the one he had left: the thought had some-

thing consoling in it—and he felt a kindly, renovating glow come over his feelings. He was surely to be very happy or very miserable in this place—he felt confident of it. He had been truly sorry, completely desolate, feverish, enchanted, disenthralled and domesticated—and all within the compass of a few hours. The clouds rolled off his memory, for they had been settling upon its horizon, as dark and dense as they now appeared piled upon the distant rage of the ocean, he saw expanded before him: he felt that he had found a brother in this new clime, and he no longer wished as he had done, for the waves he looked at, to roll over him, and make his forgetfulness as deep and shoreless as the sea: he even smiled at his recollected sorrow, and wickedly made sport of feelings, which it would have taken little to beset him with again; and to end it all, even the fatal ship which had caused the very wantonness of his grief, was almost forgotten, or, if remembered, was thought of only as a very good place to be sick in. His thoughts then naturally reverted to Theodore. He thought of him with all those deep but shifting emotions of grateful interest, which the occasion of their acquaintance seemed to command. His easy carriage under circumstances so perplexing to himself, and that unaffected deportment which never fails to mark the gentleman, were remembered with distinctness: but there was nothing struck him so forcibly as the story of his seclusion, so young, and so monastic, so spirited, and

so rigidly studious, so generous in fine, and yet so solitary that the world would call him selfish—there was but one conclusion he could come to; “he is certainly a noble gentleman,” exclaimed Somerville, “but he is as certainly in love! the gods have mercy on him! with all his depredations upon antiquity, he has but treated Plato like a cavalier; but, in love, in love,” continued he, “then, perhaps, I shall be but a poor companion for him; alas! perchance he knows not how nearly his case may resemble mine”—and he fell into a train of musing upon possibilities and extravagances, like a man in the wanderings of a fever, who pictures out whole campaigns of incident, within the boundaries of his bed-curtains. “I will find all this out, and if there be no Lethe or Styx nearer than the fabled land, I will try what my experience may do for him.” Somerville conceived he had made a great determination, but his curiosity was excited. Who might be the lady? Is she beautiful? Is she fascinating? Does she carry all the destruction of love about her? Somerville made her as beautiful as the star-lit blue he contemplated that night, with eyes of that unfathomable hue which the heavens put on in their midnight lustre, and her mind was as rich as those heavens were in jewels. Indeed, he was determined upon her perfection, and fell asleep half enraptured with his vision, putting to shame, by his fervour the passion of the artist, who stood in despair over the work of his chisel.

The next day, Somerville found himself beneath the elegant and hospitable roof of Theodore Mina. There was an attic ease in the arrangement of every thing which met his eye, and a feeling of refined comfort was continually about him, whether he looked upon the almost princely establishment of his own apartments, or threw a broader glance upon the capacious variety and richness of this venerable mansion. Without, was all the chasteness of approved architecture, and within, all the taste of the scholar and the gentleman. The very silence that reigned within it, gave an air of sad grandeur to the building, and in the midst of all the finished but simple elegance which was there, the mind loved more to linger upon the thought of what it once was, of what such a place must have been the scene, in some former day, perhaps of splendour and merriment and feasting, than upon its present beautiful loveliness, and apparently unappropriated magnificence.

In the mother of Theodore, Somerville found much to admire, and all that purity and simplicity of disposition, which could not fail to awaken in a mind like his the most kindly feelings. She was not a woman of high-toned character, but there was about her an air of solicitude for her son, and a continual betrayal of kindness on his part, which her nature seemed to ask for and expect, that was somewhat striking. She seemed to repose all her hopes, wishes, fears in him—she acted with a constant reference to him, as though to him

all her will was completely surrendered; there was a sense of reliance, mingled with deep anxiety for her only child, that formed in her manner that perfect picture of domestic beauty which few families or few hearts are able to furnish. On his introduction, Somerville felt that she was fully worthy of such a son; for as he led his mother forward on her entrance, and wished her to bid Mr. Somerville welcome as heartily as he did, there was a tear rushed over her eye as it glanced from one to the other—and as a smile of the sweetest benevolence chased it away, the guest could not but feel how grateful his reception must be, where he came to cheer the souls of a widowed mother, and a secluded and melancholy son. Brightening through her tears, “God be thanked, Theodore,” said she, in a suppressed and tremulous voice, “that you have found a being to interest you, even if it be in the shape of a man; indeed Mr. Somerville, I am afraid my hermit boy has found me but a poor companion in the midst of his studies, and we meet so rarely, and his cheeks look so pale of late, that, spite of all the shaking of his head I must say it, he treats me almost unkindly, and—” Theodore was at her side in a moment, and the reproach died on her lips. “Mother, mother,” cried he, “I am going to repent on the sudden; and so I have your forgiveness for being so very old, and acting so like a Vandal; I will forthwith effectually change my faith—so, Mr. Somerville and myself break treaty with doctrines

and folios and philosophy, and henceforth we are for flowers, and ladies, and smiles, and music." She was about to reply to the gay Theodore, and warn him of the equal danger of his new speculations, when the kindling blush that flushed high and rapid over his countenance and temples, told her it was needless. Somerville observed it. Theodore broke into a laugh of life and gaiety, to hide his conscious confusion, and bidding his half-delighted mother a hasty good night, seized Somerville by the arm, and they descended together into the square.

We have said that Mina led a lonely and abstracted life in the mansion of his mother; and we have heard from his own lips, that all his interests were confined within the four walls of his chamber. How true this playful assertion was, the issue must prove. Meanwhile we will venture to say, that his solitude was by no means unenviable. There are certain minds of that peculiar temperament, which finds retirement a blessing when the heart has come in for its share of exercise—and if they be minds whose greatest excitements have been of a literary kind, the more solitary their pursuits, the greater is the intellectual progress, while the affections are increasing every moment their morbid sensibility. Such was the nature of Mina—and while to all the world, and apparently to himself, he was the being he had drawn himself, he was in habits of frequent intercourse with one of the first families in the island, and held deep

and still communion with one in its little circle, who threw such an intense interest round his existence, that his heart was called to severer trials than his mind, in its most arduous employment, was able to contend with and alleviate. The charm was a melancholy one; every circumstance tended to make it more so, at each repeated visit; and the only fear that seemed to master him, was, that the melancholy of his enchantment would be soon turned into desolation. There was a silence, a devotedness, in the intercourse of Theodore with the object of his admiration, that was unusual—it gave that air of abstraction to all his movements, which was apparent to every observer, and lent a degree of mystery to his love, which would lead one to expect in the idol, something of singular attraction, or of uncommon interest.

Theodore Mina was then, at the moment, under the influence of a deep and overwhelming passion; and at the time of his utter disclaimer of every object of regard, save his books and his reflections, his heart was perhaps more completely harassed than ever, under the singular circumstances of his attachment.

“Come, Somerville, to-night you must accompany me to the Colónnas: you will become melancholy if you remain longer shut up, in these large desolate rooms, it is time I showed you the fairest things in our land. The family I would introduce to your acquaintance, is the only one with which I am on any terms of intimacy here, and the members of it—but

come—I should run on and tell you every thing—but I want you to judge for yourself.”

This was a few evenings after Somerville's arrival. The stars were glittering through the mellow atmosphere, and the friends bent their steps along the walk under a night of enchanting loveliness. Every object attracted Somerville's attention, there was such a beauty shed over the whole—but Mina was apparently absorbed in his own contemplations, and as he proceeded, his step acquired a rapidity, and his whole body an agitation, which could no longer escape the observation of his companion. It was soon accounted for, without any inquiry. They now stood before a large and beautiful building, and however still it was without, there was evidently some commotion within. Lights were seen darting from one apartment to another, and the hurrying steps of servants announced to our visitors, that some uncommon alarm had seized the family of Colonna. Theodore sprung from the side of Somerville, and hastily accosted some one just issuing from the door. Somerville could hear nothing distinctly, but he could perceive the low bent head and vehement gesture of Mina, as he interrogated the individual, and a few hurried accents escaped, which led him to believe, some sudden sickness had occasioned the terror they had witnessed, and the consequent apprehensions of his companion. In a few moments Mina returned, with an unsteady step and a flushed countenance. “We must return—Isabella

has been taken suddenly ill—she is dangerously ill, and we cannot be admitted—great God! that my apprehensions should be realized so soon.” And he drew Somerville hastily along. They returned sadly to the colonnade; Mina completely silenced, and Somerville wondering at the cause, which had so suddenly transformed his philosopher into the enthusiast of woman. Theodore bade him a melancholy good night, and he was again left alone to a new train of reflections.

Many days passed away, and Mina seemed to have relapsed again into his former apathy. But it was only seeming. He was suffering one of the hardest trials of the soul; and in the illness of Isabella Colonna, he felt that his own heart was withering. He went abroad, indeed, with his friend; but all their excursions were damped by the melancholy which he could not subdue, and which Somerville was too delicate to inquire into too deeply. He had learnt from Theodore however, that the alarm had subsided, and that the lady was pronounced out of danger. This relieved him so far that his smiles had begun to return, and a new visit was contemplated, as soon as the family was restored to that tranquillity, which would allow the introduction of a stranger.

Somerville, meanwhile, was convinced that it was no common agent which had taken possession of the bosom of his friend, and to nothing but a most violent passion, could he attribute the almost frenzied conduct he had witnessed. This was a subject on

which he had too much sympathy to be indifferent—and the circumstances of his own life had been so peculiar in certain respects, that the events he had recently witnessed threw him into a course of revery, which, though melancholy, he had no disposition to disturb. Indulging in this train of reflections one evening, his memory looked back upon the bright and beautiful passages of his life, as you look upon a stream flowing away from you, and breaking into silver here and there in the moonlight: “alas, for the lady of his love!—perhaps he is yet but young in his disappointments—and yet he talks of sickness, as of something he feared for a long time; but death

• —death is preferable to a separation so sudden and so uncertain—ah! Theodore, were your fate like mine.”

And, unconsciously, almost to himself, whether by force of sympathy, or in one of those dreamy abandonments to which we are subject in our loneliness, we shall not pretend to say, Somerville drew forth the valuable pendant which we have before described, and now held it before his fixed and almost closed eyes, in a state of complete absorption. It represented a female of uncommon beauty, with a countenance of that rich and mellowed shading which constitutes the perfection of loveliness; the painting was delicate, and displayed a bust of exquisite proportions. Wrapt in his delicious dream, Somerville was hardly aware of the entrance of Mina, till he had approached him so near as to catch a glance at the miniature which

he now hurried again into his bosom. The colour flashed high over the temples of Mina as his eye fell on Somerville, and an involuntary exclamation escaped him; Somerville returned an inquiring glance, and Theodore again relapsed into a smile. "Pardon me, my dear Somerville, I may have intruded—but any thing excites me now, and you must forgive me: you know we sometimes conjure up resemblances, especially when our associations are vivid, and bound rapidly from one to the other. But I have come to have some communion with you: I feel lonely and depressed—I believe you have not escaped some of those tempests of the heart, which threaten to lay waste the better part of us, and I want your sympathy—it is vain, it would be childish, after all you have witnessed, to deny it; I am now the martyr of a passion I scarcely dare to breathe, and which I yet feel is consuming me. You must know Isabella Colonna—you are my elder, you will be disinterested, you must counsel me; for, Somerville, such is my nature, under the circumstances of my passion, that I am totally incompetent to act wisely myself."

"Perhaps you would find me a poor counsellor," returned Somerville, "but alas you are not mistaken in believing I have had my trials—will it teach you any thing, listen to a brief outline of my story.

I was born of wealthy parents, in the western part of New England. I shall not trouble you with any account of my early life, its pleasures, or its disap-

pointments. It is enough to say that I soon endured the severest trials which youth can suffer, and at the age of twenty-two, found myself sole master of my fortune and parentless—being cast upon a busy world. I made my residence in New York, and there I entered upon my profession. My prospects were as flattering as I could hope, and a career of ambition was before me, to which I sprung with all the enthusiasm of a guileless and unsuspecting heart. At this time I became acquainted with a foreign family, which had been some months resident in the metropolis. The name of this family was Bardi. The father had been obliged to fly from Italy, at the time of Napoleon's invasion, and with his only child he had sought an asylum in the bosom of America. It was whispered that there were mysterious circumstances attending his flight, and the manner of his life undoubtedly served to increase the belief, of something strange pertaining to his fortunes. But this was only the idle gossip of the city. The family of Bardi was one I loved to visit, and I soon found a fascination there which no time can overcome, and over which memory will linger till my death, in a passionate fondness. Octavia Bardi became with me, an object of perpetual worship. Before her charms every thing gave way, and ambition died within me. I knew of no joy but to be with her, and no hope but that of winning one so captivating and so beautiful. I believed she loved me, fervently as woman can love. I felt it, and the

conviction was enough for me. To her, my passion was undisguised; but in the hours of our deepest and dearest intercourse, there was a constraint in her manner which I could not comprehend. In the presence of her father this constraint was more apparent, and I could perceive from his restless conduct, and the expression of his eye when it fell on us, that there was something like discontent, if not disapproval at our growing intimacy, and especially the impassioned manner with which I urged my suit to Octavia. At first she mentioned her fears to me, stated the opposition which she was led to expect from her father, and begged me to desist from further attentions. It was with trembling and terror she expressed her apprehensions. At last I was no longer left to the misery of doubt. Bardi forbade my addresses, in a kind but firm and decisive manner. Then falling at once into the parent, who conceived himself to have been injured in his tenderest relations, he began to upbraid me with stealing the affections of his child; and concluded with a bitter smile, by saying, that when I understood she was already betrothed, he presumed he had said enough to restrain any honourable man; if not, there were other circumstances which would soon put her feelings beyond my control. With mingled emotions of compassion, rage, and astonishment, I was utterly unable to speak, before Bardi turned from me, and left me to myself. I hurried to my house in a state of anguish, before unknown to me.

Disdaining any thing like subterfuge, and resolving never to force myself upon a family, from which I had been so suddenly expelled, I remained resolutely in the solitude of my rooms, holding intercourse with little else than my bitter reflections. At last when I recollected, that all this might be but that base exercise of a father's power, which is but of too frequent occurrence in the world, and that the beautiful idol of my heart was still true to me through all this stormy trial; I was determined to have one interview with Octavia, even if it were the last; for I felt that, end as it might, it would be a consolation to me for the remainder of my days. I was resolved that all my steps should be open and bold, for I felt no guilt upon my mind. I therefore walked hastily to the dwelling of Signor Bardi, but to my amazement and despair, learned that he and his daughter had, a week before, taken passage for Naples.

It would weary you, my dear Mina, to follow the remaining history of my life. I was left like one in a desert, a creature of broken hopes, and of wrecked ambition. From the day of their sailing to this, not a word has reached me of their fate, and from that day to this, I have been the unsettled being you find me—roaming the world to beguile my weary years, and seeking after the lapse of, though not a long, to me a tedious interval, some alleviation of my melancholy in the clime from which the woman, the only woman I ever loved, came like an angel to my native shores

to gladden, and through a strange fate, I had almost said, to ruin me."

During this recital, the dark countenance of Mina underwent a frequent agitation, that could not escape the eye of the narrator. At times, indeed, he was on the point of breaking into interrogation, but he as often suppressed his manner, and at last fell into a state of musing, from which he did not rouse himself till many minutes after Somerville had finished. He then suddenly inquired of his guest—"were there many Italian families resident in your city, at the time you speak of?"

"There were but few of any distinction," returned Somerville, and again Theodore was buried in reverie: at last starting up, "it is strange" cried he, "your story has made a strange impression on me, we must make some inquiries about this family. Bardi, say you—I remember none such in Naples; but it may have been assumed, many refugees resorted to a change of name in those days, and one I knew of who—but it is in vain to surmise, your story has awakened a series of associations that I cannot get over. We must say no more on this subject at present, your tale has excited my sympathies as well as my curiosity—meanwhile I will leave you, and by another night, I hope we may be admitted under the roof of Colonna."

It is time we let the reader into the state of parties at this stage of our story. Theodore loved Isabella

Colonna, with a devotion as pure and ardent as his own heart, but there was one thing which rendered the return of his passion so guarded, that he sometimes almost despaired of a reciprocity. They had unhappily been destined for each other by one of those absurd, as well as dangerous processes called a family compact; and this convention had been made known in the youth of the individuals, and inculcated on them as a certain cardinal principle, by which they were to govern themselves continually. To Theodore, this arrangement had seemed a blessed one indeed, and his heart overflowed in contemplation of the happiness, which his destination seemed to promise him. To Isabella, whose early impressions had led her to believe, that this contract was one in which her own opinion was by no means committed, and who had soon begun to look upon the whole matter, as one which her parent had thought it policy to arrange with a person of so much wealth and power as the father of Mina, there was something unpleasant in this apparent appropriation of her affections. Yet Isabella revered her father, and in her appointed lover she saw much to admire, and much calculated to win the heart of a woman, constituted as she was. But there had been circumstances in her life, the memory of which would go with her to her grave, and which had taken too strong a hold of all her deepest and most powerful feelings, to be erased by any attractions which the world, or human accom-

plishments could ever maintain. She esteemed Mina with a most pure spirit, but she could do no more than esteem him; and it was the most painful trial of her existence, situated as she was, with the compulsory mien of a father on one hand, and a devoted and generous lover on the other, to answer coldly, though kindly, the passionate admiration of the latter, and extenuate as far as in her lay, a course of conduct that jarred so materially with the feelings of her parent.

To the active apprehension of Mina, this struggle was but too manifest. But he did not understand how deep and trying it was; and while Isabella Colonna received him, even with a pensive smile, and treated him, even with a kindness that he met no where else, he was content, though it seemed a melancholy fate, to sit in the light of the one, and feel the still and beautiful influences of the other. It was no common passion he had to subdue, and though he would have died sooner than be officious in his love; still, while his passion so far flattered his hopes, as to present him nothing in the deportment of Isabella towards him, that he could not reconcile with high regard, he remained like a pilgrim at the shrine, still hoping that his offering may be accepted. With Colonna himself, his every interview served to increase the hopes, which each meeting with his daughter had seemed to wither; for Colonna seemed determined that his intentions should not be prostrated.

Thus Theodore was placed, in a wretched medium between his fears and his promises. Isabella too was a beautiful, but a fading flower; something had come upon her heart that no one knew of, and its early freshness was blighted; and at the moment of Mina's most urgent addresses, she felt that the heart was hardly worth the winning, which the possessor could hold for so short a season to his own. This she had hinted, but it was only adding misery to disappointment. Such was the state of things, when the illness of Isabella had thrown Mina into the disturbed and melancholy situation, which we have attempted to describe.

Weeks had passed away, and still the contemplated visit to the house of Colonna was deferred by Theodore, who, since the last conversation with his friend, had worn an air of uncommon abstraction and sadness. It was a bright and balmy evening, when Somerville, to dispel the feeling of loneliness which he felt stealing over him—after throwing aside the little miniature which he had always kept attached to his person, like a talisman that he was not disposed to hazard again, as on the night of his arrival—proceeded alone along the streets of P—. He naturally bent his steps in the direction which they had taken in company with Theodore, on the night of their alarm; and in a few moments he stood before the mansion of Colonna. As he approached, his at-

tention was drawn towards a balcony which hung from a wing of the building, just illuminated by the rising moon. The gardens were sleeping in perfume beneath it, and the wild vines had crept all over the singular net-work of which it was fashioned. Leaning upon an angle of this little suspended bower, and near enough to distinguish both form and feature, Somerville beheld a female of attenuated proportions, and wan and faded cheek, and he could hear a low murmur as of some song repeated, and it seemed to him like some well remembered melody. He stood forth into the light. The figure suddenly turned, and the brilliant eye of Isabella Colonna fell upon him. The whole countenance was now near to him and unveiled. A single glance was enough, and with a low and hurried cry, "Octavia!" burst from the lips of Somerville. A low-breathed sob was his only answer, and he saw the delicate figure grasping at the support before her and sinking to the ground. Somerville rushed in at the door, and through the open apartments, and in an instant was at her side. He now gazed upon that face, as he had done in other days, and his joy came back again. Deathly as her countenance was, he seemed restored to that, which, to behold once more, was the only wish of his existence. But now he saw her, he hung over her, he held her in his arms, and to his bosom. The evening air had meanwhile recalled Isabella to her recollection. She

gazed one moment wilderingly into the face of Somerville, a beautiful smile went over her own, and she burst into tears.

But we will not prolong this scene—such things are almost too holy to be described. The re-union of hearts, torn, forcibly torn from each other, in the very spring-time of their hopes, at the very moment when their young affections are twining most delightfully together, is something to which feeling alone can do justice. The pen ministers feebly to our sympathies on such occasions.

The tale was soon told. In Isabella Colonna, Somerville beheld the woman to whom his heart had been dedicated, in another hemisphere. In her he beheld Octavia. Her sudden return from America, had been in consequence of as sudden a determination of her father, who seems to have been influenced, after a consideration of those political necessities which had driven him from home, by nothing but his arrangement to unite his daughter with the family of Mina. He saw a strong and mutual attachment growing up between her and Somerville, and he took, as he thought, the speediest method to destroy it. But he was mistaken, and instead of annihilating the passion, he gave a deathly blow to its beautiful object. The heart of Isabella Colonna had been tried too severely, and now she was sinking under the struggle. With a faint smile, “you see,” said she to Somerville, “how true I have been to you; and if you are

the same being you were to me in your own country, you will rejoice that this heart is so low in its pulsations, rather than find it given to another."

"Then Mina—Theodore, then"—"Name him not," cried Isabella, bowing her head upon her hands, "name him not, it is in vain—alas! that he should seek a bosom so cold and withering as mine. Yet he is generous, George, generous and noble, but a parent's authority can never create in my heart, love for Theodore Mina—you have heard then of this, but you should know"—"I know it all," returned Somerville, "I know it all, Isabella, I know Mina, his noble qualities, and his deep passion—but oh! what blessed reality it is to know, that the sworn fidelity of this heart is still strong and unchangeable!" and again in tears, did the lover press that shadow to his bosom.

Isabella then proceeded to inform Somerville, that her father had returned to Naples, to make arrangements previous to his removal there; the peculiar circumstances no longer existing which had before compelled him to retire from his country, and veil even the name of his family under a fictitious appellation. "But as for myself," continued she, "there is but one remove more for me, and when you look upon me, Somerville, you read all I could tell you; but," she said, with a low sob, "I shall now die happy—very happy." "For God sake, name not such things," said Somerville, "you must, you shall revive, Isabella; and even your father shall yet consent to our happi-

ness—is there no balm in my return to you!” Isabella slowly moved her head, and shook her dark hair over her forehead: she endeavoured to smile, but she answered with her tears.

Slowly and sorrowfully that night, did Somerville return to the dwelling of his friend. A thousand thoughts were rushing tumultuously through his bosom. Joy was there, too pure to be described, joy that he had found the being in whom was centred all his future hopes, and all his past reflections; to whom he had given his early faith, and from whom he had received the morning incense of a devoted and angelic heart. Then, when he thought of her form, bowing to the grave, of the almost visionary appearance of her he had hung over in the exuberance of her beauty, of her eye with a dewy and unearthly light beaming upon him; when he thought of the possibility of her dying, and remembered the prophetic melancholy with which she talked of her existence, his heart beat with a rapidity that almost amounted to agony. Then he thought of Theodore; and a confused picture of his passion, with all its natural impetuosity, his disappointment and his doubt, and the singular situation, above all, in which himself was placed in relation to one who was indeed his only friend on the island, and whose generous nature he could not but admire—all these considerations came thronging upon his mind, and mingled with his former trains of reflection, produced an agitation so

powerful, that it is not strange, when he entered the portal and met Theodore, that his perturbation was visible in his countenance and his manner.

Having hurried to his apartments, to which Theodore followed him, alarmed at this uncommon excitement, his agitation was nowise diminished, when he beheld in the hands of Mina the miniature which he had flung hastily aside, to secure an object so valuable against the hazard of another attack, in his meditated ramble. Glowing with honest indignation, he rose abruptly to demand it, and was about to reproach the shameful advantage which had been taken of his absence, when Mina interrupted him. "Spare, spare your words, perhaps your reproof, Somerville; believe me, there has been no treachery here, but my mind is distracted with doubts and questionings which I cannot unravel. In my lonely mood, I sought you in your apartment; surprised to find you gone, I was on the point of retiring, when this picture, which lay directly before my eye, rivetted my attention—but you will pardon me for retaining it so long," and he passed it into the hands of Somerville. "Need I say that from the moment I gazed on it, I have been in a frenzy to find you. Unconsciously I snatched it from its place, and I know not how long I was lost in perusing its loveliness; from that moment, scarcely knowing what I did, I have held to it as something too precious to be relinquished. Somerville, that is the image of the woman I adore; it is the image of Isabella Co-

lonna! You, Somerville, are too generous to deceive me!"

"It would be ungenerous, Mina," returned Somerville, "to doubt your honour; and after what you have said, I am not the man to question it—but allow me to say, neither has there been any treachery on my part. When I first pressed this jewel to my bosom, as the living resemblance of Octavia Bardi, it was under the rapturous conviction of love returned and vows exchanged; and to this moment, Mina, the dear original lives enshrined in a heart from which no earthly power can expel it—preserving there a value, over which time has no charm, and on which separation has frowned in vain. She was torn from this breast, Theodore, under agonizing circumstances, but the revulsion as yet has had no power over our affections. I have seen her in this island, and this very night!" Somerville felt relieved, it was all disclosed—easier—much easier than he had anticipated.

"This then, is revelation at once," exclaimed Mina, "the object of your worship, and Isabella Colonna are one: now then, my distracting fears are all realized," and he relapsed into all the vehemence of his nature, and paced the room with flushed face and disordered steps. "I thank you—I thank you Somerville, for this," then approaching, with his countenance convulsed with emotion, close to him, he said in a subdued voice, "but beware—beware how you cross my path—I am a man of despair, and the name

of friend is forgotten; yet you are under my roof, and I—I am almost beside myself—you must forgive me—yes—I had forgotten you were my guest—pardon me—go to your pillow, and rest in peace.” So saying, with a hurried step, Mina retired, leaving Somerville in a state of mingled compassion and astonishment. Yet he was prepared to meet this stormy display of feeling. The warm and fiery temperament so peculiar to his countrymen, he had no reason to suppose was denied to one of such a constitution as Theodore. But the condition of a noble heart sinking to ruin, where there was no possibility of escape, moved him even to tears, and though he was convinced that the reflection of a few hours, would cool the lava stream of his overflowing passion, yet how to conduct himself under the singular circumstances which he saw thickening around him, was matter of new anxiety. Theodore had once asked him to be his counsellor, but how could he advise him now—it was impossible; and again as he tried to compose himself, the pale countenance of Isabella seemed to come close to his own, and the low voice of her departing spirit seemed to breathe round him. Such thoughts kept down all others, till his exhausted nature sunk into forgetfulness.

The next day, as the sun was sinking, Mina entered his apartment and approached Somerville. His manner was calm—a faint smile played in a melancholy light around his face—and his hand was extend-

ed. He gave Somerville a fervent grasp, and seated himself in silence. It was long before he spoke: at last he raised his head, and a sad brightness beamed from his eye, it was the light of tears. "I have seen her, Somerville, seen her for the last time; every thing is explained; she is a noble woman, and I am satisfied: but I am doomed to melancholy, and I will have no comforters; my passion has wrestled hard with me, and my strength is wasted. You, Somerville, great God! what have you not to bless that woman for, and alas! generous and injured friend, for what have you not to forgive me. Yes, I have seen her—she is but a shadow to gaze upon, but what an exalted, and undying principle lives and burns in that faded tenement! Somerville—Somerville, she is dying a martyr to her own heart. But no more, go, and be with her—she is yours, she expects you, she waits for you; her father has returned and is eager to meet you. Henceforth I am a wanderer—come to Naples, you will perhaps, find me there, me and my desolate mother—but go now, go and solace the few remaining days of a spirit that will soon cease to light this dreary world." Again Theodore extended his hand, with averted head he convulsively pressed that of Somerville, and left him standing in that still and magnificent apartment, too full for utterance. In a few moments, though night was gathering round him, Somerville was to be seen moving rapidly towards the mansion of Colonna.

The account which Mina had given, in his incohe-

rent language, was but too true. The recent shocks which the discovery of Somerville, and the last sad and painful interview with Theodore, had given to her already subdued frame, seemed to threaten an extinguishment of all hope for the life of Isabella. Life itself seemed exhausted under the excitement of these sudden events, and when Somerville left her on that blessed night which saw him restored to her, she fell from the height of joy to which she had been raised by his unexpected appearance, to a degree of prostration that left little prospect of recovery. It was the last bright kindling of the flame, before it expires upon the altar. On his return her father was alarmed to find her so altered, and so ill. It was then that Isabella unfolded to him every thing that had happened, without reserve. Then, in the presence of him and of Theodore, she laid open her whole heart—and she spoke with the calm decision of one who saw it was no longer a duty to flatter the hard wishes of a parent, or to speak in the mere tone of discouragement to a suitor. It was then she declared to Mina, that if the memory of her early troth had before influenced her to reject, as kindly as she could, the vows of one who demanded so large a tribute of her esteem, even while the fate of the object of her plighted faith was veiled in total uncertainty; now that all doubt was removed and that object restored to her, there was but one consideration which remained to her—her affections were fast going from

this earth, she wished now to be with him to whom her young heart had been given, and she believed a few days would put that heart to rest forever.

We will not dwell upon this. The rest we have heard from the lips of Mina himself. Colonna now gazed upon a scene, for which his feelings were not prepared, and all his nature relented. He was as eager to meet Somerville as he once was to fly from him, and he looked to his presence as the only alleviation to his suffering daughter.

It was evening, and he stood leaning over the pale and sunken figure of his child. She lay upon a little couch, by the window which opened upon the balcony, and the soft night breeze stirred her dark hair, and swept it gently over her transparent brow. A step was heard in the adjoining apartment, and Somerville entered in hasty and disordered mien. Colonna raised his finger in token of silence, and as he stooped over her, a low murmur, "why does he not come?" escaped from Isabella. "He is here, my child," answered he, and at the next moment Somerville was kneeling at her side. A faint flush went over her hollow cheeks, and a smile of consolation played for a moment round her lips. It was succeeded by a sudden change, a common one in this strange and melancholy disease; her eye rested tearfully on Somerville, there was a convulsive expression passed over her countenance—nature was relinquishing her last hold upon existence. The father and the lover

started at the same moment to raise her—but the form which rested in the arms of Somerville, was all that remained of her who was once so fascinating and so beautiful. Long, long, did they both bend over that beautiful clay—we will leave them there; their sorrow is sacred, and shall not be profaned by our intrusion.

* * * * *

The moon in full splendour was hanging over the magnificent bay, when by its mellow light a little bark was to be seen, slowly making its way towards Naples. As it neared the shore, two persons might be seen apart from the rest, leaning in thoughtfulness over the quarter. One was an aged man, the other was not old, but seemed broken with grief; and the countenances of both, to an observing eye, were those where anguish had left deep and visible traces. On landing, the individuals in question bent their way into the city, and soon there was nothing like motion on board, to distinguish the vessel from the rest that lay moored round her in the stillness.

In another quarter there was frequent hurrying to and fro, and before the moon fell far in the west, a small bark was to be seen laden with the young and gallant, putting to sea, and directing her course out to the broad waves of the Mediterranean.

As soon as morning broke upon Somerville, for we will not suppose our readers can have mistaken our hero and Colonna, his first impulse was to discover

the friend in whose singular fate, he felt so strong and so natural an interest—whom he had met in gratitude and parted from in wretchedness. Mina was now endeared to him, by all those associations which give value to the memory of one individual, by the connection they hold with another. When he thought of him as the lover of Isabella Colonna, there was something that seemed to identify him with himself, in the dearest though the most melancholy relations of his life. He felt too, that he was now more wretched than Theodore, and he felt that he could find no sympathy but in him. Such were his painful reflections when Colonna entered, bearing a little note which crushed his hopes altogether. It was dated but two days previous, and had been left at the mansion of Colonna, to wait the arrival of Somerville.

“I can wait no longer—perhaps you may not come for long months. God avert the providence which I know will alone send you here, yet I know it must come, for I saw the hand of death was laid on her. I now leave this country forever. I find, Somerville, that my agony only increases with my days; and I go to join the ranks of freedom and find in honourable death an end to my miseries. Deem this no idle tale. I am resolved—but why do I torture you with words like these—perhaps you have suffered, and I am only wounding you deeper. Farewell, see my mother once more, it will revive her; she is with kind hearts,

I have not deserted her, Somerville, but I could not die in her presence.

MINA."

Our tale hastens to its conclusion. But a short time elapsed, and Somerville learnt that his unhappy friend had met the fate he desired. He died fighting heroically in the Peninsula. Somerville now felt alone again in a land of strangers, and to fly from it was the only refuge for his increasing melancholy. He fulfilled the wishes of Theodore; his last wishes—he endeavoured to comfort his sinking mother, but the task was too much for him—he needed himself a comforter. With an aching heart and streaming eyes he bade adieu to Colonna, and ere another day closed on him in Italy, he saw its shores sink on his tiring vision.

GRENVILLE MELLER.

THE DIVINE.

FROM GOETHE.

Let man, for highest ends designed,
Be just in action, generous, kind;
He differs, by his heavenly birth,
From all the tribes that roam the earth.

Hail to the spirits! the unknown,
Sublime, revealed by Faith alone;
Man, from his own example, learns
To trust in what no eye discerns.

Unfeeling nature, ruthless, cold,
Moves in her orbit, as of old;
On just and unjust shines the sun,
And bright to all, who boldly run
Through crimes, and them who have no stain,
Glimmer the moon and all her train.

Thunder and hail, the stream, the breeze,
Rush onward in their course, and seize,
Resistless, as they haste along,
One and another—weak and strong.

And Fortune blindly gropes her way
Amid the crowd, nor fears to lay

Her hand upon the guileless boy,
With curling locks, (or to destroy
Or bless, she recks not,) and e'en now
She smites the aged sinner's brow.

That mighty law, whose iron sway
Is boundless, endless, we obey;
And, following nature's changeless will,
Existence' high designs fulfil.

And man can do—and man alone,
What seems impossible, hath done,
Continuance can to moments lend,
Compare and choose the nobler end.

'Tis he that gives the wise their meed,
He may avenge the evil deed,
Heal, save, and to good ends unite
The wayward force that strays from right.

And we revere the immortal powers,
As if their spirits were like ours;
And they but widely do, what here
The best have done, in narrower sphere.

Let man be generous, just, and kind,
Unwearied do, with willing mind,
Whate'er is useful, pure, and right.
Thus will he live an image bright,
Of beings, whom our hearts e'en here,
Forebode, commune with, and revere.

G. BANCROFT.

SCENES ON THE THAMES.

There his first lays majestic Denham sung;
 There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue---
 There o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
 And, fast beside him, once fear'd Edward sleeps,
 Whom not extended Albion could contain
 From old Belerium to the northern main.

AMONG all the scenes of interest and enjoyment, which I found in rambling through England, there was no one so frequently the object of my visits—there was no one, which to me united so many varied charms, as the river Thames. To him who had been accustomed from infancy to the broad and swelling streams of America, to the roar of lofty cataracts, or the sweeping of majestic torrents, it seemed indeed strange that the boasted river of a nation, should hardly exceed in size, many a stream which flows unnoticed among our valleys. Yet next to the more ancient glories of Tiber, what river can recal to us such recollections, as those which fill our minds, when we wander on the banks, or glide upon the bosom of the silver Thames?

All of art and almost all of nature—all of history, of poetry, of wealth, of commerce, and of taste—have combined each to spread over it, a different and de-

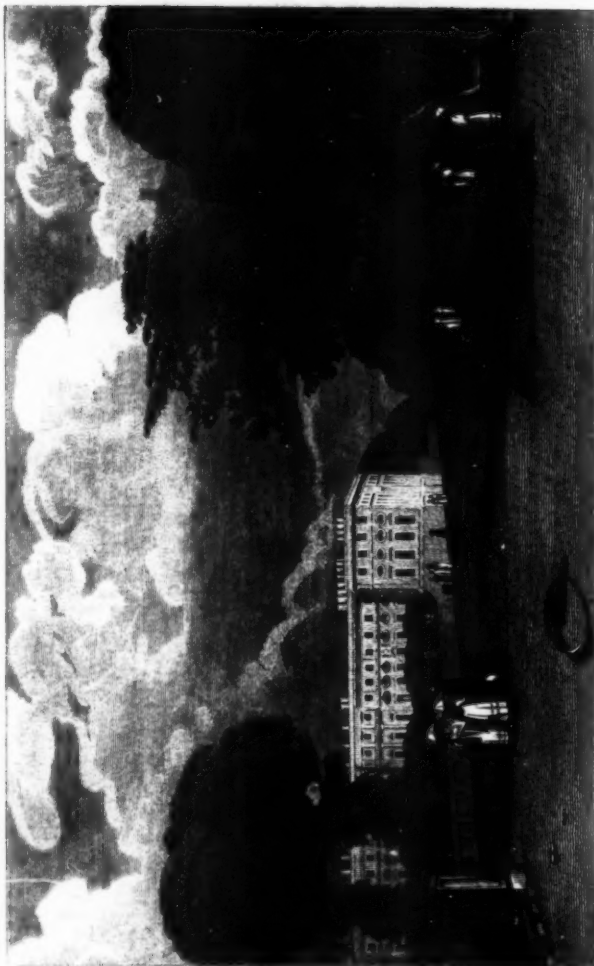
lightful interest. On its shores arise the palaces of every age, where the deeds of chivalry and honour have been blended with acts of tyranny and shame—where in more than regal grandeur, the fretted turrets of piety or superstition, rear their fairy spires amid the bolder battlements of war. On its banks are a thousand scenes rendered far more dear than these, by the enchantments of poetic fancy—scenes amid which Shakspeare, and Milton, and Pope, and Gray, loved themselves to dwell, and which they have made the seats of many a tale of inspired genius. All around, spots unrivalled in native beauty, have caught new charms from taste, which has adorned them with swelling groves, and lawns ever verdant, and seats of lordly magnificence.

I recollect with unmingled delight, the pleasures of a day spent upon its waters, and closed amid the scenes which surround the deserted palace of Hampton Court. Though no longer the abode of royal splendour, or decked with the trappings which attend a throne; amid its thick and peaceful shades, its broad walks, formed after the fashion of a century ago, it is perhaps more pleasant to linger, than among the more favoured towers of Windsor. In the country around too, there are a thousand spots, each of which has its interest, imparted by nature, by genius, or by tradition. Who can view without emotion, the temple which Garrick raised to Shakspeare—the pupil to a master, to whose fancy only he might fear to impart

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the reality of existence? Who can see without interest, the works which still retain the name, as they mark the power and genius of Wolsey; or the halls where yielding beauty, was ensnared and sacrificed by the splendour of imperial love?

Yet shall I confess, that I found unexpectedly something which to me gave even more delight, than these—it gave me more delight, because, far from my own land, it brought it back to my recollection at a moment, when I was dwelling and thinking among other scenes—it brought it back too, by showing me that a name, which I had learned from infancy, to love and honour, as that which had conferred on my country its wisest institutions, and its greatest blessings, was a name that even in earlier days, had called forth the praises that are fairly lavished, on quiet and deserving virtue.

On the north side of the chancel of the little church at Hampton, I discovered a tomb with a long inscription, and adorned with somewhat more of taste, than is usually displayed in the monuments of a country church. On approaching it, I need not say with what surprise, I found that it held the ashes of SIBEL PENN, an ancestor of the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania. It mentioned that she had died in the year 1562; and written as it is, in the quaint poetry and language of the age, I believe that it will be read with curiosity, if not with pleasure. I copied it as follows:—

“PENN here is brought to home,
The place of long abode,
Whose vertue guided hath her shippe
Into the quyet rode,
A myrror of her time
For virtues of the minde,
A matrone, such as in her dayes,
The like was herd to finde.
No plant of servile stock,
A Hampden by descent,
Unto whose race 300 years
Hath friendly fortune lent.
To cowrte she called was
To foster up a King,
Whose helping hande long lingering sutes
To speedie end did bring.
Two quenes that sceptre bore
Gave credit to y^e. dame,
Full many yeres in cowrte she dwelt
Without disgrace or blame:
No howse ne worldly wealth
On earth she did regarde,
Before eche joye yea and her life,
Her Prince's health prefer'd:
Whose long and loyal love
With skilful care to serve,
Was such as did, through heavenlie helpe,
Her Prince's thankes deserve.

Woolde God the grounde were grafte
With trees of such delighte,
That idell braines of fruitfull plantes
Might find juste cause to write.
As I have plyd my pen
To praise this Pen withall,
Who lies entombed in this grave
Untill the trompe her call;
This resting place behold
No subject place to bale,
To which perforce ye lookers on
Your fleeting bodies shall."

SONG OF THE LAKERS.

Come lanch our brave boat
Out on the wild water!
Where the bugle's long note
Once summoned to slaughter;
Where the blood of strong men once crimson'd it
through,
As though a red sunset blush'd over the blue!

Away to our ocean
Frown'd over by mountains—
Whose surge in its motion
Sweeps hard by its fountains;
Whose billows have mingled their voices sublime,
Midst the hills of our land, since the morning of time!

Oh! come—for the deep night
Is gathering round,
And the stars break to light
Down the silent profound—
And their slender beams lie on the far weary main,
Like a ray of sweet hope on the ocean of pain!

But night may come down
On the echoless lake,
And its waves, every one,
Shall to splendour awake—
For darkness itself shoots a brilliancy forth,
And flings a new morn o'er the ice of the north.

The storm, robed in power,
Comes forth from its clouds,
And flashing seas tower
Like giants in shrouds—
While the thunder-shook cliff is rent to its home,
And ocean-rain bathes the deep forests in foam.

The shouts of the deep
Grow loud in their wrath,
And hoarse voices sweep
From their dim cloudy path,
Till in murmurs they break on Atlantic's far shore,
And join the sad sound of its long sullen roar.

Oh! stretch to the grey rocks,
Whose summits once frown'd,
And withstood the war shocks
Like sentinels round;
Which hung o'er the battle-ship's shadowy track,
And the burst of her cannon in echoes sent back!

To the sun-greeting cliff
Where the warrior trod—
And at light moored his skiff
To ascend to his God—

On the rock that shall fail of his memory never,
Where the hands of rude art have instamped him
forever!

Then away to our ocean,
Whose ships trade in story,
And through its commotion
Sail freighted with glory!—

Our forests wave ever bright flags to the breeze,
And the terror-beak'd eagle's the bird of our seas.

Then away to our waters,
Away to your oars,
The dear blood that bought us
Shall hallow our shores—

And the storm-spirit sooner shall shriek o'er our
graves,

Than our souls cease to sparkle, when out on our
waves.

GRENVILLE MELLON.



THE OAK OF MY FATHERS.

I had pass'd o'er the woodland, with eye roving
cheerless,
Around the wild waste; when it glanced in despair
To that oak, which, as ever, triumphant and peer-
less,
Assured me the scene that I sought must be there.

'Twas the OAK OF MY FATHERS; for ages it flourish'd,
Beside the green fountain, that waters the glade;
In its branches, the eagle her offspring had nourished;
The days of my childhood were pass'd in its shade.

And alas! was it there, where the copsewood is
growing,
The snug, little roof-tree, that shelter'd me rose!
And there, where, mid alders, the hoarse wind is
blowing,
A fond mother's lullaby sooth'd my repose!

Where stood the lone cottage, in quiet reposing,
Now four-footed foresters fearlessly roam;
O'er the hearth of my fathers, the greenwood is clos-
ing,
And there the hill-fox and her brood are at home.

'Tis gone like the storm-beaten bark of the ocean,
No marks of whose path, o'er the billows remain!
But for thee 'twere a dream, and with filial devotion,
Thou oak of my fathers, I clasp thee again!

'Tis the work of that wizard, whose alchemy blanches
My thin locks, till snow is not whiter than they;
Though dark as the raven, that scream'd in thy
 branches,
When last from thy shelter I turn'd me away.

Thy leaves are now sear'd, by the blast of the moun-
 tain;
The eagle unshelter'd hath fled from her nest;
Thy mantle of verdure lies strewed in the fountain,
Or covers—alas, then the seer is at rest!

But I knew it must be; for that sickler who gathers
Ripe ears to his garner, could not have passed o'er
The white hairs of old Alick—he sleeps with his
 fathers;
The places that knew him, now know him no more.

'Neath the shade of that oak, when his days should
 have number,
He show'd me the spot, which he mark'd for his
 own;
And here they have carefully laid him to slumber;
“Old Alick the rhymer, lies under the stone.”

'Tis the same where he sate, as I knelt, and he
parted

The locks on my forehead, and gave me the sign;
"Dark-hair'd little Hafid," he cried, "and light-
hearted;

The relicks of Alick are ninety and nine.

In the valley, the twilight is deeper, and thither
Old Alick shall pass, from his pilgrimage free;
Once again the green oak-leaf shall flourish and
wither,

And then, little Hafid, my harp is for thee!

'Tis sweet to believe, the broad oak that i planted,
The last of my fellows, will stand by my grave:
Ere the days of deep furrows, my lays I have chanted,
And harp'd, in the far-spreading shadows it gave.

'Tis dear to my heart, when all leafless, and brav-
ing

The snow driving north; and, oh Hafid, how fair,
When moonlit, the silver, green branches are wav-
ing,

While midsummer breezes are whispering there!

Yet naught but that hope, which grows brighter
and clearer,

Like mild Hesper, beaming, when twilight is near,
To cheer the faint heart of the pilgrim, is dearer
Than Hafid, the fabler, to Alick the seer.

304 THE OAK OF MY FATHERS.

Ere the cradle had rock'd, or the mother caress'd
thee,

I gave thee the sign, that I give to thee now;
But, Hafid, I sigh'd in my soul, 'as I bless'd thee,
For lines of the future were deep in thy brow.

I knew, when the raven scream'd fearfully o'er
thee,

As first thou wert cradled, 'twas heaven's decree,
Thou wert not for the world, more than Alick before
thee;

Then first my harp, Hafid, I destined to thee.

But not for thee now, while thy bosom is glowing;
With visions of fancy, and panting for fame;
In the gay, giddy world whither Hafid is going,
The harp of old Alick would bring him to shame.

But, when thou hast drunk of its joy and its sorrow,
Till dregs in the chalice, are nothing but pain;
When sleeping were sweet, but for waking tomorrow,
Then come to the oak of thy fathers again.

Where for years, all unstrung, shall the treasure be
lying,

Beneath the rude tablet, that covers my tomb;
For I know they love Alick, and when I am dying,
'Twill rest there in safety, till Hafid shall come.

While in peace the pale beam on the fountain is
sleeping,

Oh, let thy first touch be as gentle and slow,
As the sigh of thy heart, for thy fingers are sweeping
The chords of the harper, who slumbers below.

Recall then the sweetest of all thy soft measures,
That syrens have sung to thee, Hafid, and say,
If, when thou hast tried the cold world and its pleasures,

The harp of old Alick be sweeter than they!

Thy heart must be sear'd, if the touch of thy finger
Enrapture thee not; in the pure fountain lave
Every chord, which thy hands have unhallow'd, and
linger,

Till hush'd into slumber, they sleep on my grave.

'Tis not to be thus, for the record is brighter,
And here shall thy harp and thy solace be laid;
Thy brow shall be checker'd, thy locks shall be
whiter,

Thy soul shall be chasten'd to covet the shade.

'Tis writ in the vision—the smoke of thy dwelling,
Around the broad oak of my fathers shall twine;
The gay dream shall pass, which thy bosom is swelling,

And thou with content, in its shelter recline.

Thy harp shall be sweetest, while bright eyes that
glisten

With pleasure are brightest, while meeting they own;
And leal hearts, by moonlight, around thee, who
listen,

Are flesh of thy flesh, and the bone of thy bone."

As he warn'd of the future, and still bending o'er me,
Shed tears in my bosom 'twas sorrow to part;
But the far-fabled joys of the world were before me,
And youth's gay delusion enraptured my heart.

And here then the harp with the master reposes!
Its chords hush'd to slumber, and silent the tongue;
How oft, in my childhood, I've wreathed thee in
roses,

And borne thee, before him, in triumph along!

I knew not, that wisdom, in vain must unravel
Life's checker'd career, nor that precept was vain;
I knew not the heart, to be tutor'd, must travel,
Unaided, through mazes of sorrow and pain.

But, alas, it is thus; and, beside thee, old Alick,
My roof-tree be planted, no longer to roam;
In the ruin of time, there remains not a relic
So dear as the short, simple record of home.

A
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
ALEXANDER WILSON,
THE
ORNITHOLOGIST.

OUR United States are more largely indebted to citizens of foreign birth, for aid in the establishment of their political independence and institutions, and the military and political reputation which they enjoy, than for the developement of their scientific resources, and their share of literary fame. In the latter respect, however, they have had distinguished benefactors; and in the list of those whom Providence has withdrawn from the stage of life, we could mention none, whose memory challenges more honour and gratitude, than that of ALEXANDER WILSON, the ORNITHOLOGIST. His spirit and career were singularly romantic; his talents and dispositions admirably fitted

for his pursuits; and his labours extensive and brilliant, in a department of science which possesses a peculiar beauty, grace, and richness of imagery. It is, indeed, eminently poetical; and the indefatigable searcher and elegant historian of American birds, was truly a poet, in every sense in which the heart, fancy, and habits can form that character. He made verses, and good verses; but he appeared more as such, in the warmth of his affections, the fervour of his enthusiasm, his passion for nature in her original magnificence, and the imaginative and intuitive character of his modes of studying and describing the feathered tribes. An inspiration, strong, pure, and bright, impelled him to the forest, the mountain-ridge, and the waters of the wilderness; all the finest influences of which he deeply felt, while his eye and his ear were specially employed in rendering him familiar, with the most interesting of the creatures that associate the human wanderer to their scenery.

We have already said enough to make superfluous, all apology for introducing into this volume, the following biographical sketch of the successful naturalist. It is a just and appropriate tribute, though only an imperfect abstract of that ample and terse account, which the world owes to the pen of his friend,* who, gifted with similar talents and tastes, and eminent in the same fields of knowledge, has so written

* George Ord, Esq. of Philadelphia, F. L. S.

his life, and edited his works, that nothing is left for his admirers to regret, except the hardship of his struggles and the prematurity of his decease.

Alexander Wilson was born in the west of Scotland, in the town of Paisley, on the sixth of July, 1766. His parents were in the humblest sphere; poor and illiterate; and he lost his mother when he was about ten years of age. After remaining for some time in the common school of his native place, where he was but imperfectly taught even the mere rudiments of an English education, he was apprenticed to a weaver. In his father's family, he acquired the name of the "lazy weaver," because he appeared to neglect his business, in order to read old magazines and manufacture rhymes.

As soon as the term of his apprenticeship, five years, expired, he relinquished the trade, and adopted the capacity of a pedler, principally in order to gratify his inclination to wander through Scotland. He set out with his pack, at the age of eighteen, vigorous and sanguine, resolved to study nature, to cultivate his muse and fill his purse. But the object last mentioned was defeated by the others. While the trader, as his biographer remarks, was feasting his eyes upon the beauties of a landscape, or inditing an elegy on a fox, the auspicious moment to drive a bargain was neglected, or some more fortunate rival was allowed to supplant him. The glory of Burns, who was then the unrivalled favourite of Scotland,

fired the ambition of Wilson, and prompted him to make the most laborious efforts with his pen. Some of his compositions pleased persons of respectability, to whom they were shown, and who, in consequence, admitted him to their society. This advance emboldened him to issue proposals for a volume, for which he sought subscribers, in traversing the country again, as a pedler; an enterprise in which he failed, though the failure did not prevent him from publishing his volume. Its title was "Poems, Humorous, Satirical, and Serious," and its success scarcely exceeded that of his attempts to gather a golden harvest. These poems, however, passed through two small editions, before the year 1792. They afterwards fell into an oblivion, which the author himself did not finally regret.

Mortified at the disappointment of his glowing hopes, Wilson retired to the little village of Lochwinnoch, where he read and wandered amid the romantic scenery of the neighbourhood, and occasionally exercised his pen in essays for the periodical work called the Bee, which Dr. Anderson published at Edinburgh. To that capital he now and then repaired, in order to attend a debating society; his journeys being performed on foot, and his pockets often wanting enough to procure him the necessaries of life. An accidental circumstance brought him into acquaintance and correspondence with his idol *Burns*; but their original cordiality was destroyed not long

after, by a criticism in which Wilson used some harsh language respecting a passage in the unrivalled tale of *Tam O'Shanter*. Poverty drove him back to Paisley, in search of mechanical employment, for a bare subsistence. Here, taking part in the controversy which arose in the first years of the French revolution, between the weavers and the manufacturers, the ardour of his character and his love of rhyming betrayed him into the composition of a bitter satire on one of the masters, who took revenge by prosecuting him for a libel, and had the satisfaction to see him forced by the sentence of the court to burn his poem, with his own hands, at the public cross in the town of Paisley, and then enter the public prison for a short term. Wilson was regarded as a martyr to the common cause, by his fellow operatives; but in this consisted his whole indemnity for his sufferings. His next publication was his tale of "*Watty and Meg*," which acquired, and has retained, considerable popularity in Scotland.

Full of chagrin and discontent, the poetical weaver listened to the captivating accounts of America, then, as now, circulated among the Scottish poor; he conceived hopes of a brighter lot beyond the ocean, and adopted a plan of extreme diligence at the loom, and personal economy; by which, in the lapse of four months, he compassed the sum requisite for the expense of emigration. After living at the rate of one shilling per week, he set out on foot, for Port Patrick,

whence he proceeded to Belfast in Ireland, where—in company with a nephew, a lad of sixteen—he embarked as a deck-passenger, on board an American ship bound to Newcastle, in the state of Delaware.

It was in July, 1794, that our sanguine adventurer arrived in the United States, without a letter of introduction, a shilling in his pocket, or a previous acquaintance in the strange land which then valued neither weavers nor poets. A buoyant spirit and enthusiastic admiration of republican freedom, sustained him against all the depressing influences of his situation. He shouldered his fowling piece, and trudged from New Castle to Philadelphia, delighted with the sense of liberty, the aspect of the country, and the plumage of the birds, which were at once objects of particular interest, for what we may style the instinct of his genius. At Philadelphia he made himself known to a compatriot, a copperplate printer, who, learning his destitute situation, gave him employment at this business; which, however, he soon quitted, in order to engage as a weaver, first at Pennepack, ten miles north of Philadelphia, and then in Virginia. The habits of the people with whom he was compelled to associate in that state, and the general wretchedness of his existence there, compelled him to return in a short time to Pennepack.

In the autumn of the year 1795, he travelled through a part of the state of New Jersey, in his old quality of pedler, and with more success in it than he had en-

joyed in Scotland. It is worthy of remark, that one who wandered in so humble a character, kept a diary, written with much care, and enriched with shrewd observations on the manners of the people, with notes of the principal natural productions, and with sketches of the indigenous quadrupeds and birds. On returning from this adventure, commercial and literary, he opened a school for children, a few miles beyond Frankford in Pennsylvania; but, finding the situation unpleasant, he removed to Milestown, and taught in the school-house of that village. Here he remained for several years, in the faithful discharge of his duty to his pupils, and the assiduous culture of the several branches of common learning, which he had not before found the opportunity to pursue, with any steadiness or method. A part of his leisure he devoted to the occupation of surveying lands for the farmers, by which he gained a pittance in addition to his slender fees as a tutor. In this interval, he performed, on foot, in the space of twenty-eight days, a journey of nearly eight hundred miles, into the state of New York, for the purpose of seeing and assisting a family of indigent relatives, who had emigrated thither from Scotland.

Wilson next changed his residence at Milestown, for the village of Bloomfield, New Jersey, where he again opened a school; but he had not been long in this place, before he was tempted to contract an engagement with the trustees of a seminary in the town-

ship of Kingsess, a short distance from Gray's Ferry, on the river Schuylkill, and about four miles from Philadelphia. This removal forms an epoch in his career. It placed him in the immediate neighbourhood of the celebrated botanist, WILLIAM BARTRAM, whose gardens opened to him a field of delightful study and exercise, and whose lessons and example animated and guided him in the study of Nature. Bartram, perceiving the bent of his genius, put into his hands some works on Natural History; by the aid of which, and his stock of materials derived from personal observation, he made important advances in that department of knowledge in which Providence had destined him to excel. To dissipate the gloom which the penury and toil incident to the station of a country schoolmaster, occasionally spread over his mind, his friends persuaded him to copy sketches of the human figure, and landscapes; but, on these subjects, his pencil seemed to lose all its felicity and charm, and triumphed only and in every respect, when at the instigation of Bartram, he undertook to delineate birds. As he prosecuted this congenial work, he became more and more proficient and fond in Ornithology, until he was led to the resolution of devoting himself to it altogether, and forming a collection, at whatever hazard, of all the feathered species in this part of North America. This enthusiasm is indicated by the language which he held in one of his letters—
“I sometimes smile to think that while others are

immersed in deep schemes of speculation and aggrandizement, in building towns and purchasing plantations, I am entranced in contemplation over the plumage of a lark, or gazing, like a lover, on the lineaments of an owl." At this period, he contributed poems of some length to the "Literary Magazine," a monthly publication, of which the great novelist Brown was the editor.

We find Wilson—now a confirmed ornithologist—in 1804, engaged in a pedestrian, scientific tour to the Falls of Niagara, passing, as he relates, (for the route was then very different from what it is at present,) in the course of one thousand and three hundred miles through deep snows, and almost uninhabited forests, over stupendous mountains, and down dangerous rivers. This journey, severe as it was, whetted his appetite for travelling, and was scarcely ended when he felt himself eager for some more extensive expedition; which should further amplify his store of facts and drawings in ornithology. It gave birth too, to another descriptive poem, entitled the Foresters, and inserted in the Port Folio, a well known periodical miscellany. Our enthusiast passed the winter of 1805, chiefly in drawing or describing birds, and in the spring, made some progress in etching, in pursuance of a design which he could never achieve, of furnishing, himself, a series of new and superior plates for the illustration of Edwards' Natural History. Meanwhile, his little school hardly yielded what would

serve to clothe and feed him in the simplest manner. Such an account as the following, extracted from one of his letters, is characteristic of those institutions, as they then *flourished*. "February 20, 1805. I shall, on the twelfth of next month, be scarcely able to collect a sufficiency to pay my board, having not more than twenty-seven scholars. Five or six families who used to send me their children, have been almost in a state of starvation. The rivers Schuylkill and Delaware are still shut, and wagons are passing and repassing this moment on the ice." The extent of his design and performance, notwithstanding all the difficulties and privations which he underwent, may be judged of by the annexed passage of the application that he made in February, 1806, to the president of the United States, to be attached to the exploratory expedition, then projected by the government. "Having been engaged these several years in collecting materials, and furnishing drawings from nature, with the design of publishing a new ornithology of the United States of America, so deficient in the works of Catesby, Edwards, and other Europeans, I have traversed the greater part of our northern and eastern districts, and have collected many birds undescribed by these naturalists. Upwards of one hundred drawings are completed; and two plates in folio already engraved. But, as many beautiful tribes frequent the Ohio, and the extensive country through which it passes, that probably never visit the Atlantic States,

and as faithful representations of these can only be taken from living nature, or from birds newly killed, I had planned an expedition down that river from Pittsburg to the Mississippi, thence to New Orleans, and to continue my researches by land in returning to Philadelphia."

No answer to his request was given by the president, Mr. Jefferson; a silence which much offended Wilson, but of which the cause has not transpired. In 1806, he was engaged by Mr. S. F. Bradford, bookseller, at a liberal salary, as assistant editor for the American edition of Rees's New Cyclopædia. The same bookseller also undertook to be the publisher of his AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY, and to advance the moneys necessary for the undertaking. This was almost the consummation of his wishes and happiness. Nothing could exceed the zeal and assiduity, with which he executed the heavy duties which he thus incurred. At length, in September of 1808, the first volume of the Ornithology made its appearance. It was a splendid specimen of his abilities and taste, and was received with the applause and admiration due to its various merits. Soon after it was issued, the author set out for the eastern states to exhibit his book and procure subscribers. He travelled as far as the District of Maine, and returned through Vermont, by the way of Albany, to Philadelphia. Every where, the book was inspected with curious and wondering eyes, and the author loaded with compliments; but the

whole number of the subscriptions which he was able to procure by his best exertions, did not exceed forty-five. The letters which he addressed to his friends at home during this journey, afford an entertaining, though not very flattering picture of New England.

In the same year, and for the same objects, but with still less advantage, he departed southward, visiting every city and town of importance, as far as Savannah. The correspondence with which he amused his friends on this occasion, is likewise rich in pleasant anecdote and graphical description. The journey, as it was performed in the winter, put to the test all the faculties and virtues of the traveller.

The second volume of the Ornithology was published in 1810, when the author once more sallied forth, comparing himself to "a beggar with her bantling," and reached New Orleans, by the way of Pittsburg, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the south-western states. The principal events of this journey, his impressions from the scenery and the manners, and his hopes and disappointments, are related in his correspondence and diary, with a copiousness so seasoned that it never tires the reader, and a degree of frankness and vivacity that gives double value and interest to his narrative. His force of spirit, acuteness of remark, acquirements in natural history, and descriptive talent, all appear to great advantage in these compositions; which, we may add, are a curious record of the difficulties and suffering, unavoidable in

the year 1810, in a route now comparatively so safe and convenient. On his return to Philadelphia, he devoted himself, at the Botanic Garden of Mr. Bartram, with unremitting zeal, to the preparation of more volumes of the Ornithology—a task to which poverty, the bad faith of others, and the want of important, but then unattainable accessories, opposed obstacles sufficient to paralyze any labourer, except a long-tried, passionate enthusiast. In 1812, he found it necessary to visit the eastern states, for the purpose of seeing his subscribers, and settling accounts with his agents. One occurrence of this expedition should be mentioned here, for its pleasantry. At Haverhill, the good people observing a stranger among them of very inquisitive habits, and who evinced particular earnestness in exploring the country, came to the sage conclusion that he was a spy from Canada, employed in taking sketches of the place, to facilitate British invasion. It was therefore thought material for the public safety, that Wilson should be apprehended, and he was accordingly taken into custody; but the magistrate before whom he was brought, on being made acquainted with his character and objects, quickly dismissed him, with apologies for the patriotic mistake.

In 1812, Wilson was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society; and in the following year, by the month of August, he had succeeded in completing the letter-press of the eighth volume of

his splendid work. But unfortunately, his intense anxiety to conclude his undertaking betrayed him into an excess of toil, which, however inflexible his mind, his bodily frame was unable to bear. "At length he was attacked by a disease, which, perhaps, at another period of his life, might not have been attended with fatal effects. Now, however, in his debilitated state of body and harassed mind, it proved a mighty foe whose assaults all the combined efforts of friendship, science, and skill could not repel." The dysentery, in a little more than a week, closed the mortal career of Alexander Wilson, on the twenty-third of August, 1813.

Mr. Ord has summed up the character and criticised labours of this illustrious naturalist, with equal feeling, knowledge, candour, and judgment. He maintains that there never did arise a man, more eminently qualified for a naturalist than Wilson; and exults in the fact, that we have, in the volumes of the American Ornithology, as faithful, complete, and interesting an account of our birds as the Europeans possess of theirs in whatever form. We need no other evidence, says the same generous friend, of the unparalleled industry of our author, than the fact, that of two hundred and seventy-eight species which have been figured and described in his volumes, fifty-six had not been noticed by any other naturalist. This expensive collection of birds, was the result of many months of unwearied research amongst forests,

swamps, and morasses, and nothing but the most remarkable qualities, and exalted enthusiasm could have supported a simple individual in labours of body and mind, compared with which the bustle of common life is mere holy-day activity or recreation.

Independently of that part of Wilson's work, which was his proper province, viz. drawing and describing his subjects, he was compelled to occupy much of his time in the drudgery of colouring the plates; his sole resource for a livelihood being, the while, in this employment, which moreover, was attended with peculiar, and the most irksome embarrassments. It was his intention, on the completion of his Ornithology, to publish what is still a desideratum, an edition of it in octavo, with coloured plates; and he meditated a work on the Quadrupeds of the United States, to be printed and illustrated in the style of the Ornithology. Death intercepted these useful aims.

It remains for us to describe the man, and furnish a few specimens of his literary performance; but this has been so well done by his kindred biographer, that it would be an injustice to both to employ any language of our own for the purpose. What follows is therefore extracted from Mr. Ord's sumptuous volume published last year; and we are the more tempted to make these quotations, as the costliness and size of that volume prevent it from being extensively known.

Wilson was possessed of the nicest sense of ho-

nour. In all his dealings he was not only scrupulously just, but highly generous. His veneration for truth was exemplary. His disposition was social and affectionate. His benevolence was extensive. He was remarkably temperate in eating and drinking, his love of study and retirement preserving him from the contaminating influence of the convivial circle. But as no one is perfect, Wilson in a small degree partook of the weaknesses of humanity. He was of the *genus irritabile*, and was obstinate in opinion. It ever gave him pleasure to acknowledge error, when the conviction resulted from his own judgment alone, but he could not endure to be told of his mistakes. Hence his associates had to be sparing of their criticisms, through a fear of forfeiting his friendship. With almost all his friends he had occasionally, arising from a collision of opinion, some slight misunderstanding, which was soon passed over, leaving no disagreeable impression. But an act of disrespect he could ill brook, and a wilful injury he would seldom forgive.

In his person he was of a middle stature, of a thin habit of body; his cheek-bones projected, and his eyes, though hollow, displayed considerable vivacity and intelligence; his complexion was sallow, his mien thoughtful; his features were coarse, and there was a dash of vulgarity in his physiognomy, which struck the observer at the first view, but which failed to impress one on acquaintance. His walk was quick when travelling, so much so that it was difficult for a

companion to keep pace with him; but when in the forests, in pursuit of birds, he was deliberate and attentive—he was, as it were, all eyes, and all ears.

His remains were deposited in the cemetery of the Swedish church, in the district of Southwark, Philadelphia. While in the enjoyment of health, he had conversed with a friend on the subject of death, and expressed a wish to be buried in some rural spot sacred to peace and solitude, whither the charms of nature might invite the steps of the votary of the muses, and the lover of science, and where the birds might sing over his grave. A plain marble tomb marks where his ashes lie.

The style of Wilson appears to be well adapted to the subjects upon which he wrote. It is seldom feeble, it is sometimes vigorous, and it is generally neat. He appears to have ‘understood himself, and his readers always understand him.’ That he was capable of graceful writing, he has given us, in the preface to his first volume, a remarkable instance.

In a work abounding with so many excellencies as the Ornithology, it would not be difficult to point out passages of merit, any one of which would give the author a just claim to the title of a describer of no ordinary powers.

Dr. Drake, in his observations upon the descriptive abilities of the poet Bloomfield, thus expresses himself: “Milton and Thompson have both introduced the flight of the sky-lark, the first with his ac-

customed spirit and sublimity; but probably no poet has surpassed, either in fancy or expression, the following prose narrative of Dr. Goldsmith: 'Nothing,' observes he, 'can be more pleasing than to see the lark warbling upon the wing; raising its note as it soars, until it seems lost in the immense heights above us; the note continuing, the bird itself unseen; to see it then descending with a swell as it comes from the clouds, yet sinking by degrees as it approaches its nest; the spot where all its affections are centred; the spot that has prompted all this joy.' This description of the descent of the bird, and of the pleasures of its little nest, is conceived in a strain of the most exquisite delicacy and feeling."

I am not disposed to dispute the beauty of the imagery of the above, or the delicacy of its expression; but I should wish the reader to compare it with Wilson's description of the mocking-bird, unquestionably the most accomplished songster of the feathered race.

"The plumage of the mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing grand or brilliant in it; and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well-proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation, of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening, and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really

surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the wood thrush, to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted upon the top of a tall bush, or half-grown tree, in the dawn of dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at the most five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity; and continued, with undiminished ardour, for half an hour, or an hour, at a time. His expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action, arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy—he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away, and as my friend, Mr. Bartram, has beautifully expressed it, ‘he bounds aloft with

the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recal his very soul, which expired in the last elevated strain.' While thus exerting himself, a bystander, destitute of sight, would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together, on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates. Even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimick, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates, or dive, with precipitation, into the depths of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.

"The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings, and bristled feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. He runs over the quiverings of the Canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale or red-bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

"This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the brown thrush, are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and the warblings of the blue-bird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows, or the cackling of hens; amidst the simple melody of the robin, we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the whip-poor-will, while the notes of the kildeer, blue jay, martin, baltimore, and twenty others succeed, with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover, with astonishment, that the sole performer in this singular concert, is the admirable bird now before us. During this exhibition of his powers, he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighbourhood ring with his inimitable medley."

I will give but one example more of our author's descriptive powers in prose, and that will be found in his History of the Bald Eagle. As a specimen of nervous writing it is excellent; in its imagery it is

unsurpassed: and in the accuracy of its detail it transcends all praise.

“This distinguished bird, as he is the most beautiful of his tribe in this part of the world, and the adopted emblem of our country, is entitled to particular notice. He has been long known to naturalists, being common to both continents, and occasionally met with from a very high northern latitude to the borders of the torrid zone, but chiefly in the vicinity of the sea, and along the shores and cliffs of our lakes and large rivers. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold; feeding equally on the produce of the sea, and of the land; possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves; unawed by any thing but man; and from the ethereal heights to which he soars, looking abroad, at one glance, on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes and ocean, deep below him; he appears indifferent to the little localities of change of season; as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold; and thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth. He is therefore found at all seasons in the countries which he inhabits; but prefers such places as have been mentioned above, from the great partiality he has for fish.

“In procuring these he displays, in a very singu-

lar manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring and tyrannical: attributes not exerted but on particular occasions; but when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated upon a high dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below: the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy tringa coursing along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one, whose action instantly arrests all his attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself with half opened wings, on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment the looks of the eagle are all ardour, and levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting into the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who,

lanching in the air, instantly gives chase, soon gains on the fish-hawk, each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencontres the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unincumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent when with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods."

His poetical description of the blue-bird, which originally appeared in the first volume of the Ornithology, has been copied into many publications, and still maintains its popularity. Of all Wilson's minor effusions this pleases me the most. Its imagery is derived from objects that are familiar to us, but yet it is not trite; none but an attentive observer of nature could have conceived it, and expressed it so naturally.

TO THE BLUE BIRD.

WHEN winter's cold tempests and snows are no
more,

Green meadows and brown furrow'd fields re-appear-
ing,

The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering;

When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing;
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
O then comes the BLUE BIRD, the herald of spring!
And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring;
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spicewood and sassafras budding together;
O then to your gardens ye housewives repair!
Your walks border up; sow and plant at your leisure;
The blue bird will chant from his box such an air,
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red flowering peach and the apple's sweet blossoms;

He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms;
He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours;
The worms from their webs where they riot and welter;

His song and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is, in summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
Now searching the furrows—now mounting to cheer him;

The gard'ner delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;

The slow, ling'ring school-boys forget they'll be
 chid,
While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em
 In mantle of sky-blue and bosom so red,
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of summer are o'er,
And autumn slow enters so silent and fallow,
 And millions of warblers, that charm'd us before,
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow;
 The blue bird forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow,
 Till forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, and
 warm,
The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heav'n,
 Or love's native music have influence to charm,
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings is giv'n,
 Still dear to each bosom the blue bird shall be;
His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure;
 For, through bleakest storms if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure!

CUPID,
A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

FROM GOETHE.

High on a rocky cliff one morn I lay,
And earnest gazed, to see the mists expand,
Far, high and wide their coat of dusky gray,
Outstretched as canvass for the painter's hand.

And as I idly gazed, a boy came near,
And said, my friend, why thus inactive look?
Hast thou for aye the rainbow art forsook?
Bid forms and life upon the cloth appear.

I looked upon the boy, and secret smiled,
To hear a master's words from such a child.

Why waste thy hours in idle melancholy,
Pursued the boy; this musing is but folly.
I'll pencil thee a picture of fair hues,
Teach thee with skill the painter's brush to use.

Thereat his small fore-finger he with grace
Upraised; his finger, like the rose was red;
And on the canvass wide before us spread,
A landscape's outlines he began to trace.

334 CUPID, A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

Above the beauteous sun you might behold,
Which on my eyes with dazzling lustre shone,
The hue of all the clouds he made of gold,
While through the clouds the shafts of day were
thrown;

Then verdant trees with many a stately bough
And waving top he drew; and many a hill
Rose, one behind another, at his will;
Nor was there want of rivulets below.
He drew the stream, so natural to the eye,
Its waters seem'd to glisten as they flow,
And onward in their course with murmurs hie.

And oh! beneath his touch flowers upward sprung,
And thousand colours o'er the mead were flung,
Gold and enamel, purple, and a green
Bright as the emerald, and the ruby's sheen,
Of spotless azure next he sketched the skies,
And more and more remote the mountains blue;
So that entranced, as one that's born anew,
On him and on his work by turns I fixed my eyes.

Now, said the boy in triumph, now concede,
That in this art my hands are skilled indeed;
And yet the harder task to do remains—
He raised his finger's point, and then with pains
And with exactest art beside the wood,
Just at its confines, where the dazzling flood
Of daylight from the earth reflected came,
He drew in peerless loveliness a maid,
Of graceful form, becomingly arrayed,

And freshest cheeks beneath brown hair; the same
The maiden's cheeks were in their healthful hue,
As was the finger, which the maiden drew.

Where hast thou learnt, I cried, the master's part,
Thou wond'rous boy, and his creative art?
With living hues the outstretched cloth to fill,
And plan and finish thus with truth and skill?

E'en while I speak, behold! a breeze awakes,
And in its gentle course the tree-tops shakes,
Breathes on the stream, whose waters rippling curl,
And swells the veil, which hid that perfect girl;
And oh! a wonder, as I gazed thereat,
The maiden moving turns to us her face,
And lifts her foot and comes e'en towards the place,
Where I with my young teacher idly sat.

And now, when all things, all things in the dale
Began to move, trees, stream, and flowers, and veil,
And the fair maiden's foot, think ye that I
Fixt as a rock still on my rock could lie?

GEORGE BANCROFT.

A LEGEND OF THE GRISONS.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 Slowly to trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been.

THE increase of travellers, the improvements of civilization, and above all, perhaps, the indefatigable spirit of warlike ambition, have taken from the various passages of the Alps, that character of vast and impenetrable grandeur which used to reign, if not in reality, at least in imagination, over those lofty ramparts—ramparts, which the poets of antiquity loved to commemorate as the work of nature, to separate and guard forever from the less favoured nations of the north, the beauties and the treasures of matchless Italy. Scarcely half a century has passed away, since the historian who long dwelt at their feet, and who has described with touches of poetic beauty, the close of his immortal labours, in the presence of their towering summits, spoke of the modern ease with which he was transported across them, by the light and intrepid chairmen of the Alps. Now the chairman is himself forgotten. The carriage of luxurious indo-

lence may roll almost unshaken, and the victim of ennui and wealth, slumber without interruption, as he passes those defiles amid which armies have perished, and ambition has hardly triumphed.

This however is not the case, unless along those great passes, which have become the thorough-fares of nations; and if a traveller led by more than ordinary curiosity, fond of adventure, or admiring the wild beauties of sublimer nature, has courage to deviate into the secluded districts of Switzerland, he may find scene after scene, presenting every feature of primeval rudeness, where the hand of power is as yet unknown, alike to improve and to enslave.

I found this peculiarly among those districts which lie hidden in the Rhetian Alps. Holding but little intercourse with the inhabitants of the neighbouring country, the summers are passed by the herdsmen amid the green and fresh fields on the sides of the mountains; and in the winters they are shut up in the little villages, that lie sequestered in the valleys below. All around rise lofty ridges, covered for the most part with perpetual snow, and their only connection with the surrounding world, is through those narrow ravines, which have been worn away by streams roaring through them for unnumbered ages. Their dress, their manners, their customs, all mark an utter ignorance of the rest of mankind; and the indulgence of those wild superstitions, which nourished in the lap of time, have descended unharm-

ed by the exorcism of increasing knowledge, but which their simple natures have not learned to blend with vice or infamy, spread around a strange charm, not uninteresting to one, who comes among them from scenes more enlightened but not more virtuous.

Many years have passed away since I visited Switzerland, yet I still remember it with pleasure, if not with the unrestrained enthusiasm of youthful and adventurous spirits. It was early in the autumn of a year so long ago, that I do not exactly remember it, and which if I did, I should with the usual precaution of one who is writing for other people, keep to myself, that I made an excursion of a few weeks through the southern cantons. Entering the Valais by the narrow pass of St. Maurice, where between tremendous, rugged precipices, the Rhone scarcely makes its way, I followed its shores, now viewing the sluggish waves slowly spreading among wide morasses, now rolling swiftly through the ridges of rocks which extend from the neighbouring mountains. Those mountains themselves who shall describe? On one hand, the stupendous summit of Mount Rosa rising fourteen thousand feet into the air—on the other the round hoary head of the Gemmi, or the sublime forms of the Jungfrau and the Schreckhorn, covered with eternal snows, and rearing their mighty peaks far above the clouds. As I passed from the lower to the higher regions of the Valais, all the signs of winter burst on me as it were from the very bosom of summer. From fields yellow

with harvest, and vineyards where grapes hung around in purple clusters, I was suddenly transported to meadows where the green grass was yet untouched by the scythe, and where I beheld no vestige of the mantling vine. I traversed the steep declivities of the mountain, and soon perceived that I was fast entering a loftier and a wilder region. The river no longer rolled smoothly at my side, but rushed down amid rocky precipices, and through thick forests of gigantic pine trees. The juniper and the barberry, nourished by the congenial coldness of the region, sprung up amid the crevices of the rocks.

I now began to ascend the celebrated pass, which leads between the mountains of the Furca and St. Gothard, into the more eastern cantons. The mingled danger, sublimity and beauty of this scene will long live in my recollection, but I should in vain endeavour to describe them. The road sometimes led along the edge of tremendous precipices, down which the eye could not gaze without the senses becoming giddy: rocks were hurled upon rocks, as if by the power of some mighty earthquake which itself had formed the ravine, and down which rushed a stream, sometimes dashing in white foam from cliff to cliff, sometimes dissolved into mist as it poured over a perpendicular crag, hundreds of feet in depth. Our road sometimes passed through caverns cut in the solid rock, or over bridges formed by a tree felled so as to fall across the unfathomed gulf below. Again the

scene would change, and breaking unexpectedly upon some sequestered valley, we would find all the marks of the busy society of men—the hamlet seated in soft repose, in the very lap of rural felicity, the villagers clustered around their doors, or engaged in the ordinary occupations of their secluded lives. Among the green fields around, the herds were seen browsing on the rich but transitory pasture; the harvests were ripening, and the trees still retained the fresh verdure of the earlier year. With the wild misanthrope, whom genius has placed amid these varying scenes, we were delighted to exclaim;

Hark! the note,
The natural music of the mountain reed—
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;
My soul would drink those echoes.—Oh that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
With the blest tone which made me!

After crossing the long and terrific pass of the Furca, I descended into the valleys of Uri. The glacier around rose in every fairy form, now darting upwards its pyramids and spires of glittering crystal, now breaking into fissures of transparent blue,

er spreading into fields decked with the brightest colours of the rose. Passing along the "roaring valley" of the Reuss—the slender bridge thrown across it from the shaggy sides of each mountain, where the dauntless soldier of Russia was almost appalled—and the spot where romantic tradition has recorded the gallant adventure of a lover, when bearing his mistress from her pursuers; I at length found myself again among softer airs, and brighter landscapes, where woods, and lakes, and fields opened upon me, with all the richness of a warmer sky.

From the canton of Uri, I extended my rambles into the country of the Grisons, through which spread the less lofty but more various ranges of the Rhetian Alps. In every direction their ridges traverse the country, and among them all are innumerable valleys, often the seat of small but placid lakes, and always scenes of rural beauty. Different too from most of the cantons of Switzerland, the Protestant and Catholic worships prevail together. In one village may be seen the crucifix, and the little shrines of patron saints, as you pass along the streets; in another, not many miles beyond, nothing is seen but the colder formality of the reformed worship. It would be needless however, and uninteresting to describe the spots which charmed me in these solitary rambles, or the little incidents which attended my excursions. I know not indeed whether what I have already written, will not appear to those who may read these

lines, a narrative without an object, as it is without utility. Indeed it may be so. But those who have wandered in foreign lands will pardon me. They will know the delight with which we recall, years after they have passed, incidents and scenes that have attended the rambles of our youth—how many hours of pleasure, how many visions of joy, broken perhaps but still delightful, rise upon our minds, and softened if not improved by the touch of time, shed a mild light over the evening of our days.

I may however be permitted to close my sheet, with the mention of a legend that I heard in a little Catholic village, beautifully situated in one of the remotest valleys of this country. It is such a one as the gentle superstitions of the people have given to nearly every spot, and it has little interest, except in the firm belief, with which it has been transmitted by the villagers for centuries; and which it still continued without abatement to receive.

I have in vain endeavoured to recollect the name of the village; it has escaped my memory in the lapse of time. I well remember, however, that it was two or three hours after midday, when I was descending into one of the most beautiful valleys of the Grisons. Approaching from the east, the road had been for some time winding along the declivities of the hills, through rocky passes, and thick forests of pine, among which as they descended to the lowlands, the lighter forms and foliage of the chesnut and

birch might occasionally be seen to mingle. A sudden turn of the road brought me to the extremity of the valley, and looking up to the right it lay extended before me in exquisite beauty. On the east it was bounded by cliffs of rock almost perpendicular, which formed the base of a high peak of the Alps that rose immediately beyond, and which I had seen all day rising in wild grandeur, with its sharp pinnacles high above the surrounding mountains. Beyond this the sun had already begun to sink, throwing occasionally into shade some recess of the rock, or brightening with unusual radiance the peak of some bare projecting crag, or the glittering surface of the beds of snow, which were settled among them. The eastern edge of the valley, and all the forests, which clothed in exquisite variety of shade the mountains that formed its opposite barrier, received the full splendour of his rays, and seemed to unite the richness of autumn with the fresh verdure of spring. Looking far up into the vale, which was several miles in length, you might see the houses and spires of the village. Just above and perched upon rock and precipices that almost overhung it, the eye lighted on the ruins of an Alpine castle, whose dark battlements, mouldered by age, seemed to hang against the white glaciers of the mountains that rose beyond.

Struck with the extreme beauty of the situation and scenery, and perhaps somewhat attracted by the

fame, which a spring slightly impregnated with a mineral taste, had given to this village among the surrounding hamlets, I made it my residence for a few weeks. The houses possessed little of picturesque beauty; for the most part they were composed of wood, and around them were piled large stacks of fuel, collected to defend the villagers somewhat against the inclemency of their severe winters. Their manners were hospitable and simple, ever ready to extend to a stranger every little act of courtesy; and their costume had all that grotesque appearance, which marks every part of Switzerland. Their religion was exclusively Catholic, and in the village pastor who was adored by his little flock, I found a kind and interesting companion, in many a ramble into the wild recesses of the surrounding Alps.

In one of these excursions, we wandered as far as the ruins of the extensive castle, which was seen from the village mounted on the cliffs above. On a large dark rock, by the side of the road and near the ruined gateway which had formed the grand entrance of the castle, might be seen what the storms, and rains, and frosts of ages had left of an inscription, originally written it seemed, in characters which marked the ignorance of a rude and early period. He informed me that it recorded the vengeance of heaven on a deed of infamy, which had been committed within those walls, and which had been handed down by tradition from one generation to another, until it had

become blended with the history of the village and the valley.

In the stormy periods, he said, of German and Italian history, which attended the eventful reigns of the houses of Franconia and Swabia; and the contests between the emperors on the one side, and the free cities of Lombardy on the other; even the remote valleys of Switzerland, were awakened by the din of surrounding war. The feudal lords, whose castles were scattered here and there through the country, were called upon from time to time as interest or ambition required, to add their scanty bands of vassals, to the forces which swept from the north; or to join the allies of the church, if not of liberty, in resisting the invaders. The baron of Irlingen however, had continued to hold, unmolested, a peaceful, perhaps a doubtful sway, over his vassals; and avoiding any participation in the surrounding struggles, pleaded the remoteness of his castle, the small number of his followers, and his slender revenues, as reasons quite sufficient to excuse his absence from a warfare, in which neither he nor his country could derive a benefit. Not so, the young count his son, uniting in his disposition the haughty and sullen boldness of his German ancestors, with the dark and implacable vindictiveness, which is said in those times, to have distinguished the private manners of the Italian nobles, from whom on the side of his mother he claimed descent, he was impatient of restraint, and longed to play his

part among the desperate adventurers of the age. Leaving his paternal mansion, with little of the feeling of a son, he joined the bands which Frederick Barbarossa had collected beneath his standard, to inflict his un pitying vengeance on the rebellious Milanese, and to carry the terror of his arms to the walls of Rome, and the very altar of the uncompromising pontiff.

In the mean time, the baron pursued the milder plans which he had formed for the benefit of his dependants, subjects they scarcely were, and the education of his only daughter. This daughter, whom you may have heard named by the peasantry of the village as St. Iduna, and whose picture adorns the little chapel on the right of the sanctuary in the village, was, if tradition be true, a creature of surpassing loveliness. She had lost her mother, at an age when she had learned to love her with unmingled affection, and to perceive and appreciate her virtues. This event had cast a pensive sadness over her countenance and character, which perhaps had been somewhat increased by the solitude she lived in, and which she herself was but too fond of nourishing. Her figure was slender, her features were exquisitely beautiful, and the expression of her countenance, beamed with every pure and kindly feeling: but her cheek was pale—the rose which generally blooms in the cheeks of our Alpine lasses, had yielded entirely to the lily; and her soft blue eye had an expression of melancholy

tenderness, seldom to be seen among our gay-hearted maidens.

Her occupations were those of charity and kindness. The children of the village were her peculiar care. To read or to write, were arts in those days, unknown even to the greatest of the land, and though tradition says, that she read a breviary as well as a priest, it is a fact which may well be doubted. The children she instructed in the little duties of domestic life, repeated to them the lessons of piety she had heard, taught them the prayers of the church, or amused them with the legends of virtue and religion, with which the Catholic faith has been stored, from the earliest ages.

Of a life thus spent, the incidents are few; and if the tranquillity of the hamlet was for a short time interrupted, by the return of parties from the wars, or by the efforts of the ambitious to engage their countrymen in them, the disturbance soon passed away, and every thing again resumed its wonted repose. Of the young count, but little intelligence had been received. In the short intervals of warfare, which frequently occurred by reason of the fragile nature of feudal armies, scorning to return and bury himself in the dull obscurity of his father's castle, he joined those bands of armed plunderers, who had begun to organize themselves in Italy, and sold their services for the purposes either of private vengeance or public oppression. Indeed, well acquainted with his nature,

his parent hardly looked for his return, believing that at any rate until his own death should devolve upon him the barony and its feudal privileges, he would prefer to fix his fortunes among the adventurers by whom he was surrounded.

To this event indeed, tradition says the unnatural son looked forward with impatience. All his bad passions had been increased by the life he had led, and the ruffians with whom he had associated; and authentic history has recorded too many a crime of the deepest dye, committed without fear and without punishment in those dark ages, to induce us to believe that tradition also may not be true. It is said, that many times during his absence, he had endeavoured to obtain from the baron supplies of money and men, which it was alike impossible and inexpedient to grant; that at last, stung by the failure of some of his schemes of plunder and aggrandizement, and urged on by his own ferocity and the brutal efforts of his companions, he had declared when they were assembled together around the board of debauchery, that he would tear from the hands of an old dotard, who was too feeble or too pusillanimous to hold it, the fief which had descended from his ancestors.

It was early on an autumn evening, that the baron and his daughter were seated in the large hall of the castle. Fatigued with the exertions of the chace, which he had that day made among the neighbouring mountains, he had carelessly thrown himself on a

wooden settle, the best sofa which in those days was seen, in the mansion of a Swiss noble. His daughter, seated at a distance, appeared more than usually pensive—it is said that it was the anniversary of her mother's death. By the flickering blaze of the half burned embers, a tear might be seen to trickle over her pale face, as she raised her suffused eyes to a rude crucifix, which according to the ordinary custom was erected over the fire-place of the hall, and a sigh might be heard from time to time, breaking the perfect silence which reigned within. Without however, the elements were loud. The blasts of autumn sweep through the valleys of the Alps with resistless violence, bearing with them the chilly coldness of the glaciers, and roaring around the cottages and castles, seated among the mountains. As the moaning of the forests was re-echoed among the old turrets, and the sleet or hail dashed against the casements, the baron would start as if he heard the cries of some traveller who had been overtaken by the storm, but convinced of his error he would return again to his seat, and all would sink into silence until the returning swell of the tempest, again sounded through the battlements.

In the midst of this, a thundering noise was heard at the great gate of the castle. Before the warder could reach it, to make inquiry or to open it, the knocking was repeated with impetuosity and vio-

lence. The portal was scarcely unclosed, when a horseman rushed furiously into the court-yard—his horse was covered with mud and foam, and it was said by those who afterwards passed the road, that his track was marked over the roughest rocks, and by the very edges of the precipice, as if the beast had been driven at full speed up the rugged ascent, utterly regardless of danger. The horseman sprung from his wearied horse, and threw the bridle to the porter, as one who knew him well, but without a word of recognition.

The father and daughter had scarcely time to start from their seats, and inquire the cause of this unusual alarm, when a quick and heavy step was heard in the passage, and the door of the hall was hastily thrown open. The soldier, for such his dress seemed to bespeak him, entered the apartment. He was armed not exactly as a warrior of the day, but partly in his coat of mail, and partly in the lighter dress, which was worn by the mountaineers. It was soiled however with mud and rain, and the feathers of his broad hat hung dripping over his forehead. At his belt he wore a dagger, and by his side a long straight sword. His whole appearance corresponded with the dark and ferocious expression of his countenance, where the marks of native passion, seemed to be increased by fatigue and suffering.

“My son!” exclaimed the baron, as he approach-

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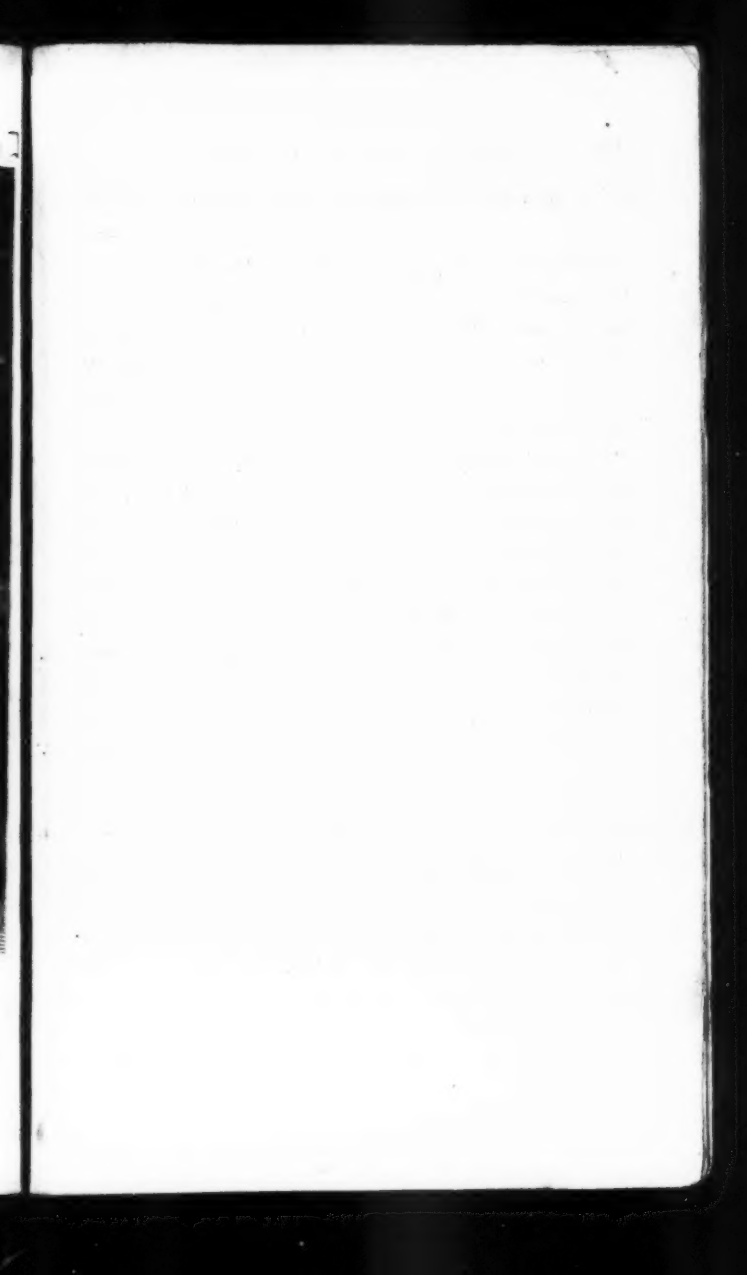
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LEGEND OF THE GRISONS.

Engraved by W. Humphrys after a Sketch by C. R. Leslie Esq. R.A.





ed the stranger, and attempted to fold him in his arms.

The proffered kindness was rejected with haughty disdain; the count paced the long hall with large and hasty steps, and when a goblet of wine was offered to him, by the order of the baron, he drained it in silence to the bottom.

What occurred during this dreadful interview, has never been exactly known. The menials of the castle, attracted by the extraordinary circumstances, afterwards divulged what they observed; but from their statements it could only be collected, that soon after the arrival of the count, a violent altercation had arisen between his father and himself. The count seemed to demand with haughty violence, something which his father refused; and his sister was heard in tones which marked her agony, to supplicate the ferocious intruder.

* * * * *

Early on the following morning, when the old priest who performed the religious duties in the village church, entered the chancel to celebrate the first mass, he observed something lying at the foot of the altar, and immediately beneath the lamp which was burning over-against the picture of the Holy Virgin. He approached, and discovered the senseless form of the daughter of baron Irlingen. Her hair was

wet and hanging down from beneath the long cap, which she wore after the fashion of the country, her black gown was torn and covered with mud, her feet were sadly wounded, as if she had been walking wildly among the sharp rocks, and her countenance only showed signs of animation, by convulsive movements of horrid terror, which from time to time darted across it. The old man called immediately for aid. The young maiden was borne to a neighbouring cottage, and every effort was used by the villagers, by whom she was adored, to restore her to her senses. Long, long did she lie on her little pallet; and even hope was almost extinct. At times, for a moment, a faint gleam of returning life would pass across her features—but one of horror immediately succeeded, and she relapsed into the state in which she had so long lain. With the returning day, anxious curiosity sought the cause of this dreadful scene. The gates of the castle were found however to be fastened, and communication from within was forbidden. Rumour was not long in spreading a horrid tale; it was said that on the preceding evening, the old baron had fallen by the hand of his son, who, driven by remorse or fear, had left the castle at the earliest dawn, after giving orders that till his return no communication should be held with the village below.

Months passed away, and the slow influence of time, of attention, and of youthful strength, seemed

somewhat to restore Iduna to health, but it never restored the native powers of her mind. The dreadful event of which she had been witness, preyed unceasingly on her gentle heart; her senses were forever wandering to it; she would occasionally act with all the mild kindness which had formerly marked her disposition, but some sudden revulsion of feeling, would bring back the recollection of her suffering, and she would utter a wild incoherent sentence, or burst suddenly into tears.

As soon as she could leave the cottage, where she had remained ever since she fled from the castle, her favourite resort was to the church in which she had been found. In former times, she had placed in a little shrine on the right of the high altar, a picture of the Virgin, and made it a pious duty, according to the customs of the times, to trim a little lamp that hung before it. At this spot might she be daily seen. There would she kneel on the bare floor of the church, her eyes fixed on the countenance of the holy mother, her fingers unconsciously counting the rosary which hung in her hands. Her dress was even more simple, though somewhat in the fashion of the village maidens. Here she would often stay for hours; sometimes she gazed in silence; sometimes a low but indistinct murmur might be heard, and those who stood around, looking at her with mingled anxiety and love, thought that they could often perceive the names of her father and her brother.

Such a state of mind could not long endure. The weak frame of the holy maid was unable to bear the incessant working of memory and imagination. As the leaves of the succeeding autumn fell to the ground, and the fatal anniversary approached, her body seemed to become yet more feeble, and the gloomy and terrific images to seize more strongly on her mind. She was again carried to her restless couch—a few weeks passed away, and she was no more. The tradition of the village, still firmly believed, tells us that her soul was borne to heaven by a band of angels, and after the earthly tenement was deserted by its immortal spirit, they still watched over and carried it to the grave, where it rests beneath her own picture of the sacred mother. Her name does not appear in the catalogue of our holy saints, but the villagers still honour her as such, and many a maiden may be seen early in the morning, or when the evening star is just glittering over that high western mountain, kneeling alone before her little shrine, and pouring forth her innocent prayers, for the intercession of that pure and saintly spirit.

The fate of the parricide is inscribed on the rock which you have seen. He did not return for many months to the castle of his murdered father. He had scarcely entered its walls when, tradition says, that one of the spectres of the forest took up its abode within it, and filled every hall and chamber

with its loud bewailings, or its terrific threats. It was in vain that the frightened domestics adopted every holy form of exorcism, it was in vain that their ferocious lord scoffed and threatened by turns. They fled one after another from the vengeance of heaven, and they were only replaced by ruffians, whom he induced by money, to leave the haunts of their former crimes. At length, on an autumnal evening—that on which his crime had been committed—a storm, whose violence had never been equalled even by the tempests of this wild country, blew down some of the loftiest battlements of the castle, and a thunderbolt was seen to strike the main building, in which was the great hall. On the following morning, the dead body of the count was found on the spot where his father had fallen by his hand. The castle was speedily deserted; the main branch of the family was extinct; and in the long years of unceasing warfare which followed, it was not claimed by the collateral branches, so that it fell rapidly to decay. The surrounding villagers, however, did not hesitate to assert, that it was, as it is still said to be, the chosen haunt of the wild spirits, which inhabit the neighbouring mountains; and that in the great hall, through the open roof of which the moon shines unclouded, they still hold at midnight their unearthly councils. They say too, that in later times, when peace and freedom had become the tenants of these valleys, an attempt was made to rebuild the ruined but gigantic

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pile. The attempt was vain. The spirits of the mountain determined to hold the halls which had been made theirs by unheard of crime, and in the night the work of the day was dashed to the ground. The effort was abandoned. The old towers were suffered without farther molestation, to sink into decay; and our forefathers inscribed on the living rock, for a memorial to their offspring, the judgment and the vengeance of offended heaven.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A SUBLIME PART OF THE COUNTRY.

WILD nature! to this solemn scene I haste,
To gaze upon thee in thy awful mood;
The rocks upiled to heaven—the hurrying flood,
That rolls, resistless, down the craggy steep,
Flashing, and foaming, to its channel deep,
As if 'twould lay a startled world in waste.
Hark! how the hollow gale, with sullen sound,
Moans through the giant oaks, that wave on high!
A sudden horror scowls along the sky,
While dark'ning shades come brooding o'er the
scene:
And now the fitful sun begins to lean
From yon swift cloud, and throws his beams around;
And now again retires.—The rapid light
Gleamed like the smile, that darts across the cheek
Of dire Revenge, when deadly hopes bespeak
The hour of blood; and, with relentless eye,
He sees beneath his blade his victim die,
Safe in the shrouding of the shuddering night.
My soul with thickly-coming fancies fills.

Here lone Despair, whom Love has taught to know
His quenchless pang—his soul-corroding woe—
Would find the solace of congenial place;
And, in its stern and drear reflection, trace
The likeness of his fate's o'erwhelming ills!
'Twas here 'tis said unhappy Suicide,
The phrenzied outcast of a world unkind,
Came with fell purpose dawning on his mind—
Beheld the horrid steep—then, with a frown
Of desperation, rushing headlong down,
Sought its wild roar, and sunk beneath the tide!

G. W. C.

THE
ROSE UPON THE LEA.

FROM GOETHE.

A boy beheld a lovely rose,
Rose upon the lea!
Fair as morn when first it glows;
Near to see the flower he goes,
And right pleased was he.
Rose, sweet rose, sweet crimson rose,
Rose upon the lea!

Said the boy: I'll pluck thee now,
Rose upon the lea!
Said the rose; I'll prick thee so,
Thou'lt remember me for wo,
And I will not suffer thee.
Rose, sweet rose, sweet crimson rose,
Rose upon the lea!

And the boy, he plucked it rude,
Rose upon the lea;
Though the rose pricked all it could,
Oh and ah, they did no good,
Gathered it must be.

Rose, sweet rose, sweet crimson rose,
Rose upon the lea.

GEORGE BANCROFT.



